

---

I S A I A H

V E R S I F I E D.

---

Bille of Exchange  
Dated K.





219.4.2  
I S A I A H

V E R S I F I E D.

By GEORGE BUTT, CLER. A.M.

CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.

---



---

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M,DCC,LXXXV.



TO  
THE KING

(By His MAJESTY's most gracious Permission)

THE FOLLOWING  
VERSIFICATION OF ISAIAH

IS DEDICATED,  
WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT,

BY  
HIS MAJESTY's

MOST DUTIFUL AND FAITHFUL

SUBJECT AND SERVANT,

GEORGE BUTT.

TO

# THE KING

By the Author of "The King's Son" (London)

THE KING

VERIFICATION OF ISRAEL

THE KING

THE KING

THE

THE KING

THE KING

THE KING

THE KING

THE KING

A

# PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO THE

## R E A D E R.

**I**N those Prelections so well-known, so celebrated, and so respectfully received by the learned, may be read to this purport the following description of ISAIAH.

He is the first of the greater Prophets in order and in dignity, and so abounding in all excellencies, that one cannot conceive any thing of the kind more perfect. His sublimity is accompanied with Elegance, the ornamental richness of his manner with Majes-



ty, and the copiousness of his conceptions with the utmost weight and authority. There is a wonderful elevation in his sentiments, there is a majesty, there is a divinity in them. In his images we behold a consummate propriety and beauty, but such a beauty and propriety as result at once from the utmost truth and delicacy and warmth of intellect, for in them there is also the greatest force and animation. The operations of his fancy are fertile, various, and distinguishing, and (the occasional, but necessary, obscurity of his matter considered) equally admirable for perspicuity. In the construction of his poetic sentence there is such an inimitable grace and sweetness (whether it be the result of art, or a felicity of native genius) that we may here contemplate the fairest lineaments of the elder Hebrew poetry. With propriety therefore may we address ISAIAH in the words of EZEKIEL:

*Thou*



*Thou sealest up the full sum of wisdom, and art perfect in beauty.*

It is to be observed too, that the evangelical Prophet (due allowances being made for the rapturous movements of prophetic inspiration) is not more excellent in his matter than in it's clear and easy, it's natural and graceful arrangement. Such, many years passed, was the character given of ISAIAH in one of the most consummate works of criticism: an important work indeed, whether we consider its subserviency to religion, the supremest object of human concern, or its reference to poetry, that highest energy of human intellect, that noblest and loveliest expression of human sentiment and passion, that last perfection of human language, that surest embalmer of wisdom for all ages, that art for ever dignified by the practice of the holy Prophets, and by the solemn sanction of the divine Spirit itself; in a few words, that art

I

which

which can (if any can) alone give us the most perfect and attractive image of virtue, and with a sort of God-like faculty spread before us a fairer order of things, and create (as it were) a new heaven and a new earth to raise our drooping spirits.

*Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care  
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives  
After this mortal change to her true servants  
Amongst the enthron'd God on sainted seats.*

MILTON'S COMUS.

One is naturally delighted to find the laudable predilections of early life bearing in maturer age such corresponding fruit, as the translation of ISAIAH is to the Prelections upon sacred poetry. This translation is so close within the sacred original, that it may be received as a precious bequest to the public,

lic, in seasonable reserve for the most important national service, and yet at the same time is so exquisitely conducted, that the rarest accomplishments and efforts of mind were requisite to display so much elegance and strength, so much agility and majesty within a palæstra so bounded. It was not in vain for his own noble purposes, and for an example to scholar-like men in after ages, that this great Prelate bestowed so early an attention to his native language. This we know he did by the public method which he employed in furthering the purer knowledge of it among his countrymen; but we chiefly know this by the last important evidence which he has given to the latest ages of his own ability therein. Such an evidence, such a sacred donation to posterity, that any other mode of representing ISAIAH must now give place to the last translation of the Prophet, and can only be suffered when it may be thought useful from the levity of the times, as a more popular

popular form, as a probable method of inticing the narrow-minded, the prejudiced, and the unlearned to pass through it, and from it (no matter then if it be for ever) into the purer and more perfect exhibition of ISAIAH.

The pronunciation of the Hebrew language being intirely lost, and it being therefore absolutely impossible even for the learned to read ISAIAH in the original as he once was, intirely as the poet, it is now equally the privilege of the learned and unlearned not only to know exactly the matter of ISAIAH, but to see in Bishop Lowth's translation the correctest image of his manner (and it may be) of his numbers. The verse of *Pope* and *Dryden* will be received as verse by all, the numbers of the *Paradise Lost* will be metrically read by many, but those of the chorusses in the *Samson Agonistes* by few. Thus it requires a more delicate ear to apprehend the numbers of *Phædrus* and *Terence* than those of *Virgil*. But after  
all

all that this able Prelate may have accomplished as a sacred service to the generations to come, and others may attempt in the benevolent hopes of serving the present age, it is a question whether ISAIAH will in any form be now popularly read. It were painful to assert (were it one's opinion) that he would not, for it were to assert at the same time that the manners of the times will not stand a proper test? When a writer like ISAIAH will not be generally read, it follows that neither will any the sublimest productions of the human understanding, unless a worldly feeling, (*atque in eo cardo rei vertitur*) a temporal interest is concerned in them. Then (it may be) that however we may habitually prefer the terse gaiety, the spritely movements, and the graceful levity of a *Voltaire*, we shall occasionally admit into our selfish sympathy the declamatory force of a *Bolingbroke*. But in case it should be a fact (whatever are the causes) that the humour of the times accords

not



not with the more manly and the more moral, the more impassioned, the more sublime, and more natural displays of human mind; it cannot be thought impertinent to the manifest object of the following exercise upon ISAIAH, were one to enlarge a little upon a matter of so serious a complexion.

The literary taste of a people must in part be imputed to literary principles, and in this respect we are right or wrong not only from what we commonly do, but from what we commonly read, from the habit of our speculations as well as actions. To be prejudiced, is a disposition to which one is subject more than is usually suspected, and therefore we too much admire as well as despise the works of antiquity, overlooking the gains as well as losses of time. It is God-like in many instances to be pleased with variety, for variety characterises the works as well as word of God. We too often condemn as wrong  
what



what we should rather say we dislike, and we thence form theories to justify prejudice, and to rivet infirmity on the mind, instead of such as would increase it's strength, enlarge it's sympathy with whatever excellency, and dispose it to encourage the advancement of laudable things. The works of men, that are now no more, and which are come down to us precious from the fiery searching of many ages, assuredly demand the stamp of praise from the present times. For the earliest of those, not inferior as expressions of understanding to any of the kind in succeeding ages, are freer than most from the refining subtleties of vain art. Being effusions of the intire man, they address man with simplicity and force as a being compounded of reason, imagination and passion. They address him as ISAIAH did the Hebrews, and *Homer* the Greeks. But other forms of writing have since prevailed, and they too have their place among the improvements of time; but they

should be kept within their place: otherwise it may happen respecting some of them, that assuming to be very rational we may become very proud, and in the neglect of the best emotions of the heart find a snare to entangle us with the worst. For instance, had the last *Cato* rose up with indignation before the conscript fathers to censure one of them for irreverend insinuations against the Gods of Rome, and had he expressed himself with the utmost warmth of moral indignation, but at the same time with the utmost strength of argument, what should we have thought of the fathers if they had noted nothing as amiss, when the offending person in the calmest tone of voice, a diction the most elegant, an air the most easy and disengaged in his reply to the manly Patriot, had attempted to make him contemptible by the coolest expressions of contemptuous scorn? We should have thought that the Roman fathers possessed precisely the same impiety, and contemptuous disposition.

But

But such things never passed in Rome.—The most dispassionate address to reason is a mode of language upon some occasions, optional with propriety, upon others the very best, and upon most not at present obviously contemptible, for it serves form well enough, and is safe and prudent to use in the presence of pride and spleen and hypercriticism. When it is blamelessly used as to the intention (though improperly in other respects) it is occasioned by a natural insensibility, a defective education, excessive modesty, or erroneous judgement. When it is blameably employed, it is the intended refuge of secret selfishness or ambition, that dare not put themselves into any peril in the cause of duty. It is then the language of a vassal-votary to the God of this world, or of a proud man who scorns to appear natural and moved with ordinary affection, or who would be wiser than is necessary for the occasion in order to appear very wise. But, however, to

a

appear

should be kept within their place: otherwise it may happen respecting some of them, that assuming to be very rational we may become very proud, and in the neglect of the best emotions of the heart find a snare to entangle us with the worst. For instance, had the last *Cato* rose up with indignation before the conscript fathers to censure one of them for irreverend insinuations against the Gods of Rome, and had he expressed himself with the utmost warmth of moral indignation, but at the same time with the utmost strength of argument, what should we have thought of the fathers if they had noted nothing as amiss, when the offending person in the calmest tone of voice, a diction the most elegant, an air the most easy and disengaged in his reply to the manly Patriot, had attempted to make him contemptible by the coolest expressions of contemptuous scorn? We should have thought that the Roman fathers possessed precisely the same impiety, and contemptuous disposition.

But

But such things never passed in Rome.—The most dispassionate address to reason is a mode of language upon some occasions, optional with propriety, upon others the very best, and upon most not at present obviously contemptible, for it serves form well enough, and is safe and prudent to use in the presence of pride and spleen and hypercriticism. When it is blamelessly used as to the intention (though improperly in other respects) it is occasioned by a natural insensibility, a defective education, excessive modesty, or erroneous judgement. When it is blameably employed, it is the intended refuge of secret selfishness or ambition, that dare not put themselves into any peril in the cause of duty. It is then the language of a vassal-totary to the God of this world, or of a proud man who scorns to appear natural and moved with ordinary affection, or who would be wiser than is necessary for the occasion in order to appear very wise. But, however, to

a

appear



appear so at the expence of the reality, inas-  
 much as wisdom proportioneth laudable means  
 to worthy ends. Perhaps there might be  
 mentioned less offensive causes that have ba-  
 nished out of practice and estimation the no-  
 bler modes of diction, and from society (alas!)  
 their moral consequences. The untaught and  
 ill-grounded writer, by a rash address to the  
 passions and imagination only is pushed for-  
 wards into such evil forms of manner and  
 matter, that however resembling spirits may  
 be pleased therewith, it is far otherwise with  
 men of superior wisdom. But these too (it  
 may be) well-seen in good learning and sen-  
 sible of classical purity, pass into the other  
 extreme. They would discoast (it should  
 seem) as far as possible from these their land-  
 marks of abhorrence and terror, and there-  
 fore they launch out into a dead flat sea,  
 whence a picturesque object is not to be seen,  
 where a breeze is not heard to whisper, nor  
 a sail seen to unfurl. Or to vary the image



(in order to fix the observation) they borrow a few chaste lines from antiquity, but where, alas ! is the old classical fire and force and spirit ? they do not raise (as it were) the heroes of antient days from the dead, but a portion only of their inanimated carcases, a few dry bones (*ossa gigantum*) unfinewed, unmarrowed, and so mouldring that they perish at the touch. It is certain, however, that nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the writings of the greater antients can preserve what good literary taste yet remains among us. But this acquaintance must be cultivated in a manner that testifies no self-desertion, and that we associate with them as with the worthiest and the wisest, in order to catch their spirit, and to imbibe insensibly the great lines of their movements. This exercise should be the spring of emulation without envy, and be accompanied with the sentiment of observation and reverence, not of servility and adoration : otherwise we ape intentionally where we should

should resemble insensibly; and the effect is, actual self-debasement mingled with pride, inefficient faculties, moroseness to the present times, and a spirit to discourage what it is a duty to promote. The imitation of classical forms has already had it's providential effect in rescuing the European world from the barbarous modes of unenlightened ages, and in the course of education should still be an indispensable exercise; but it is now a crisis, if such a crisis ever yet existed, when antiquity should be visited with far more important views, that we may thence be retrieved into a character more generous, simple, magnanimous, and sublime, than what now appears in the prevailing manners. Regardless therefore of lesser points, thus let us turn towards antiquity, and if towards antiquity—surely for every conceivable reason, towards sacred antiquity. Not but that in the Greek and Roman Historians and Philosophers, their elder Orators and Poets, a more earnest spirit

of public virtue, of morality and of piety, comes forth, and almost breathes before us, than what is to be seen and felt now in the literary productions of modern Christendom. As if our ampler knowledge of the works and the will of God, our *possession* of his superior blessings, could justify us in being more ashamed of avowing our dependance upon him. So that what between the deformed gabbling of untaught or licentious folly, the opposite extreme of cold servile imitations for the sake merely of the good form, and the more original productions of modern genius, in which one continually misses the glowing ardour of antient virtue, or starts with horror to discover in a variety of shapes a dissolute or malignant ardour to subvert the lingering remains of it—it must be with sorrow confessed that the seductions of the present life are upon the whole enforced by the very means which are intended by Divine Providence to counteract them : these observations

are submitted most sincerely with the utmost deference to those whom wisdom and experience render the best judges of their propriety.

It is to be observed too, (in reference to the leading point of this discussion) that at this time more men than heretofore in this diffusion of science and literature for a variety of reasons address the public with their sentiments. Excess of delicacy (the disease of luxurious times) in other articles of life cannot but occasion also a certain Epicurean delicacy respecting literature. Hence ariseth the spirit of hypercriticism among all readers, hence a state of warfare to the public writers, and a forbearance in the most sufficient and best-endowed men to throw themselves in the way of mere caprice and petulance, and ill-manners. Thus the good ships are too often kept in harbour, and the commerce of literature is carried on in small vessels by furtive agents

agents, or by bold adventurers without experience, property, or principle.

But to resume a plainer stile: it must follow from such a general spirit of hypercriticism, that the public writer will be cautious to protect himself as well as he can by servile accommodations to the reigning humours; and he that should be the master of inferior minds becomes in a manner their despicable slave. He lacqueys (as it were) to the times, and therefore from them only receives all his pay. He prostrates himself beneath one age, and therefore deserves not in his reputation a place of eminence, of glory, in any other. He can never be an agreeable spectacle to succeeding times, for he is exhibited in the obsolete garb of a temporary fashion; he cannot be useful to all ages, for his aim was not the propagation of eternal truth. But more especially if the public writer is conversant in the refinements, and indulges in the luxuries of

a 4

life,



life, he too with the rest of mankind must become enervated—though born a hero, he is in the bower of Calypso; and

————— *the spear drops down*  
*From his slack hand.*

Language, that nothing in the view of a profound and comprehensive understanding, that ready and obedient slave to the resolute ardours of awakened genius, becomes now (with all other subsidiary instruments) the object of primary attention. The mind waits upon it with a sedulous curiosity, and a degrading solicitude. Hence it is that the internal, the more vital parts of a composition, it's essential, it's nobler constituents, are defrauded of their due cultivation. But is this the exercise of the mind, this the method of improving language itself? By no means is it either; for the mind is not, in fact, effectually exercised to the purpose of intellectual health and vigour, and the language thus unreasonably produced,



must be produced, thus artificially forced into being,  
 and not freshly springing from the genuine  
 warmth of the subject, is but as a superficies  
 of paint, cold at once and glaring. If it hath  
 any activity of movement, it is the activity of  
 modish pertness; and if it hath any air of ele-  
 gance, it is of a very sickly, fastidious, languid  
 character. It borrows no beauty of animation  
 from nature, and is therefore neither loved or  
 praised by a native taste, for it is wanting in a  
 thousand expressive graces which cannot pos-  
 sibly originate from the cold efforts of art.  
 Consider all the poems of ISAIAH, recollect  
 the numerous forms (ye that are acquainted  
 with them) into which the language is thrown  
 by the vigour of the sentiment. Carry your  
 thoughts back upon his predecessors *Moses*,  
*David*, and *Homer*, and determine too whe-  
 ther their diction so evidently obedient to the  
 conceptions, so perfectly pliant to the move-  
 ments of their souls, could possibly have been  
 effected by the mere agency of art, could pos-  
 sibly

fibly have been produced by that misapplication of mental attention, which neglecting things, is yet curious to robe them out in the garb of fashionable caprice. No, believe me, that whatever assistance may be derived from education, it is principally the torch of native fire and unabated genius which cast forth the trails of light which illuminate a course of ages.

When that torch is doubly lighted from Heaven, we may then expect an ISAIAH. Would a man deserve well of his art, he must chiefly regard it's end and it's perfection ; he must cast no oblique regards to the opinions of others for a selfish purpose ; he must barely glance at his language, and leave that to follow his matter as the shadow does the substance. This is not now the time to think of words. The command of language should long ere now have been acquired—by education—by many private exercises—initiatory prolfusions,

prolusions, and by the familiar perusal (with a spirit of admiration) of the most admirable writers. It is by no means true that the writers of times past, however admirable, have preoccupied all the matter, and left only to their successors the privilege of discovering new movements and new modifications of language. God hath not so deserted the latter generations of men, though he leaves it to their own option in what respects they may desert themselves.

It seems then that we can account for the appearance of many literary productions coldly conceived, and affectedly expressed, many therefore will be accustomed to this mode of language, and from custom, and its accommodation to their own manners, will admire it, and the general relish will be insensibly lost for that perfection of diction which results from the nobler operations of mind, from such generous processes of intellect and  
passion

passion as ever draw along with them the proper language—

*Verbaq; provisam rem non invita sequuntur—*

This consideration, added to the preceding ones, will rather throw more light than one could wish on this question—whether ISAIAH is likely now to be popularly read?

But if these observations respecting the degree of attention due to language in comparison with matter are not unseasonably introduced; and if the successful influence of the soul upon the verbal expressions of it's movements be admitted, and if ISAIAH be an illustrious proof of this doctrine; if his language riseth to the most conceivable degree of commendable elevation, and is on the foremost line of sublimity, and yet with all it's distinguishing exactness and elegance seduceth not the chief attention to itself; and if the matter be all that is most instructive or valuable in moral science, as an eternal rule of conduct

conduct to the human individual;—if it also appeals to nations, with instructions and admonitions peculiarly theirs, with arguments more majestically awful than *Aristotle* could contemplate in the moral labours of his august tragedians, and the Homeric school;—if it also exhibits to all mankind, to the present and to the ages yet unborn, events of the first importance to them—not the restoration of one people only, but of all mankind, to the perfection of truth and felicity;—if it unfoldeth to man all the attributes of God in such forms of diction as that the Divine power, majesty, goodness, holiness, and wisdom are at once correctly presented to his reason, warmly featured forth to his imagination, and so sweetly, so awefully, or so terribly drawn out before his passions as to sink them (if any powers of language can) into prostration before the infinite Majesty;—if such is the language—such the manner—such the matter of this awakened all-accomplished poet,



poet, this great moral teacher, this inspired Prophet—in God's holy name, who inspired him, shall man made in the divine image, and therefore not the necessary slave of his past habits, shall immortal man, whose thoughts can travel beyond the bounds of Time, and whose hopes can wing themselves into a boundless Eternity, shall man so gifted with strength to rise above the most seductive attractions of this world, and the prevailing manners of the passing scene in which he hath but the poor interests of a traveller and a stranger, shall such a being, and especially if he is born a fellow-citizen of *Bacon*, of *Milton*, of *Newton*, and hath a national character of intellectual energy and moral dignity to support, be better pleased to compound epithets, and to balance periods, to catch at words and to dwell on syllables, to contemplate the *Candide* of *Voltaire*, to ponder the Epistles of *Chesterfield*, and to sit in judgement upon the *nugæ canoræ*, the warbling frivolities,



volities, of an emasculate age, than to lift up an aspect of reverence and observation towards such a pile of solid wisdom, and ever-during perfection as the divine oracles of ISAIAH, towards this lofty pyramid of remote antiquity, whose base is spread upon the widest extent of human powers, and whose summit pierceth into the Heavens themselves?

Some awful clouds indeed are rolling about it; but they are dispersing by degrees, and anon all nations shall look up, and gaze upon it's unclouded Majesty.

ISAIAH.

...of an ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...

...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...

...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...

...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...  
...of ... and ...

# I S A I A H.

---

## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE vision of Isaiah the son of Amos, which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem; in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, Hezekiah, kings of Judah.

HEAR, O ye heav'ns, and, O thou earth, give ear!  
Jehovah speaks; the children whom I rear,  
The children whom my love exalteth flee  
The kindest father, yea revolt from me.  
Tho' the dull ox his Lord obedience shews,  
Tho' the brute ass his master's manger knows,  
Yet far from me my favour'd Israel flies,  
And me my people thoughtlessly defies.

B

Ah,

Ah, sinful nation! ah, thou impious race,  
Whom Sin has sunk beneath her burthen base!  
They of divine adoption prodigal  
From their pre-eminence degen'rate fall!  
They have forsook Jehovah in their pride,  
They with disdain the Holy One defied,  
From the Creator rend the creature's heart,  
And from the King of kings rebelliously depart.  
Where on such sinners will ye smite again,  
Where find one place new to Correction's pain!  
Faint with the strokes deserv'd by impious deeds  
The whole head sickens, and the whole heart bleeds,  
From head to foot o'er ev'ry limb Disease  
Life's ev'ry spring exhausts of health, of ease;  
'Tis all one bruise, 'tis all one tender wound,  
Nor sooth'd by ointments, neither press'd, nor bound.  
Swift o'er your country Desolation's tide  
Rolls; on your cities fires on ev'ry side  
Run raging, and before your aching eyes  
Strangers devour your land: as waste it lies  
As if some inundation's rapid race  
Had in it's fury ravag'd all it's Grace.

Left as a vineyard's solitary shed  
Thy daughter, Sion, hides her drooping head.  
Yea as some city by the warrior storm'd,  
Thy once-fair daughter is by grief deform'd.  
Had not 'mid vengeance, mercy stay'd his hand  
God had not spar'd a remnant of thy land.  
But He Jehovah Lord of Hosts to fate  
His wrath—had equall'd thine with Sodom's fate.  
Ye chiefs of Sodom, hear Jehovah's word,  
Ye princes of Gomorrah, hear the Lord!  
Wherefore (saith God) your pomp of sacrifice  
Presented still, and which I still despise?  
In vain your beasts are into fatness fed,  
And to mine Altars for burnt-off'rings led,  
Since led by you your rams my spirit cloy,  
And me the feasts of hypocrites annoy.  
When guilt like your's before mine altar stands  
Ask I the gifts of such unholy hands?  
Away with your vain gifts, my courts no more  
Approach, for I your secret sin explore.  
Incense! my soul abhors it: holier dues  
Withheld from me your Sabbaths I refuse.



Months and new moons observ'd by such as you  
Present your guilt more odious to my view,  
And your assemblies, fasts, solemnities,  
Days of restraint with anger I despise,  
Nor can endure 'em, but by you bestow'd  
Feel 'em a burthen, an oppressive load.  
Misdeem not I your many pray'rs can 'bide,  
For when ye spread your hands my face I hide ;  
Your hands are full of blood ; nor will I bear  
From the fell murth'rer's mouth, the sound of pray'r.  
Oh ! wash you pure from ev'ry stain, away  
With all your evil doings, nor delay  
The duties to discharge which most I prize,  
To stay the tear that dimms the mourner's eyes,  
To guard the orphan, aid the widow's cause,  
Establish judgement, and obey my laws.

Come then, my People, let me plead with you  
Would ye my wrath by penitence subdue.  
What tho' your sins deep as the scarlet dye  
Blush'd—with the wool in whiteness they shall vie,  
Tho' redning deeper than the crimson—shew  
Pure as the purest whiteness of the Snow.

Would

Would ye but now receive my high command,  
 Yourselves shall feast on your replenish'd land ;  
 But if ye still rebel against the Lord  
 Yourselves, yourselves shall glut the rav'nous sword.

My chosen city plies the harlot's lure,  
 The city (where my Justice sat secure,  
 My Righteousness long ages flourish'd fair)  
 Deigns with the murd'rer to divide a share.  
 Dull dross becomes her silver once so bright,  
 Nor water-weakned sparkles on the sight  
 Her wine that Sorrow sooth'd, and Labour's load  
     made light.

Rebellious are thy princes, nor disdain  
 To give their greatness to the robber's train ;  
 Of right regardless they the gift receive,  
 And sell the sentence they should freely give.  
 Hence the lorn orphan droops ; the widow draws  
 From their tribunal her unpitied cause.  
 Then by my name Jehovah I the Lord,  
 The Lord of Hosts will rear my mighty sword,  
 And bid my burning wrath no more delay  
 To sweep in vengeance all my foes away.

Thus speaks Jehovah. O'er thy guilty land  
Wide will I cast the terrors of my hand.  
So will I shake thee with my fiercest ire,  
So will I purge thee with my raging fire  
That all thy thick alloy shall melt away,  
And thou thy splendor past anew display.  
Then shall thy judges be restor'd to praise,  
And shew the glories of thy elder days,  
Then shall thy counsel beam a radiance bright  
As when thy fathers bless'd it's healing light,  
And then from me thy righteous city claim  
The due distinction of the noblest name,  
For her the capitol of Holyness  
The nations all shall hail, and hailing bless.  
Judgement for Sion shall her peace regain,  
And Righteousness unbind her captive's chain,  
But sinners and who still revolt from me  
When vengeance rears my arm in vain shall flee,  
For all shall perish. I the jealous God  
Shall make you curse your idols' green abode,  
Blush for the garden and the secret grove  
Where Vice with impious Folly wont to rove;

Then

Then all your joys fall'n off yourselves shall be  
 The dreariest semblance of the leafless tree,  
 And agoniz'd with grief yourselves shall glow  
 Like blasted gardens where no waters flow,  
 The strong ones and their works beneath my might  
 As sparkling tow shall vanish from the sight,  
 They, and their works supply one fatal blaze,  
 And who shall quench the fire which I Jehovah raise?

## C H A P. II.

THE word which was revealed to Isaiah, the son of  
 Amots, concerning Judah and Jerusalem.

Behold ! Jehovah in the latter days  
 Aloft the mountain of his house shall raise,  
 Bid it above th' eternal hills appear,  
 And there in utmost light his temple rear.  
 Then as the rivers roll the lands along  
 Thither the nations rush, a flooding throng,

And then exulting all the faithful say  
Come to Jehovah's mountain, nor delay  
(Since o'er the hills we mark the blest abode)  
To visit yon resplendent house of God.  
With speed advancing to his glorious court  
Know that who there with holy zeal resort  
Shall hear the voice of God his laws declare,  
And as they hear shall of his spirit share,  
And as they tread Jehovah's pathway know  
What streams of bliss his sacred springs bestow.  
In that new Sion, lo! a voice is heard,  
Yea in the new Jerusalem God's word  
All ears shall charm, and as the lightning's beam,  
Swift o'er the nations shall it's music stream,  
Far o'er the peopled earth it's sound extend  
'Till at the sound it's barb'rous myriads bend,  
'Till barb'rous now with ruthless pride no more—  
They bid Contention's clangor cease to roar,  
The sword, a ploughshare now, no longer fear,  
Change to the pruning hook the bloody spear.  
And from the waste of war resume the plain  
For verdant vineyards and the golden grain,

Blest



Blest to behold the lovelier arts increase  
By joy to charm 'em, or by grace to please  
Beneath the gentle reign of universal peace. }  
Glories like these assign'd the latter days—  
Let Hope's bright scene, O house of Jacob, raise  
The raptur'd spirit to a pure accord  
With him who dictates the prophetic word,]  
That thou, when God his glories shall reveal,  
The balmy blessings of his grace may'ft feel.  
But now, Jehovah, now from Jacob's race  
Their sins eclipse the beamings of thy grace.  
They like the Philistines debase their mind  
With magic horrors, and increase their kind  
By Gentile nuptials. God no more their friend,  
They trust alone in treasures without end,  
In horses place with impious hope their pride,  
And in their cars presumptuously confide.  
Ah! race detestable for worship paid  
(What madness!) to the thing themselves have made!  
Yea they stoop down to idols, Jacob's race  
Descends thus low; so God shall them debase,

So

So bow their mean ones, so their great ones bow,  
Rise in his wrath, and whelm them in his woe.  
Rise then, dread Lord, in all thy wrath, nor bear  
A creature's creature should thy Glory share.  
Behold, behold he riseth in his ire!  
Ah! to the rocks, thou guilty one, retire,  
Deep in the dust go hide thee, sinner, fly  
Far from the glories of his Majesty  
When in his wrath he riseth on his foe,  
And threats to whelm the guilty earth in woe.  
For when the world's Creator shall arise  
To strike the world with awe—the loftiest eyes  
Shall ach—unshadow'd from his blaze of light,  
And man's proud strength diminish at his might.  
Yea when Jehovah's terrors are abroad,  
When all his thunders speak the marching God,  
When the dread King of kings begins his day  
Shall not the loftiest droop beneath dismay?  
Yea then the loftiest shall be levell'd low;  
E'en Lebanon with all his far-seen show  
Of forests, Lebanon that now so high  
Presents his crown of cedars to the sky

shall as his mountain-mists dissolve away  
Beneath the burnings of Destruction's day.  
Lo! Basan withers with his realm of trees  
Before the coming God, whose arm with ease  
shall all the city's glittering pomp erase,  
And thunder down the bulwark from his base.  
The ships of Tarshish when Jehovah's might  
Rides on the storm shall vanish from the sight.  
So pass the loftier monuments of Arts,  
So the sweet works ingenious skill imparts,  
Since men forgetful whence the pleasures flow  
That sooth the certain sense of Life's long woe,  
To man's poor wisdom pay the praise to God they owe. }  
Alone exalted in that awful day  
Jehovah shall the heighth of mortals lay  
Beneath his throne, and them debase to dust  
Who God defying dare in idols trust.  
Their idols shall no more insult the light,  
But to the caverns speed amain their flight.  
The deep retirements of the dreary waste,  
Dishonest dens shall hide them in their haste

To

To fly the vengeance of the jealous God  
Who rob'd in wrath comes flaming all abroad.  
So from Jehovah's terrors shall they fly,  
And from the glories of his Majesty  
When in his wrath he riseth on his foe,  
And threats to whelm the guilty earth in woe.  
Then shall the man of Sin with hurrying fear,  
With horror his proud pomp of Idols bear  
From the fair temple, and the pleasant grove  
To scenes of peril where the serpents rove,  
Where moles the desolated earth pervade,  
And bats of monstrous wing deform the shade  
Of ruin'd fabric, or cavernal den;  
There shall he cast them from the sight of men,  
There from Jehovah's terrors bid them fly,  
And from the glories of his Majesty  
When in his wrath he riseth on his foe,  
And threats to whelm the guilty earth in woe.  
Trust, then, ah! trust no more in man whose breath  
Melts with his glories, melts away in death.

CHAP. For thus your hope in mortal man misplac'd,  
III. Behold! the dread Omnipotent with haste,

The living God of Hosts to Judah's land  
Comes on, and stretching forth his mighty hand  
Speeds on his course, nor will his tempest stay  
'Till it has swept her last supports away,  
Life's last demands of water and of bread,  
And number'd half her children with the dead.  
Nor where the Famine spares shall Judgement spare,  
But from the land accurs'd her glories bear;  
Bear all her boasted chiefs, her warrior-train,  
The Prophet studious of the raptur'd strain,  
The Judge, the grave diviner, and the sage  
With him whose speech could rule the people's rage,  
By words of fire their active zeal increase,  
Or soothing charm their passions into peace.  
Ah what, Sad Sion, shall not Judgement's day  
From thy maternal bosom rend away!  
From thee the Lord thy counsellor shall tear,  
And leave thee 'lorn of all his filial care.  
Thy skillful artists thee no more shall grace  
The precious captives of the hostile race.  
Whoe'er hath highest in thy presence shone,  
Or who hath oft led thine armies on



To far-fam'd conquest shall in foreign land  
Weep o'er the chain that binds the deedless hand.  
And saith the Lord Jehovah in his ire,  
Boys at my bidding, boys shall then aspire  
To fill the thrones of princes, and to be  
Lords of the people who rejected me,  
My rule rejected with rebellious pride,  
And madly dar'd in mortal strength confide.  
And now since most my statutes disobey  
Injustice wider pours her floodlike sway,  
Roars Rapine furious on, and manners mild  
With all soft charities from life exil'd—  
No mutual kindness lessens mutual cares,  
Nor youth (oh shame!) bends low to hoary hairs,  
With honour baseness strives, and breaks in twain  
The golden links of Order's heav'n-wrought chain.  
Thence if by chance the sons of sorrow find  
Some nobler man to patronize mankind  
Low at his feet descending to the dust  
They crave him to sustain the ruler's trust,  
His garment grasp, and vainly weep to force  
His fortitude to meet Confusion's course,

To seize the shaking helm, and steer the state  
Safe thro' the storm that threatens her final fate.  
Then shall the good man openly declare—  
Can I the burthen of your mis'ries bear?  
Stand in the breach against your pressing foes,  
And woe-funk hope to turn your flood of woes?  
Can I that want myself your wants sustain,  
And spoil'd of all support a royal train?  
Where is my strength the falling State to stay,  
To shore up Sion when she thus gives way?  
God's anger pressing pond'rous over all  
She falls, Jerusalem and Judah fall.  
Yea all shall suffer, all severely know  
How much their deeds have made the Lord their foe,  
How much their tongues, their hands have God defied,  
And forc'd Jehovah down to daunt their pride.  
Bold with impieties, and hard of face,  
Unblushing, Sodom-like, at vile disgrace  
To them the Father shall his wrath disclose,  
Wing on his way, and dash to dust his foes.  
How blest the righteous!—for their blameless deeds  
Of bliss abundant are the beauteous seeds,

But

But to the wicked reaping as they sow  
Just is the doom to gather plenteous woe.  
Hence the last evil of a down-funk race,  
The chosen people infant-lords debase,  
And David's offspring kings of abject mind  
With all the weight of hard oppression grind.  
Becomes the slaves of women, over right  
Wanton they tread, and prostitute their might.  
Yea prodigal of royal office tear  
The public peace design'd their dearest care.  
Yea they, my People, who thy way should shew  
Tempt thee themselves from duty's path to go,  
And force the floods of vice with torrent-rage to flow.  
Thus, O ye proud controllers of the laws,  
With you Jehovah pleads his people's cause.  
I come to sentence princes, and proclaim,  
Ye tyrannous and proud, your trait'rous blame.  
Ye my fair vineyard to your trust assign'd  
Have fiercely spoil'd, ye with relentless mind  
Rav'ning to make your vast abundance more  
Have rent their few small comforts from the poor;

But tho' ye still your ruthless aim pursue,  
 I all the while preserve your path in view,  
 Mark how ye 'press my poor, and so shall punish you. }

Daughters of Sion, wont with blushing fear

To fly from sin, ye too Jehovah hear.

Where is your goodly shame, the gentle grace

That lights the loveliest lustre in the face?

Ye count it praise with manly port to vie,

To give bold licence to the rolling eye,

Yea, Reason's children, ye forget your birth,

And stoop to sense the female's moral worth.

Wherefore this boldness, wherefore thus desire

By shameless arts low passion to inspire?

Is it for this ye wantonly display

The painted bosom to the searching day,

Round the bold eyes the deepning dye bestow,

And prompt 'em with insidious fire to glow,

Your native bloom with sinful art increase,

Nor but to please the vicious try to please,

For them alone seem studious how to live,

The gesture loose, the mincing step contrive,

C

Whatever

Whatever art impurer passion fires,  
And all the forms that fan the fond desires ?  
But know who thus forget your modest fame  
The Lord Jehovah shall unveil your shame,  
Expose you naked to Derision's eyes,  
And deal you the disgrace ye most despise.  
For on that day, ye light ones, and ye vain,  
Ye proud, ye sensual, ye shall see with pain,  
With shrieking anguish all the gauds depart  
That once were held the treasures of your heart.  
Where will be then the fancy-pictur'd vest,  
The net of silk that wav'd above the breast,  
The golden-tissued robe, the rich perfumes  
That bless'd your progress, where the tow'ring plumes,  
The lucid veil, and o'er the braided hairs  
The glitt'ring crescent, where the Zone of stars  
That pour'd the radiance 'round the slender waist,  
The spangled broid'ry that the feet embrac'd,  
The bracer's twinkling lights, the pendant's blaze,  
The rings that dart the many-colour'd rays,  
The turban's state, the mantle's flowing ease,  
And all the toys that flutt'ring folly please ?

These



These in the day of vengeance shall depart,  
 And yield to woes that wring the female heart.  
 Then for the stately robe ye weakly priz'd  
 Your's are the rags of poverty despis'd,  
 The sackcloth-girdle for the Zone of grace,  
 And baldness in the wanton ringlet's place.  
 Thence on the bold brow ye no more dispose  
 The fabricated curls in tow'ring rows,  
 And where sweet unguents smooth'd the skin before  
 Your punish'd pride bewails the sordid sore,  
 Bewail the blastings of the burning Sun  
 Where once all snowy white the tints of beauty shone.  
 Nor hope that here your soul-felt sorrow ends,  
 The sword shall fall destructive on your friends,  
 Fast by the sword your once-lov'd warriors die  
 Till Sion echoes with your shrieking cry.  
 Lorn of their lovers then the female train  
 Shall deem the bed of Barrenness a stain.  
 How will ye, timid troop, account you blest  
 Should sev'n of one protector be possess'd.  
 Lost ev'ry relic of your former pride  
 Humbly laborious ye will then provide

CHAP.  
IV.

Your own poor cloathing, and your own mean fare  
Would one to sev'n afford his guardian care,  
And ye to man, but now your vot'ry, bend,  
Low crouch to man your weakness to defend—  
Then sitting at the thresholds sunk in woe  
There are ye mark'd a spectacle to shew  
How vain is human pride the God of Gods it's foe.  
But lo! the Lord unfolds his healing light,  
Jehovah bares his glorious branch to fight!  
On Sion thence the kindly radiance flows,  
And on her hills so blest a pow'r bestows,  
'That all about them a new grace <sup>shall</sup> arise,  
And a new plenty meet the raptur'd eyes.  
Their eyes shall hail it who in Judah stay  
When God has wash'd his wickedness away,  
Who found alive in those heart-trying times,  
Escap'd the gen'ral mis'ry, gen'ral crimes,  
Are holy call'd by God, and see the days  
When Truth revives, when Holiness is praise.  
For when Jehovah shall descend in ire  
Arm'd with his Judgement's spirit-searching fire

He burns away the dross of sin from earth,  
And brings an age of golden deeds to birth.  
Then on the mount of Sion shall appear  
Jehovah's Glory; there the Lord shall rear  
His holy tent that seems a cloud by day,  
But shall by night a Blazing beacon play  
Seen by the nations; there for ever blest  
Beneath it's covert shall the faithful rest.  
Wide over all the Glory shall be spread  
By day from sev'rous heats a soothing shade,  
And from the driving rain and stormy wind  
A refuge there the Lord's belov'd shall find.

## C H A P. V.

WHILE to my best-Belov'd I sing this song  
Zeal for his vineyard rules my friendly tongue,  
High on a hill, and with a fence embrac'd  
His beauteous vineyard my Belov'd had plac'd.  
He clear'd it of the stones, and only there  
The vine of Sorek set with choicest care.  
Mid the green vines a tall tow'r rear'd it's head;  
Deep in the hollow'd rock the lake was spread.

But when the Vineyard should the grape produce  
Came berries only with a pois'nous juice.  
Now judge between me and my vines belov'd;  
Have I not here (saith God) my kindness prov'd?  
What for my vineyard could I kinder do?  
Say, Sion's sons, for I'll be judg'd by you:  
Say wherefore when it ought the grape produce  
Teem'd it with berries of a pois'nous juice?  
But since who scorn my love my wrath shall feel  
Trembling attend to what I now reveal.  
It's hedge remov'd the wild beasts of the field  
Devour the vineyard that no fruit would yield.  
It's fence destroy'd the trampling feet deface  
With such a ravage all it's garden-grace,  
That the fair scene a horrent wild becomes  
Where through the thorny brake the rough briar roams.  
For know my clouds obedient to my word  
Shall there no more the freshning dews afford,  
But my lov'd vineyard scene of grace before  
Turn a drear desert digg'd and prun'd no more.  
Truly the vineyard loveliest in his sight  
Is Judah, yea the plant of God's delight

The men of Judah : when of them he fought  
Judgement, behold iniquity was wrought,  
When Righteousness, behold the cries of woe  
Proclaim'd oppression. But, oppressors, know  
That mis'ry waits you when your cruel pow'r  
Would from the weak their home-felt joys devour,  
Their antient comforts far from your's divide,  
And tyrannously glut a ruthless pride  
'Till all their fields and homes assur'd your own  
Ye reign in sullen majesty alone.  
And why this rage of rapine (saith the Lord)  
Can acts like these dominion sure afford ?  
No, proud ones of the earth, the time shall come  
When vengeance shall assault the lofty dome,  
The lords of palaces my vengeance smite,  
And desolate their seats of gay delight.  
The kindly regions that their arts adorn  
With flow'rs and fruitage shall become forlorn,  
And so with barrenness I'll curse the soil  
That he who tills it shall repent his toil.  
Woe to the wretches that with shameless might  
Quaff copious draughts of wine at dawning light,



Pursue the phrensyng cup to midnight-hours,  
And carelessly diffus'd in Pleasure's bow'rs  
When feast and wine and wanton converse fire  
Trill the loose descant to the enfeebling lire  
Till man my image sinks debas'd in low desire.  
Man thus despoil'd of godlike dignity,  
At once forgetful of himself and Me,  
Can ne'er Jehovah's holy work perceive,  
His grace consider, and his word believe.  
Quick then my People shall their madness rue  
Whom stern Captivity shall soon subdue,  
Whom Sorrow soon admonish me to know,  
Yea Famine; for to Famine's ling'ring woe  
I doom their nobles whose Plebeian train  
That serv'd their pleasure shall partake their pain;  
With agonizing thirst their slaves shall die,  
And all the sensual throng who me despise.  
They perish, for on that tremendous day  
Hell from beneath exulting at his prey  
Unmeasurably opes his shapeless jaws,  
And thro' the flaming gulph down down the guilty draws.

Down go the nobles, down the populace,  
The pomp-proud sluggards, and the busier race.  
Thus shall the low ones lower still be bow'd,  
Thus will I bend the high looks of the proud,  
Thus will I teach e'en princes by their woe  
What dust is man when I become his foe,  
When I the Holy One around me bind  
The zone of Truth, and come to judge mankind;  
When I the God of Hosts display my might,  
And bare it's dreadfullest array to light.  
Where once far-flash'd the golden domes of state  
The kids brouze high on ruins desolate,  
And where frequented lawns of Pleasure lay  
In lonely wilds the sheep securely flay.  
Woe unto them who labour in their pride  
To stretch out sin, and all their pow'rs applied,  
Outstretch it to the cable's longest length,  
And 'till it match the wain's vast trace in strength.  
Yea by my name I swear their hour shall come  
Tho' thus the bold ones dare their ling'ring doom,  
Why doth he tarry? let him now disclose  
His long-expected work, and force his foes

‘ While

‘ While all his terrors rush upon their sight  
 ‘ To own the Godhead when they feel his might.’

Wherefore this madness? woe to them whose speech  
 Sin-saving doctrines dares to sinners teach,  
 Good calling evil, bitter calling sweet,  
 Light darkness; fatally themselves they cheat  
 Who count for truth their lie, for prudence their conceit. }

Woe to the shameless crew who toil to raise  
 Brutal distinction by the drunkard’s praise,  
 By whom the righteous of his right debarr’d  
 Sees guilt by such protected for reward,  
 By whom the good (such malice goads their heart)  
 Are taught, are driv’n from goodness to depart.  
 Thence as the tongue of fire the stubble burns,  
 Thence as the flame the chaff to ashes turns,  
 So shall their root as tender touchwood fare,  
 As dust their blossom whirl’d aloft in air.

Who dar’d Jehovah shall no more be borne;  
 He comes, the Holy One, to smite their scorn,  
 He stretcheth forth his hand, he smites them all,  
 The mountains tremble, yea the great ones fall,

Before

Before him fall the countless guilty dead;  
Mid the fair streets their carcasses are spread  
Ghastly with wounds, nor yet shall Judah's state  
Check his rais'd arm, his raging wrath abate.  
Rear'd is his standard for the distant lands,  
Yea from the ends of earth his voice commands  
The willing nations, swiftly shall they come,  
Nor faint when he shall hift them to thy doom,  
Devoted Judah. Lo! their loins, their feet,  
Already bound for expedition fleet;  
With sharpen'd spears—with arrows keen and bright—  
And ev'ry bow bent—march they to the fight;  
As adamant their horses hoofs resound,  
Swift as a whirlwind on their chariots bound,  
Cov'ring the countries, and with thundrous cries  
The hast'ning hosts rebellow to the skies.  
As in the cavern'd wild the Lioness growls,  
And as her young one fierce with famine howls,  
So roar th' invading hosts, so seize their prey,  
And rend it from the fear-fall'n foe away.  
Yea like the roaring of the sea they roar  
In that dread day when Judah's race explore

The

The earth the heav'ns aghast with wild affright,  
 But lo! distress and darkness! on the light  
 The gloomy vapour gains, and all is sunk in night.

## C H A P. VI.

WHAT time Uzziah, Israel's Monarch died,  
 This glorious vision was by me descried.  
 High on his throne exalted I beheld  
 Jehovah, from the throne descending swell'd  
 The folding of his robe's extensive train,  
 And with a floating lustre fill'd the fane.  
 Above him stood the Seraphim, and there  
 Stood veil'd—so rev'rent was their holy fear.  
 Six wings each Seraph wore—with Twain supplied  
 To veil the face, with Twain the feet to hide,  
 With Twain throughout the universe to fly,  
 And bear the dread behests of Deity.  
 And there they cried alternate from the throne  
 That Holy, Holy, Holy, was alone  
 Jehovah God of Hosts, who into birth  
 Spoke, and produced (with all its wonders) earth!

Thick



Thick clouds of fragrance gather all around,  
And shaken by the Seraph's solemn sound  
Trembled the pillar'd porch. I too with dread  
Cried out—Alas for me. My voice then fled,  
For I'm a man of lips impure, and sigh'd  
To think with what an impious race I 'bide—  
Ah me I've seen the Lord, the Holy One,  
Jehovah seated on his lofty throne.  
Then flying from his place the Seraph came,  
Flew down, and touch'd my lips with hallow'd flame  
Caught from the glowing altar, touch'd and said  
Thy stains are purg'd away, thy crimes are fled.  
Then did the Lord Himself, Jehovah say  
(I heard his voice) what mortal will obey  
The God of Gods and go where I direct his way?  
There will I go, said I. The Lord replied,  
Go then, and humble Judah's impious pride,  
Say to this people—Hear indeed, but grieve  
That what ye hear ye know not, nor perceive  
What ye behold, insensate make the heart  
Of these proud rebels who from me depart.

Gross

Gross be their heart, and abjectly unwise,  
 Dull be their ears, for ever clos'd their eyes  
 To Truth's bright beaming that they ne'er may know  
 The healing joys that from conversion flow.  
 How long, O Lord? I cried. The Lord then said,  
 'Till all their cities desolate are laid,  
 Spoil'd of inhabitants. Then home-bereft,  
 And by their once-lov'd Lords for ever left  
 The women wander forrowing o'er the land  
 Rent into ruins by my vengeful hand.  
 Though but the tenth of Judah's race remain  
 No pause of woe shall this small remnant gain.  
 Yet as an oak destroy'd is often found  
 To leave some little stock within the ground,  
 Thus a small stock escap'd the gen'ral fate  
 Shall a new race long ages hence create,  
 Forth in fresh beauty bloom, and shine a glorious state.

## C H A P. VII.

WHEN Pekah, Israel's, Retzim, Syria's King  
 Their armies to the siege of Salem bring,

Tho'

Tho' yet unconquer'd Ahaz fears the foe  
Should into ruins David's empire throw;  
Yea told that Ephraim is with them combin'd  
He shakes from fear as forest-trees from wind.  
Isaiah then Jehovah's word receiv'd,  
Go now, said God, and meet thy Monarch griev'd;  
And let thy son with thee, Shearjashub go  
Where Ahaz stands disconsolate with woe  
Beside the long-arch'd aqueduct that spreads  
High o'er the causey of the fuller's meads,  
Go where the waters murmuring from above  
Prone to the conduit thro' the grey stone rove.  
Take heed (so counsel Ahaz) and be still,  
Nor let thy fainting heart despondence fill  
For these two flaming firebrands; since the force  
Of Remaliah's son, the burning course  
Of wrathful Retzim can no farther go  
Than I permit the raging torrent flow.  
What tho' proud Syria join'd with Ephraim's might,  
And furious Pekah foremost in the fight  
Have in their daring thought demolish'd thee,  
To rend thy Salem utter their decree,

Predict

Predict a sure possession of thy land,  
Appoint a portion (each) for his command,  
And menace soon on David's throne to place  
An Alien, e'en a son of Tabeal's race,  
Tho' thus these high ones vaunt—bid Ahaz hear  
What I Jehovah say, and cease to fear,  
To fear this instant cease for nought shall be  
Nought stand that these Idolaters decree.  
Tho' fair Damascus, flow'r of Syria, bloom,  
Its glory Retzim—yet the time shall come  
That ere the flight of Sev'nty years are pass'd,  
My wrath-rais'd arm shall the proud Ephraim waste  
No more a people, tho' Samaria there  
Rise column-like and Remaliah's heir  
The capital on that fair column shine,  
Still shall it perish, saith the word divine.  
Thou too must perish if on me thy stay  
Thou buidest not, thou faithless must decay,  
Thou, and thy empire—therefore would'st thou see  
Thy strength establish'd, build that strength on me.  
Thus, Ahaz, speaks Jehovah, yet the Lord  
Permits thee ask some sign to prove his word;

Ask from the grave profound or Heav'n above  
Some awful sign his gracious word to prove.  
Nor from the Heav'n above, nor from the grave  
Ask I a sign, said Ahaz, madly brave  
To tempt Jehovah. Hear ye then, saith God,  
O house of David. Tho' thy inj'ries load  
My suffering servants wilt thou lightly dare  
To deem that I the proud offence will bear?  
Though Ahaz ask no sign, a sign receive;  
Behold! behold! the virgin shall conceive,  
Shall bear a Son, and him Immanuel call,  
To whom a pleasant portion shall befall,  
For when his reason evil knows from good  
Butter and honey shall become his food.  
Then Sion's land its plenty shall regain  
While the rich realms where thy invaders reign  
(The good from evil ere the child can see)  
Shall image back in their's the woes of Thee.  
But still, sad Judah, black'ning o'er thy head  
New storms of sorrow by Jehovah led  
On thee anon shall burst, and overflow  
Thy harrafs'd race with unrecorded woe.

D

For



For in those evil days the fatal fly  
Comes at God's call from Egypt's utmost sky.  
Where Nilus thunders from the rocky height  
Thence the keen host shall urge their dark'ning flight  
Assyria shall the bee successive pour  
From all her caves, and speed it to devour  
The leafy thicket and the verdant mead,  
Rav'nous o'er all the vine-clad hills to feed  
While the rich plains the fervid swarm assails,  
The peopled cities, and the desert-ales,  
The realm so cover'd with the wrathful race  
That the bare rocks must yield the scatt'ring throng  
a place.

Jehovah then shall hire the keen-edg'd steel  
That shorn of all their hair his foes may feel  
His utmost vengeance, for that vengeance bring  
The tribes of Nile, and proud Assyria's King.  
Then the fair locks shall cease to deck the face,  
The beard to yield a venerable grace,  
E'en from the feet the guardian hair be torn,  
And bare them bleeding from the pointed thorn.

So from the feet of Judah to the head  
O'er the whole land shall Desolation spread.  
A few the wasting course of war survive,  
And in the desert's gloom sequester'd live.  
There shall one heifer and two sheep afford  
Superfluous lux'ry to their lonely Lord,  
Honey the bees that hum his cottage nigh  
Shall plenteous yield, and him the meads supply  
Abundant butter;—while at mighty cost  
The vineyard bought with all its grace is lost  
Beneath a wild of thorns disord'ring, there  
Where once trim order spoke a master's care.  
And each (so fears he still a sudden foe)  
About him bears his arrows and his bow.  
Yea the whole land that once one garden shone  
Is now the dreariest wild of horror grown.  
Hills that the mattock made a goodly show,  
Nor wont the fear of briers and thorns to know  
Now left to Nature's negligence become  
A range for sheep that far from shepherd roam—  
And for the patient ox that toil'd before,  
But now an impious master serves no more.

## C H A P. VIII.

DEEP on a mirror with the graving steel  
My will (said God) in ample signs reveal,  
And let the everlasting tablet say  
'Haste to the spoil, and quickly seize the prey.'  
Then Zechariah with the holy Priest  
Uriah came, and God's record attest.  
And then the prophetess my plighted love  
Received, ordain'd a mother's joy to prove,  
Joy for a man-child born—whose very name  
Caught from the mirror with a Prophet's flame.  
I gave—as God inspir'd, an awful sound—  
Yea a dread name where direful terms abound  
That bid the warrior urge the bloody toil,  
'Haste to the prey, and quickly seize the spoil.'  
Hence ere the child is ripe of age to say—  
My father or my mother, borne away  
Her antient treasures—Shall Damascus mourn,  
And in new deserts sit Samaria 'lorn  
Before Assyria's King whose raging hand  
Waves wide the sword that desolates her land.

Again

Again Jehovah speaks. Because this race  
Scorns Siloah's brook that flows with gentle pace  
Rejoicing more in Remaliah's son,  
In Retzin more than in the Holy One—  
The mightiest river shall their realm devour,  
Assyria's King shall come and all his pow'r.  
The pressing waters ev'ry mound above  
Roar, and tumultuate, and destructive rove.  
So spacious spreads the flood, so swift he flies  
That to the neck the mounting torrents rise.  
Lo! what a ravage marks his winged way!  
For, oh Immanuel, nought his rage shall stay  
Till the full breadth of all thy land he brings  
Beneath the vast expansion of his wings.  
This, all ye nations, know, be struck with fear,  
And, all ye distant lands, to this give ear.  
Arm ye, and tremble, arm and be dismay'd,  
Take counsel, but in counsel find no aid.  
Speak ye the word, the word shall never stand,  
For God protects us with his own right hand.  
And thence to me Jehovah deigns to say  
Pursue not thou this people's evil way,

Be not by them in base subjection led  
To whatsoe'er they rev'rence and they dread.  
Firm and unterrified with human awe  
In Me. behold thy sole defence and law,  
Jehovah sanctify, and Him alone,  
Jehovah God of Hosts, the Holy One,  
The Lord your life, the Lord your only fear,  
For ever pow'ful as for ever near,  
A rock of strength his servants to befriend,  
A rock that Israel's houses shall offend;  
A stone of stumbling—for among them most  
Shall stumble—fall—and be for ever lost  
Snar'd in their own device, their wicked thought,  
And in the toils of holy judgement caught.  
Seal the command, the testimony bind  
Through ages treasur'd by the faithful mind  
Which only loves my will, and only knows  
The rich discov'ries I to such disclose.  
Oh! let me wait for thee, Jehovah, look  
For thee alone, my God, who canst not brook  
The bold bad race of Jacob to regard,  
To darkness doom'd, and of thy Grace debarr'd.

Thus



Thus will I look for thee in Holiness,  
And thus my children giv'n by thee shall bless  
Thy name, for signs my children giv'n by thee,  
For wonders giv'n by Him whose Majesty  
Dwells on Mount Sion. But ah! vainly dwells  
(Saith God) with sinful Judah who rebels,  
And dares infensate to this blaze of light  
Perform the necromancer's hideous rite.  
But if they bid thee seek the mutter'd lore  
Of magic brought from Pharaoh's impious shore  
Where I mine arm displayed, consent not thou,  
With them my thankless people dare not bow  
To clay-wrought Idols, to the things that die,  
Defying God who fills eternity.  
Me let them seek, the everliving seek,  
But if they will not from my statutes speak,  
Speak from my word which is a lamp of day  
Surely to lead the wand'rer on his way  
Distress to famine wound their hearts shall wring  
'Till in their rage they curse their God and King,  
'Till to the heav'n above their eyes they throw,  
Or wildly cast them on the world below.

Ah, holy God, what forms of mis'ry there!  
 Tho' deep the gloom what hosts of ills appear!  
 What agonizing grief, what horror-gend'ring fear!  
 But the dread darkness which Jehovah's hand  
 Drew o'er the fair extent of David's land  
 Shall pass away, and thou, O Zebulon,  
 And thou, O Napthali, in times foregone  
 Above all nations of the earth distress'd  
 Shalt now as much above them all be bless'd,  
 For in the latter time, thou, Galilee,  
 (Where far beyond the land-encircled sea  
 Rich with the nations spreads thy old domain)  
 From God the greatest of his gifts shalt gain.

Ch. IX.  
 in the old  
 transla-  
 tion.

Behold! behold! Jehovah's chosen race  
 That walk'd in darkness while it scorn'd his Grace  
 A wondrous light hath seen! yea God to those  
 Deign'd in his love the light of Truth disclose,  
 To those who long against his throne rebell'd,  
 And in the shade of Death with Mis'ry dwell'd.  
 God hath the land increas'd, and with th' increase  
 Of numbers hath enlarg'd their joy and peace.

Thence they before Him blest as with the joy  
Of harvest shall triumphantly employ  
Thanksgiving's harp, yea blest as they whose toil  
Is paid by pleasure when they part the spoil.  
The Yoke that bow'd them with the staff of pow'r  
Which urg'd their labour thro' the wearying hour,  
And bloody Tyranny's unfated rod,  
As in the day of Midian, yield to God.  
The greives that oft the fiercest fray withstood,  
And the grim garments roll'd in human blood  
But serve for fuel to the sacred fire,  
And wrapt in burnings to the clouds aspire.  
For lo! to us is born a child from Heav'n,  
To us, O gracious God, a Son is giv'n,  
Born as his right all government to claim,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor his name,  
His name the mighty God, the Prince of peace,  
And Father of the days that never never cease.  
His government and peace shall know no end,  
But brightning through eternity extend.  
He shall on David's throne for ever reign,  
And in your Joys securely fix'd maintain

Hence

Hence and for ever with his potent sway  
You ye blest People who his will obey,  
To whom this great salvation in his zeal  
The God of Gods himself, Jehovah shall reveal.

## C H A P. IX.

THE Lord to Jacob thus in wrath hath said,  
And thus his menace lights on Israel's race,  
Because this people is by pride misled,  
And Ephraim with Samaria scorns his Grace.  
What tho' the bricks be fall'n—these lofty ones  
Boast they shall build with ever-during stones ;  
And tho' the sycamores are now no more  
In fragrant cedars vaunt a costlier store.  
But while they tow'r to heav'n with impious pride,  
My word hath pass'd, and swift the hostile tide  
Comes rushing on, yea Retzin's self their foe—  
From east from west the gath'ring torrents flow,  
Down Syria's mountains, down Philistia's pour,  
Roar o'er the realm, and ev'ry where devour.  
Still still his anger is not turn'd away,  
And still Jehovah threats the guilty ones to slay.

The Lord hath smote them, yet unquell'd they rise,

Nor hath the God of Hosts subdued their pride,

The mean ones hence, the honour'd, and the wise,

The head, the feet Jehovah shall divide

From Israel, and in one tremendous day

Low with the trodden rush the branches lay.

Vile as the trampled weed—the faithless wretch

I deem, the Prophet who shall falsehood teach.

Astray the govern'd by the rulers led

The feet soon stumble darkneſs in the head.

E'en in their young ones God ſhall not rejoice,

Nor pitying hear the widow's plaintive voice,

For every one is falſe and ſinful found,

Nor leſs their follies than their words abound.

Still ſtill his anger is not turn'd away,

And ſtill Jehovah threatens the guilty ones to ſlay.

Sin works it's progreſs like the growing fire,

The flames at firſt thro' lowly thickets tend,

Then to the high woods in their ſtrength aſpire,

And in vaſt clouds of billowy ſmoke aſcend.

Yea



Yea 'mid his own fierce flames the sinner burns,  
 And guilty Judah, 'mid his mis'ries mourns.  
 Love lost in wrath with all dear charities  
 The brother shall against the brother rise,  
 Snatch on the right, and rav'nous still remain,  
 And on the left devouring roar with pain  
 For lust unfated—doom'd to know no rest  
 'Till on his neighbour's flesh his fury feast.  
 Ephraim Manasseh hates with murd'rous spite,  
 But to demolish Judah both unite.  
 Still still his anger is not turn'd away,  
 And still Jehovah threatens the guilty ones to slay.

CHAP. Woe unto them unjustly who decree,

X.

Woe to the scribes that aid Oppression's might,  
 And swift from Poverty's appeal to flee  
 My poor ones ravish of their sacred right.  
 Thence the 'lorn Widow shall their prey become,  
 And Orphans perish plunder'd of their home.  
 Where will ye then if God his wrath display,  
 And bare the terrors of his direst day,

Where

Where will ye then, ah! where for succour fly,  
And hide your hoards from his all-searching eye?  
Then trembling shall ye all to earth sink low,  
Yea to the grave if God no pity shew,  
Then shall ye fall if God your foe remain  
Beneath the bounden, and beneath the slain.  
Still still his anger is not turn'd away,  
And still Jehovah threats the guilty ones to slay.

Ho! to th' Assyrian, to the rod  
Of sacred vengeance—for at my command  
Ordain'd to serve the wrath of God  
Strong is the staff grasp'd in his threat'ning hand.  
His force against my foes I call  
Doom'd by their own deceit to fall  
Beneath that host whom I excite  
To the bloody bloody fight—  
To seize the spoil, to rend away the prey,  
And borne along the deathful way  
Beneath the gore-empurpled feet  
To tread them as the mire that stains the peopled street.

Not

Not that the proud Assyrian's mind  
My holiest purpose to fulfil intends,  
For he but aims to blast mankind,  
To rend up nations for Ambition's ends.  
He saith (his glory to proclaim)  
My princes equal kings in fame,  
O'er Hamath roll'd my thund'ring car,  
Strong Arphad fled my strength in war,  
And Carchemish, and Calno's land,  
And proud Damascus mourn'd the burthen of my hand

The kingdoms of the idols fell  
Beneath it, tho' nor tow'r'd Samaria them  
In gorgeous greatness wont excell,  
Nor thy august pomp, Jerusalem.  
Yea as Samaria bow'd the knee,  
Bow'd her resplendent state to me—  
Thus, thus Jerusalem shall own  
Me her master, me alone.  
So boasts the proud one, but the Lord  
Shall make him rue his haughty word,

And from the bold blasphemer soon  
To tenfold darkness strike the splendours of his noon.

Tho' for a time God's anger stay—  
His eye the while is keenly glanc'd at Pride,  
Though on the wing his wrath delay—  
Swift it descends on him who God defied.

For when Jehovah shall have brought  
Her woes on Sion, shall have wrought  
His whole design on Judah's land—

Instant then he turns his hand  
Upon Affyria's king, to smite  
Ambition's child from Glory's height,  
'Till sunk in abject mis'ry lie  
The pride that swell'd his heart, and arm'd with fire his eye.

Mine (would he say) is all this force,  
This wisdom only mine, and these my hands  
(Where'er I point the warrior's course)  
Wave into naught the bound'ries of the lands.  
Age-hoarded wealth, and time-tried tow'rs  
The tempest of my rage devours.

The

The riches of the nations 'round,  
As the  shelter'd nests I found.  
Wide o'er the lands mine eyes are flung;  
Nor scap'd by wing nor sooth'd by song  
When I their eggs impetuous seek  
The eagle's glare I scorn, the vulture's darting beak.  
Shall  th' axe despise the vig'rous hand,  
The saw the sinewy strength that turns it's course,  
The staff it's manly Lord command,  
The rod self-guided urge it's tort'ring force?  
When highest he shall rear his praise  
Jehovah God of Hosts shall raise  
Tremendous burnings, and destroy  
Pride, and all her tow'ring joy.  
Lo! Judah's light shall fire become,  
And flame his Holy One to roam  
Destructive o'er the lowly brier,  
Fields, and fair forest groves that up proud heights aspire.  
  
So far the burning torrent goes  
Before the blast of God's avenging aim  
That to the secret soul it flows,  
And the flesh 'scapes as from the fiercest flame.



The forest-trees are left so few  
A child might grasp them in his view  
To write them down for pride to see  
Man's disastrous vanity.

But Israel's remnant has perceiv'd  
How weak his force by whom they griev'd,  
At length th' escap'd of Jacob known  
That the sole tow'r of strength is built by God alone.

Then shall they trust in God, and pay  
The Holy One of Israel vows sincere,  
And thence the few that Him obey  
Shall in his sacred courts again appear.  
Tho' num'rous as the waste of sand  
Spread on some broad sea-beaten strand,  
Alas! of all this num'rous race  
Few shall find Salvation's grace.  
Consummated the Lord's decree  
They who the work accomplish'd see  
With overflowing Justice own  
The dread decision wrought, and worthy God alone.

E

Fear

Fear not, my People, faith the Lord,  
Fear not, inhabitants of Sion's hill,  
The fierce Assyrian, tho' my sword  
Smite on the neck, my hand afflict you still.  
Thus Ægypt trembled at my rod,  
But I Jehovah Jacob's God  
From all my wrath erelong shall cease  
Soothing all your woes with peace.  
Jehovah shall a scourge excite  
To quell your foe's tyrannic might  
As when at Oreb's rock his hand  
Slew Midian's arm'd array with Joshua's threefold band.

Mine arm (faith God) above the sea  
I rais'd of old, and bade the waves divide—  
They heard me, and a passage free  
Left to your Sires who soon the roaring tide  
Saw o'er the pomp of Ægypt close ;  
Thus in an instant sunk your foes—  
Ye from the neck the wearying woe  
Of the shameful yoke shall throw,

Nor a dishonest burthen bear  
 But freed from want, and servile care,  
 Shook from your shoulders ev'ry weight—  
 Joy in the glories beam'd on Sion's second state.

He comes to Aiath,—Migron pass'd  
 Their cars the travell'd hosts at Michmas lay,  
 The straights behind 'em left—they haste  
 To Geba—there a night to rest 'em stay—  
 Gibeah of Saul has caught alarms,  
 And Ramah at the din of arms—  
 Daughter of Gallim, cry amain—  
 Cavern'd Anathoth again  
 Returns the cry—this Laish hears,  
 Madmena's people shake with fears,  
 And as the hosts to Salem hie,  
 So loud hath Gebim cried that Salem hears the cry.

This day on Nob's high mountain stands  
 Th' Assyrian; thence Jerusalem appears,  
 At Sion's hill he shakes his hands,  
 At all the glories into view it rears.

Wretch not to know that from afar  
 Alone Jehovah call'd thy war !  
 The tall trees when his anger wills  
 Crash, and roar adown their hills.  
 Them shall he smite that highest tow'r,  
 E'en Lebanon to prove his pow'r,  
 With iron He the forest hews,  
 And all the sweepy pomp of all the woods subdued.

CHAP. XI. So Pride's tall cedars strew the ground,

XI.

While from the humble Jesse's roots shall rise  
 A scion, and with fruit abound,  
 A Branch of Glory stretching to the skies.  
 On him the mind of God shall rest,  
 And with Jehovah's wisdom blest  
 With overflowing knowledge fraught,  
 Sage in counsel, strong in thought,  
 And quick to learn Jehovah's will  
 He shall the Lord's decrees fulfill,  
 His zeal by gen'rous actions shew,  
 And richly 'round 'em all the beams of Justice throw.

For by the sight's delusive ray  
He shall not weakly judge, nor trust his ear  
Faint proof, but try by Truth's assay  
The poor man's cause, and ev'ry right revere.  
With equal candour, pitying love  
The meek he meekly shall reprove ;  
But when the bold would truth confound  
Thunder-like his voice shall sound.  
The wicked from his lips shall fly  
For Truth's dread band his loins shall tie,  
Him Truth, a sacred cincture, brace,  
And Faithfulness his form, a blazing ephod, grace.

Oh days of Bliss ! the lambs behold  
Play with the wolf or sleep—devoid of fear,  
With kids the leopards fill the fold,  
And heifers gambol tho' the Lion's near.  
By babes the Lion led in bands  
Disportive licks their little hands,  
Or standing still in flow'ry meads  
By the patient oxen feeds,



The suckling fees without dismay  
The wreathing asp around him play,  
And by the basilisk carefs'd  
Smiles at his fire-fed eyes, and strokes his glitt'ring crest.

In all my holy mountains they  
Shall hurt no more, no more shall they destroy,  
For Inj'ry's heat shall die away,  
And Grief's cold-creeping venom yield to joy.

The knowledge of Jehovah's law  
Shall with it's sunlike radiance draw  
The fruitful tribes of Truth to light  
From the waste of hoary night.

Yea as the waters fill the space  
Scoop'd out by God for Ocean's place  
So God, O man, shall stretch thy mind  
'Till all the seas of Truth are in it's grasp confin'd.

And in that day, that happy day  
The Branch of Jesse, and the blooming rod  
Shall to the lands a sign display,  
A standard shew, a standard rais'd by God.

To Him the nations shall resort  
The Glory spread above his court,  
That sacred shelter to receive  
All that suffer, all that grieve.  
The Holy One of Israel's race  
To Sion's long-deserted place,  
Shall in his glorious day again  
The scatter'd remnant bring for ever there to reign.

From Ægypt, and Assyria's land,  
From Elam, Cush, and Pathros shall they come,  
From where the Sea the western strand  
Far-distant beats, and (nigh their antient home)  
From Shinear, and from Hamath they  
(When God his signal shall display)  
Shall pass, so works Jehovah's will,  
All the earth to Sion's hill.  
Gath'ring beneath his fof'tring wings  
Thy outcasts, Judah, them he brings  
O'er Earth's far-sunder'd realms dispers'd,  
But still in all by Him through all the ages nurs'd:

The Brethren know the bliss of peace,  
Woe-taught with Ephraim, Judah wars no more,  
Fraternal feuds for ever cease,  
And friendship reigns their long long sorrows o'er,  
Then strong with love-compacted might  
The brother-band in arms unite,  
Westward Philistia rend, and far  
Rend the East up with their war,  
Edom has felt their conq'ring hand,  
Moab, and Ammon's impious land,  
Resistless spreads the standard blest,  
And wins at length by war the world's eternal rest.  
Then shall Jehovah, Jacob's God,  
Smite with a drought the tongue of Egypt's sea,  
And when aloft he lifts his rod  
Loud rush the winds, before his tempest flee  
The waves; to them their Maker's force  
In sev'n small streams divides their course  
That there his people safe may go  
From the most tremendous foe.  
Thus, thus, the sons of Jacob He  
Shall from their last afflictions free,

And

And such salvation now be wrought  
As when by wall'd-up waves his arm their fathers brought.

CHAP.  
XII.

Then, Judah, thou in that blest day,  
O Lord Jehovah, glory be to thee,  
In hymns, in heart-felt hymns shalt say,  
For though a time thou wert displeas'd with me,  
Thy dire displeasure all is gone,  
And we the God of Jacob own  
(So measureless his mercy flows)  
Comfort's amplest aid bestows.  
My strength his pow'r, my song his aid,  
I trust, and am no more afraid,  
Yea from the Lord salvation flow'd,  
Yea my salvation God, Jehovah's self bestow'd,

When at the fount of Life that strays  
Thro' Sion's Eden ye your blifs supply,  
Hosannas ye to God shall raise,  
And to the nations lift his name on high,  
On living gold record his deed  
That when all nations hence shall read

All

All his great acts for them and you,  
All may yield Him worship due.  
Daughter of Sion lift the voice,  
Lift it aloud, in shouts rejoice,  
Begin, begin the jubilee,  
For, oh blest daughter, first Redemption dawn'd on Thee!

## C H A P. XIII.

THE oracle concerning Babylon which was reveal'd  
to Ifaiah the son of Amots.

High on a mountain's brow the standard raise,  
Exalt the voice, lift high the beck'ning hands,  
That soon beneath the gates of Kings may blaze  
The rushing torrents of my bright-arm'd bands.

My wrath to execute I call the strong  
That in their God triumphantly delight.  
The mountains shake beneath the thick'ning throng,  
The prefs of peoples hurrying to the fight.

Lo!



Lo! they are muster'd by the God of Hosts!  
They at his word assembling from afar  
Like clouds arising from the distant coasts  
Roll on in strength—a gath'ring storm of war.

Haft'ning with hope to vengeful Vict'ry's joy  
They bear the lightnings of Jehovah's ire,  
Who the whole land determin'd to destroy  
Rides on the burthen'd clouds, and points the storm of fire.

Howl ye, Jehovah thundering on his course;  
His arm of death forth from his cloudy throne  
Flames, and all hands are wither'd of their force,  
All hearts are wrung with agonies unknown.

New fears, new torments shall the guilty know,  
With pale amazement face shall face survey,  
Flame as with fire, and phrensi'd with their woe  
The ghastliest forms of Horror's pang display.

Lo! (saith Jehovah) my resistless hand  
Wielding at large the terrors of my rod,  
Sheer thro' the clouds shoots on to smite the land  
Where dwell the bold blasphemers of their God.

So

So shall my vengeance smite the Godless race,  
So to the proud shall I my wrath reveal,  
So doom the Tyrant to deserv'd disgrace,  
And fears far worse than what he caus'd to feel,

Rarer a man than costly gold I make,  
A man than Ophir's ore, of costliest worth;  
For lo! the glorious Heav'ns my thunders shake,  
Shake from its centre shake the pond'rous earth,

When onwards thus the flames of vengeance flow,  
And burning judgement melts mankind with fear,  
The remnant flies, flies as the driven roe,  
Or as deserted sheep—the Lion near.

Tender their thoughts towards their distant homes  
Homeward they look, but homeward vainly fly;  
Fast on their fear-urg'd flight my champion comes;  
They fall, nor home see more, they fall—they die.

Tho' they should rally still they mourn his might,  
Their plunder'd houses ruthless Rapine's prize—  
The wife dishonour'd in her husband's fight  
His children dash'd to death before his eyes.

Behold!

Behold ! against them I provoke the Mede  
Who scorning gold, by vengeance wound to rage  
Draws the strong bow-string—bids the battle bleed—  
Nor deigns the war for less than blood to wage.

Blood all his purpose, blood his fierce delight—  
The pregnant womb his rage shall not discern,  
The children shall not 'scape his murd'rous might,  
Babes at the breast his furious torrent turn.

Then Babylon her downfall shall bemoan  
(So Sodom sunk beneath Jehovah's fire)  
Fair Babylon—whom on her gorgeous throne  
Blazing wont all the prostrate world admire :

Fall'n, fall'n, she spreads a mass of ruinous woe !  
Where man times hence a dwelling shall disdain,  
Where not an Arab for a lodging go,  
Nor simple shepherd fold his fleecy train :

For there the wild beast of the desert 'bides,  
O'er her rent glories wailing monsters roam,  
The daughter of the Ostrich there resides,  
And Satyrs riot in a lawless home.

Wolves

Wolves all about the formidable space  
 Roam, and along the vaulted ruins cry ;  
 Hearing from far the din of that dread place  
 The Trav'ler starts, and deems his danger nigh.

Where stretch'd the delicate in bow'rs of bliss  
 Lull'd by the warblings of the viol's strain—  
 Up walks once gayly trim dire dragons hiss  
 Rolling the monstrous length of their terrific train.

So learn proud Babylon's superior woe ;  
 Learn that her time is hasten'd by the Lord ;  
 That future nations from her fall may know  
 That all their Glory dies before His word.

CHAP. For yet Jehovah pitieth Jacob's race,  
 XIV. Will for his own in time all Israel choose,  
 And when they rest them in their native place  
 Their league the nations shall no more refuse.

They to the house of Jacob then shall cleave,  
 To bring them home with them in love combin'd ;  
 Whom for his servants Jacob shall receive,  
 And thence his willing handmaids joy to find.

Her

Her captives those that were her Lords before  
Them Sion's yoke humiliates in return ;  
Them Sion sees their forepast pride deplore,  
And mourn as once they made Her children mourn.

And in that day, long-suff'ring Israel, God  
Shall lull thy wearied soul in soft repose,  
Shall heal thee bruis'd beneath the Tyrant's rod,  
And bid thee thus his parables disclose

In words wrought high from Truth's eternal throne,  
And say—Behold ! Oppression is no more,  
No more, thou haughty King of Babylon,  
Nor hence th' Exactress heaps her golden store.

The Lord Himself the sinner's staff hath broke,  
Behovah's self the ruler's rod destroy'd ;  
That lofty one whose unremitting stroke  
The peoples bow'd beneath his ruthless pride.

He that the nations rul'd with furious sway  
Is press'd, is smote himself but finds no friends.  
The earth at rest releas'd from all dismay—  
Joy shouts aloud from earth's extremest ends.

Firm



Firm on their cloudcapt hills the firs rejoice;  
 Yea the whole earth is quiet; over thee  
 (His hundred valleys thund'ring back his voice)  
 Cries Libanus—no Feller smites on me.

Ah! Hades self is rising from beneath!  
 To meet thee at thy coming Hades comes!  
 Ah! see the great ones in the caves of death  
 Bestir them, rise, and now—stalk slowly from the tombs!

Rowz'd each by Hades from his cavern'd throne—  
 To thee the Lords of all the nations say,  
 Like us art thou, proud King of Babylon,  
 Like ours thy lustre bound within a day?

Set all the splendor of thy bright estate,  
 Thy dazzling glories in the darksome grave—  
 Thee could not ought that did thy pride elate,  
 Thee all thy pow'r from such declension save?

Where are thy bands of harmony whose sound  
 Led thee, poor worm, with God himself to vie?—  
 With vermin stretch'd—here on the cold, cold ground—  
 See thy sad couch who never thought to die!

Yea

Yea clad with earth-worms for the blazing vest  
That rob'd erewhile thy perishable clay—  
How art thou fall'n—from highest Heav'n depress'd,  
O Lucifer, bright star that led'st the day!

Dust to the dust art thou, great King, assign'd  
Erewhile resplendent in the conq'ror's car—  
Thou that didst hope in thy imperial mind  
To snatch the sceptres of the world by war?

Thou that didst say, and saying speak thy Soul,  
My presence to the loftiest Heav'ns shall climb,  
And high with God above the starry pole  
Exult in all the Godhead's state sublime,

Thron'd on the mount where Glory's utmost light  
From God's chief presence all its strength displays,  
Where on the northern side it flames so bright  
That down the Seraphs droop to shun the blaze.

Could nought the tow'rings of thy pride confine?  
High o'er the highest heav'ns wouldst thou ascend  
On flatt'ry's wing, and deem thyself divine,  
A God, forgetful of the grave thine end,

The pit's contracted sides?—but they who knew  
Thee in thy noon of radiance—when their eyes  
Shall this thine awful close in darkness view  
Pond'ring how lifeless cold the Monarch lies

May say—oh! God—is this the man whose course  
Wasted the realms, the tow'rs of strength destroy'd,  
The kingdoms shook, the whole earth with his force,  
And humbled man to mis'ry with his pride?

From their foundations He the Cities rent,  
And half the world his march a desert made,  
The captives home thy mercy never sent,  
And thence thy mis'ry knows not mercy's aid.

All that like thee have o'er the Nations reign'd,  
Still have preserv'd some greatness in their grave,  
Some ling'ring relics of their glory gain'd,  
But none hast thou—deserving none to have.

For thou (alike th' abominated tree)  
Stretch'd out the ghastliest on the gory plain,  
Art a torn carcase—horrible to see,  
Cloath'd with the welt'ring heaps by fury slain.

Though all the dead around thee burial find  
To thee this last poor honour is denied,  
To thee remorseless foe of human kind,  
Chief in disgrace when dead, as when alive in pride.

Nor ever let renown his offspring wait,  
The fire's offences let the children rue.  
Quell, quell their rising strength with slaughterous hate,  
Nor let the proud again the earth subdue.

They shall not rise (saith God) the earth possess,  
And build them cities for their impious race,  
Since Babylon mine own right arm shall press,  
And spoil her of her people, pow'r, and place.

Where once high tow'r'd her gazed grandeur, there  
In cheerless gloom the porcupine shall dwell,  
There the dead marish taint the fullen air,  
And miry gulphs o'er all her glories swell.

Jehovah swears to perfect this decree,  
And says, what I the God of Hosts design—  
The thing as surely in its time shall be,  
As surely stand as is the purpose mine.

To crush th' Assyrian in my land I swear,  
His pride to trample on my holiest hill,  
That Judah may no more his burthen bear,  
His tort'ring task of tyranny fulfill.

This is my vow determin'd on the land  
Which o'er the nations shakes her iron rod,  
Yea this, thou great one, is Jehovah's hand  
Stretch'd out to shew that God alone is God.

This hath Jehovah Lord of Hosts decreed,  
And who to disannul it shall pretend?  
His hand is stretch'd out for a mighty deed,  
And who shall turn it from its destin'd end?

In the year in which Ahaz the King died, this  
Oracle was delivered.

Songs of joy, Philistia, spare  
Worse afflictions doom'd to bear,  
Rent the rod—thy past annoy—  
Stay the song of festive joy.



Know in Ahaz dead—the root  
Whence a fatal stock shall shoot;  
Ahaz is the viper dead  
Whence a basilisk is bred,  
Whence a dragon arm'd with fire  
Wing'd for woe shall soon aspire,  
Far and wide to waste thy land  
What time Jehovah's healing hand  
Shall with his first-fruits blefs his chosen poor,  
And lay the needy down in holy peace secure.

Lo! by sacred vengeance brought  
To thy deepest root the **d**rought,  
Sunk to dust each tender vein  
Not a remnant shall remain.  
Howl, O gate, O city, cry,  
Weep the foe, Philistia, nigh,  
Northward see the smoke ascend  
Where the marching armies tend  
Bound for conquest, leagu'd in love,  
Whence a stragler shall not move.

Gratulations sent from far—

Thus answer, Victors, in the war

That God in Sion all her strength bestows,

And in her courts his poor escape their wonted woes.

### C H A P. XV.

#### The Oracle concerning Moab.

SWIFT as a whirlwind 'mid the gloom of night  
Down from the heav'ns Destruction hurl'd his flight.

Then perish'd Ar, and Moab was undone;

Then perish'd Kir, and Moab fell. His son

Hies to Bethdibon, to the mountain-fane

To pour on Nebo's fate the sorrowing strain,

On lost Medeba. Shorn the flowing hair,

Shorn ev'ry beard in sackcloth they repair.

Along the streets, or to the roofs ascend,

And when they mark the foes that thither tend

All hurry down dismay'd. Hark Hesbon moans!

And lo! the sound of Eleales groans!

To frontier Jahat's loud the clamours fly,  
 And Moab's very loins with anguish cry.  
 He groans (his life a burthen) from his heart;  
 His cries to ~~Hoar~~ roar all his grief impart,  
 One thinks (so loud his mis'ries he deplores)  
 Fresh in the lion's grasp some heifer roars  
 Echoed along the meads, and hollow-sounding shores. }  
 Up Luhith's hill the growing clangs arise,  
 And 'tis Destruction's own last scream that flies  
 O'er Horonaim's way. For Nimrim's meads  
 Chang'd to the marsh forlorn with barren reeds—  
 Her young sweet verdure wither'd and in waste—  
 To willowy Babylon her treasures haste,  
 All her old treasures. Therefore to the bounds  
 Of anguish'd Moab his distress resounds.  
 From Eglaim to Beerelim's utmost end  
 Thy cries, lost Moab, and thy groans extend.  
 What tho' the waves of Dimon swell'd with blood  
 Yet Dimon hath not all his trespasses rued.  
 Th' escap'd of Moab, Ariel's remnant-train  
 And Admah's fled the fields of Death in vain.

CHAP. Thrust from his home by me the Ruler's son  
 XVI. Shall roam thro' Selah's horrid wilds alone  
 To Sion's mount, and there exil'd by me  
 Through Arnon's fords shall Moab's daughters flee,  
 Flee with the swiftness of the bird dismay'd  
 When danger drives him from his sheltring shade.  
 Counsel impart, become the friend of night, *right*  
 And as at noon-day lour the clouds, like night,  
 So let thy sheltring shade, O Sion, close  
 The sitting outcast from his furious foes.  
 Hide him, discover not the fugitive,  
 Suffer with thee the child of woe to live,  
 And cover him from death. Your prosp'ring state  
 May well th' afflicted save, since he who late  
 Despoiling trampled you beneath his feet  
 Is doom'd in death the vengeance due to meet.  
 'Tis lovely Mercy that thy throne sustains  
 Where one shall sit (so gracious Heav'n ordains)  
 A perfect judge; in David's tent preside,  
 The right reveal, and law's one tenor guide.  
 Not such the Moabite, his pride we know,  
 His lofty visage and his swelling brow,

His ruthless anger, his injurious pride,  
And each base art with vanity allied.  
Thence, thence the proud ones abjectly lament;  
Thence mis'ry spreads thro' Moab's whole extent.  
Men of Kirhares, they shall mourn your doom,  
Thy fields, O Hesbon, shall their shame become.  
Sibmah's rich vine has languish'd from her roots  
Tho' Kings have triumph'd in her gen'rous shoots.  
Far o'er the desert's burning breadth their shade  
Hung, e'en to Jazer's realm their green arms spread,  
And shadowing o'er the seas to lands remotest stray'd.  
Then will I weep; with Jazer's sorrowing, wail  
For Sibmah's vine. O Hesbon's ravag'd vale,  
O Eleale water'd with my tears  
Since ripe for vintage now no more appears  
Thy sunfed vine; but all thy grace destroy'd  
We mark where Rapine has her glut enjoy'd.  
From fields once fertile gladness is exil'd,  
Nor sing they joyous who in vineyards toil'd.  
The treader floods the vat with wine no more,  
Nor shouts exulting when he fums his store.

All



All joy is perish'd, and all shoutings flee  
 From Desolation. Thence, O thence for Thee,  
 Undone Kirhares, deep mine entrails groan,  
 And my rent heart for Moab pours it's moan.  
 For him (all rites idolatrous explor'd,  
 And still in vain the graven gods ador'd)  
 When *wearied* he shall fly each idol's fane  
 I in his sorrows sentence to remain.  
 For ere three years are pass'd (the Lord hath said)  
 I blurr the beams that blaze about his head.  
 His glories all are sunk, his bright-arm'd bands,  
 His num'rous children sunk beneath my hands,  
 Save a small remnant, save a few—to shew  
 (So still he smites this feeble few with woe)  
 Their guilt who dare in God the most tremendous foe.

## C H A P. XVII.

## The Oracle concerning Damascus.

LO! Damascus now is gone ;  
Vanish'd thence the City's state,  
All her cities heaps of stone,  
Ruin'd all, and desolate.

There the sheep their ranges seize,  
There lie down or feed or play,  
There securely where they please  
Thro' their new dominion stray.

Ephraim from embattled walls  
Gleams no more with standards bright,  
Since with him Damascus falls,  
Sunk in him her tow'r of might.

Great has Israel's glory been,  
Yet we saw that glory fade.  
Thus in Syria shall be seen  
All her old renown decay'd.

Lowly

Lowly levell'd pomp sublime ;  
Shrunk to leanness pamp'rd pride  
Jacob's brightness in that time  
Swift from heav'n a storm shall hide,

As in Rephaim's vale we glean  
What has 'scap'd the sickle's course,  
As some Olives still are seen  
Relics of the shaker's force,

Thus a gleanings shall remain,  
Some few berries on the spray,  
So says God, nor ought in vain  
Can the God of Israel say.

Then shall man his Maker fear,  
God-ward all his zeal betake,  
Nor Jehovah scorn'd, revere  
Ought a creature's hands could make,

Idols which his fingers made  
Shall no more his soul defile.  
Nor the Sun nor worshipp'd shade  
Of his rights Jehovah spoil.

As at Israel's march of yore  
Fled the Hivites from their homes,  
Thus the bulwarks now no more  
All the land a waste becomes.

God the Saviour scorn'd by thee,  
Thus the rock of strength despis'd  
All thy hopes of glory flee  
With the plants thy pleasure priz'd.

Tho' procur'd from realms afar,  
Tho' thy mornings, evening's joy,  
Tho' the promis'd fruit they bear,  
And the gath'rer's toil employ,

Still on glad Possession's day  
When the heart with triumph glows,  
Shall the harvest rent away  
Triumph turn to hopeless woes.

Woe befall the num'rous race,  
Multitudes that loudly roar,  
Loud as when with stormy pace  
Seas assail the shaking shore!

Woe

Woe befall the rushing throng  
Who (as when vast waters course)  
Glens and rocky dales along  
Thunder on with headlong force,

'Till athwart their raging speed  
God present himself and say—  
Here no more, proud flood, proceed,  
Still thy roar, thy fury stay.

Then He sees before him fly  
Chaff before the mountain-blast,  
Or as Gossimers on high  
Blown about by whirlwinds haste.

Such the plund'rer's awful fate,  
So the fell destroyer ends,  
So the Lord his chosen state  
Danger dark'ning 'round defends.



## C H A P. XVIII.

Supposed the Oracle concerning Ægypt.

HO! to the land that loves the cymbal's strain  
Whose bounds the waters of the Cush contain,  
There on the surface of the lucid tide  
Men in the vessels of Papyrus glide.  
Their pomp of embassy to distant lands  
The broad sea bears, ye messengers, commands  
Receive from God, and waft 'em where a race  
Boasts a long region levell'd into grace.  
Whom still the nations as of old revere,  
Who to the rivers owes the fertile year,  
Whose countries equall'd by the line bestow  
Space for the fructifying waves to flow.  
Yea all that in the wide-spread world abide,  
When on the mount my standard is descried,  
Behold—and when my trumpet sounds, be still.  
(Thro' me Jehovah thus proclaims his will.)

As

As the clear heat long lingers after rain,  
 As dewy clouds hang buoyant o'er the plain  
 At harvest-times so stilly-fitting I  
 With keen regard my fix'd abode descry.  
 Full, ('tis a cluster-burthen'd vine) with pow'r  
 The proud ones rush my dwelling to devour.  
 E'en at their vintage, and their bud in bloom,  
 Their blossom now a swelling grape become,  
 I with my hook (saith God) will smite the shoot,  
 Smite ev'ry branch, and rend up ev'ry root.  
 There the rude mass a shadowy ruin made  
 The ray'nous summer-bird shall seek the shade,  
 There in the wintry storm the wild beast lie,  
 Couch in the gloom, and dart the glaring eye.  
 And then, (blest change) the winged cymbal's land  
 Before Jehovah shall with offerings stand.  
 Yea they shall bring a gift whose mighty race  
 Boasts a long region levell'd into grace,  
 Whom still the nations as of old revere,  
 Who to the rivers owes the fertile year,  
 Whose countries equall'd by the line bestow  
 Space for the fructifying waves to flow,

Yea they to Sion's mount shall rev'rent come,  
Their gift presenting where I fix my home,  
Yea to the land renown'd for holiest fame  
Since I Jehovah there bestow'd my name.

## C H A P. XIX.

## The Oracle concerning Egypt.

BEHOLD, behold the Holy One!

On a cloud Jehovah flies;  
Swift the Godhead rolling on  
To the land of Egypt hies.

At the Majesty Divine  
Egypt's heart with terror quakes.  
Through her tribes each idol-shrine,  
The Creator coming, shakes.

Natives against natives I  
Will in hostile rage excite.  
Brother shall with brother vie  
Furious in the bloody fight.

All the cities, ev'ry state  
(Each with each) in wrath contend.  
Terror-struck at such fell hate  
Drooping Egypt bodes her end.

Her counsel at my word has fail'd. In vain  
To charmers, wizards, idols she repairs.  
I'll bind her with a cruel tyrant's chain,  
Yea a fierce King shall sink her in his snares.  
Yea by many Tyrants bound  
Thus Egypt's pride will I confound—  
The Lord Jehovah says, the God of Hosts declares.

On her sea my pow'r I'll shew,  
Bid it's breadth of waters fail,  
Bid her rivers cease to flow,  
Bid the drought disease exale.

Dried the lakes her labour wrought—  
There the Lotus and the reeds  
Perish (such the burning drought)  
Perish all the bord'ring meads.

Perish all that Art had sown  
To bedeck the water's side,  
Burnt up, blasted all and gone,  
Egypt's wealth, and Egypt's pride.

There the fisher fond to stand  
Wildly-wishful throws his look  
Where he wont the net expand,  
Wont to cast the barbed hook.

Gone all his gain, and all his homefelt joys  
He hears his children clamour for their food.  
Their mother wont the nets (her work) to prize,  
Weeps o'er her useless work, and sinks subdued.

Zoan's Princes sure are fools,  
And Pharaoh's seers from Wisdom's schools  
Him a brute counsel gave through ages to be rued.

Why thy birth, O Pharaoh, boast  
Through all times from Monarchs wife?  
Is not all thy wisdom lost?  
Where are they—the seers you prize?



Let them tell thee, now declare,  
Let thy vaunted sages shew  
If so very wise they are,  
What is Egypt's coming woe?

What Jehovah, God of Hosts  
Hath for Egypt's bane design'd?  
Zoan's Princes, Wisdom's boasts,  
Sure have now a brutish mind.

Noph's deluded chiefs delude;  
Egypt who their lie believes  
Errs, and into ruin rude  
All her pillars shaken, grieves.

Grieves to behold her wise ones thus unwise,  
All old experience trembling with dismay.  
So God has smote her, wrapt in mist her eyes,  
And driv'n her staggering drunk-like on her way.  
'Tis confusion Egypt o'er  
And Reason rules her chiefs no more,  
But Phrensy them and all breaks with her iron sway.

Woman-

Woman-like stern manhood fears  
Trembling—while Jehovah's hand  
Shaking all in wrath—appears  
Spread in vengeance o'er the land.

When the thought to Judah tends  
Horrors on their spirits smite.  
Judah nam'd—to Judah bends  
Ev'ry face aghast with fright.

Fear they must but cannot fly  
God who now shall vengeful come,  
Who to act his will is nigh  
That tremendous will their doom.

Lo! I see thro' future days  
E'en in Egypt cities 'rise,  
Which to God shall pillars raise,  
Pay an holy sacrifice,

Swear on their altars to the Lord alone  
Jehovah God of Hosts, and stand a sign  
To all the nations, of the days foregone  
When they were rescued by the pow'r divine.

For I heard their woeful cry,  
And bade (saith God) th' oppressor fly,  
And sav'd 'em for their truth as I shall still save mine.

Egypt then shall honour me,  
Shall Jehovah's word believe,  
Who their God at length shall be,  
Vows, and holy gifts receive.

Egypt wept my wounding might  
But by me were heal'd her woes.  
Now Jehovah her delight  
All her wounds my love shall close.

Egypt with Affyria join'd  
Smooths between them one wide way.  
Judah with them both combin'd  
With them shall one worship pay.

This accord all Nations blefs,  
For Jehovah's name thus known  
Ye may all in time confess  
Sion's rock of strength your own.

Then

Then blessings be thy portion, Egypt, thine,  
 Assyria, the great work of God's own hand,  
 Then blest be Israel, thou of old wert mine,  
 My first adoption, yea my chosen land.

Nor in vain my holiest place  
 Whence shining to the human race  
 My last great Light shall 'rise, and o'er the earth expand.

## C H A P. XX.

WHAT time fierce Tharthan march'd to Ashdod's  
 tow'rs

(Revenge inflaming his Assyrian pow'rs)  
 March'd from his King to vict'ry sure,—the Lord  
 Thus to the son of Amots spoke the word.  
 Go, from thy feet the cov'ring quickly tear,  
 Nor must thou now the Prophet's sackcloth wear.  
 Then barefoot, and disrob'd, with holy fear  
 I prostrate fell the voice of God to hear.  
 Let the three days that you my servant see  
 Disrob'd and barefoot the dread signal be

That Cush and Egypt shall as many years  
Their exile's woe lament, their captive's tears,  
Yea every insult them defeat can bring  
From the brute vengeance of Assyria's King.  
Thou Ashdod (sunk in dust thy tow'ry might)  
Shall in that day aghast with fell affright  
Yield to despair since Cush thy proud hope fails,  
Nor ought thy bulwark Egypt now avails.  
Then Ye that here abide, shall in that day  
Cry, did we trust the rushing flood to stay  
(Forgetting God) by them?—by them the force  
Of haughty Sargon's desolating course?  
Where then, ah! where, for succour shall we flee  
If not, sole rock of strength, to Thee, O God, to Thee?



## C H A P. XXI.

The Oracle concerning the Desert of the Sea.

SWIFT as the rushing of the southern blast  
Tempesting down the mountain-dells to waste  
The plains of plenty from the desert-glooms,  
The wilds of terror swift the fierce one comes,  
Dreadful the vision which affails mine eyes!  
Spoil'd is the spoiler, the destroyer dies!  
Advance, O Elam; form the siege, and bear  
Around her, Media, all thy rage of war.  
Let not her fury press the world again,  
But sink her to the dust. My loins with pain  
Writhe, and with anguish such as women know  
Wound to the keenest pang of travail's woe.  
Phrensi'd with dire dismay I cannot hear,  
Nor can I see, wrapt in a whirl of fear.  
'Tis all-bewild'ring hurry to my heart,  
And fell before me fear-feign'd spectres start.  
Is this, dear Hope, thy evening's joyous feast?  
This horror burth'ning on my harrow'd breast.

Appoint

Appoint the table, and the watch prepare;  
Gayly they drink, and sumptuously they fare:  
Rise, rise, ye Princes, snatch the burnish'd shield,  
Go, and survey what aid your pow'r can yield,  
Go, and the watchman to his tow'r command,  
And bid him there with still attention stand,  
And let him soon report what meets his eyes;  
Two riders, and two cars I see (He cries)  
A camel one, an ass the other bears.  
The watchman marks 'em, and his growing fears  
Stretch, and still wider stretch his aching sight,  
But lo! two nations—(forth he cries) with fright,  
Here, O my Lord, here thro' the live-long day,  
And here through all the wearying night I stay—  
Lo! of the riders one towards me flies,  
And Babylon is fall'n, is fall'n, he cries,  
Yea all the graven Gods she wont adore  
Sunk to the dust. Thou treasure of my floor,  
To thee, my choicest fruit of sacred zeal,  
What Israel's God declares—I faithfully reveal.

## C H A P. XXI.

The Oracle concerning the Desert of the Sea—  
a free paraphrase of the preceding Oracle.

SWIFT as the southern storm

Impetuous to deform

The purple vineyard and the golden grain

He comes, he comes, nor comes in vain

From the wilds, the dreadful place.

Not a mound hath withstood

His precipitate flood.

Tumbling in torrents on and raging in it's race.

What awful visions has my soul descried!

Alas 'tis mine their horrors to disclose,

To shew the fell Destroyer's self destroy'd,

The rav'nous plund'rer whelm'd in rapine's woes.

Rise then in arms, O Elam, 'rise,

Up, Media, all in wrath, nor heed their cries

To whom appointed vengeance now must come.

They

They fall, faith God, they fall by thee,—  
Press, press the siege, urge on their final doom,  
Close the long reign of Pride, and set the nations free.  
Ah! me with what heart-rending groans  
My frantic spirit moans!  
My cries proclaim an agonizing heart,  
Burst forth, and clam'rously impart  
To the startled ears my woes  
As loud as that Soul-piercing shriek  
Which shrilleth on the keenest pangs to speak,  
The keenest travail-pangs that helpless woman knows.  
Each aching sense (so strong is Sorrow's reign)  
Trembleth beneath her spirit-entring chain.  
Black on my spirit rides dismay  
All her soul-harrowing horrors to display  
'Till Spectres rise from fear, and Madness from affright?  
Is this my evening's wonted wish'd delight?  
But lo! the viands spread on gold appear.  
Set is the watch against alarms;  
In pomp the Princes feast with royal cheer—  
Rise, rise, proud Princes, rise, and hurry to your arms!  
Oh!

Oh! mighty God, thy vision shews  
To me their dread, to me their phrensyng woes.  
Methinks they bid the watch anew espy,  
And oft with terror ask what meets his eye—  
Ah! now I see (he cries with wild affright)

Camels burthen'd for the wars,  
Helms that gleam athwart the night,  
Still flashing into view ~~the~~ resounding cars,  
And horsemen thund'ring on with fury to the fight!

Now, now the standards to my view  
Declare two Nations whom mine eyes pursue  
Thro' the long night, and thro' the wearying day.  
But who is he that hither wings his way?

Babylon is fall'n (he cries)  
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and all her deities,  
The graven Idols of her impious trust  
Sunk to the dust.

Then haughty Babylon is now no more,  
Hear, O thou trembling Earth, and God alone adore.  
Thy God, O Israel. Israel, thou to me  
As dear as to the hind his winter's hoard,  
Be witness how my love has tended thee,  
Thee gently warm'd with Heav'n's benigner word,

Or



Or more severely faithful to my part  
God's stormy menace pour'd, and searching clear'd thy  
heart.

The Oracle concerning Dumah.

To me from Seir exclaims a voice of woe—

What bodes us, watchman, for the coming night?  
What for this night, prophetic watchman, shew.

Thus I replied. 'Tis true the dawning light  
Now speaks the morn; comes day, and day departs—  
But what the night shall bring ye may not see  
Till holier manners give to God your hearts;  
Then oft inquiring ye may learn of me.

Another version of the same Oracle.

To me from Seir the voice of terror cries,  
What from the night, prophetic watchman, shew,  
What from the night? The Prophet thus replies,  
The morning riseth on the night of woe.

The

The morning riseth—but the night succeeds—  
Inquire ye if ye will, and ask again,  
But know, so God regards your impious deeds,  
That of his Prophet ye will ask in vain.

The Oracle concerning Arabia.

That Eve shall come, that Eve, when gladly, ye  
O Caravans of Dedan, from the foe  
For safety to the southern wilds shall flee,  
To whom, ye desert-people, pity shew.

Yield 'em their water, them their bread afford;  
The terrors of the bended bow they fly,  
They fly the terrors of the brandish'd sword,  
The terrors of Destruction pressing nigh.

For thus the Lord Himself hath bid me say,  
Before the year, (an hireling's year is fled)  
Kedar shall see her pile of fame decay;  
Her valiant bowmen (few surviving) dead.

For

Few of her son's surviving Kedar grieves

Beneath Jehovah's surely-smiting rod.

And then sad Kedar awefully believes

The dread predictions of insulted God.

# C H A P. XXII.

The Oracle concerning the Valley of Vision.

WHY the sign of some vast woe

All your roofs thus peopled o'er?

Wherefore this dread silence—shew?

Wherefore sunk the city's roar,

Labour's din, and Pleasure's song

Wont to resound your busy streets along?

Whence all this midnight-stillness? shame oh! shame

To Sion's holy-honour'd name—

Her stout sons, stout no more, from peril fled,

Fled all her leaders lavish of her fame.

Oh! rather had they all in battle bled

Than trembling at the bow's disastrous aim

Swift as an arrow from the steel-strong bow  
Fled, and remorseless left their parent to the foe.  
Since the faithless fled from thee,  
Comfort, Sion, I despise,  
Hateful ev'ry joy to me  
Since I saw thy streaming eyes  
Turn towards thy daughter-train,  
And pour with them the flood of woe in vain.  
The whirlwind Trouble howls upon this day,  
Horror, and frantic-ey'd Dismay.  
O'er us comes on (a rolling flood) the foe,  
Confusion screams before the pressing force,  
God, God Himself leads the whole tide of woe,  
Jehovah God of Hosts the hostile course,  
To me the Godhead makes his terrors known,  
In Vision's valley speaks, and calls the day his own.  
Break oh! break yon wall they cry,  
Hither bring the strengthening stone,  
From the mountains aid supply,  
Instant, instant aid or none.  
Fierce Elam comes, the Syrian chariots roar,

H

Up

Up Sion's rocks the flint-hoof'd horses found,  
And Kir's uncover'd shields around  
Glare death upon us. In the meadowy land  
Chariots with chariots stretch their proud array,  
Marshall'd to war the num'rous horsemen stand.  
Ah! now they move, urge on in clouds their way,  
They come, they come, have thunder'd thro' the walls,  
Roars all their battering force, and Sion's barrier falls.

Haste ye, to the armoury fly,  
To the cedarn-tow'r with speed.  
Each, his armour snatch'd, apply  
There the strength where most the need.  
Lo! the breaches thicken 'round—  
Fast sink the walls—quick thro' yon cavern'd ground  
Press all the springs—that rampart to defend  
From the broad base yon Palace rend.  
Sharp-sighted Fear from Hope's delusive dream  
Now toils to burst the mound of antient years.  
Glides on at last the sudden-sounding stream,  
And 'mid th' embattled rocks a lake appears.



Ah! blind to Him who ribb'd with rocks each hill  
Where Sion's glories tow'r the wonders of his will.

Frantic, impious, desp'rate race,  
Yield ye now to feast and joy?  
Blurr'd and blighted from God's grace  
Not to mark his judgements nigh.  
Rend your odour-dropping hair,  
Weep, and lament, and solemn sackcloth wear.  
But lo! 'tis gladness, oxen slain and sheep,  
And Riot roars where Woe should weep.  
Come Death to-morrow our's be mirth to-day  
Flush'd with the feast (ye sing) and flush'd with wine—  
Come Death to-morrow dare, ye Godless, say?  
Then Death shall come declares the will divine,  
Since they (Jehovah says) who me defy  
Unexpiated fall, and unlamented die.

## The Oracle concerning Shebna.

Thus saith the Lord, Jehovah God of Hosts,  
Go thou to Shebna, him who proudly boasts  
Himself the first in delegated sway,  
And to the Household's tyrant-treasurer say:  
Is this thy home, and we thy friends that here  
We see thy cavern'd sepulchre appear?  
O thou, whose fair-wrought tomb is rais'd on high,  
Who for thy bones so buildest ere thou die,  
And would'st be tomb'd in glory;—from the Land  
Thy life insulted with a whirling hand  
Jehovah far shall fling thee, and thy state  
Cover with tomb-like darkness. Such his hate  
Of pride like thine that Thee his arm shall fling  
With no less violence than the whirling sling  
Over the wide plain casts the hissing stone,  
And bid thee hence to shame and death be gone.  
They who thy pow'r (enhanc'd by pomp) rever'd  
Shall blush to know the baseness that they fear'd.

My word has pass'd, thy glories are no more,  
And thou a quick declension shalt deplore.  
Eliakim my servant I decree  
To dignify the state debas'd by thee.  
Him shall thy robe with Majesty invest,  
And thy bright baldrick blaze beneath his breast.  
When his pure hands shall wield the government  
Sion shall think a public Father sent.  
Judah shall bless him, Judah honour Me  
Who on his shoulder laid the ruler's key.  
That sign of human power—in him shall shine  
A strength assisted by the pow'r divine.  
Thence shall his rule a force resistless prove,  
Fair from esteem, and strong from public love.  
A golden nail in Glory's gazed place  
Shall he become whom I decree to grace.  
On this rich ornament, divinely strong,  
The trophies of his fathers shall be hung,  
His children's children's ornaments, and there  
The total splendor of his race appear.  
To smaller vessels it shall grace bestow;  
E'en in a nobler light the goblets shew,

And be (blest meed of pow'r with worth combin'd)  
The feat of whatsoe'er adorns mankind.  
Not so tyrannic Shebna's pomps endure,  
His nail is rent out though it seem'd so sure,  
Hewn to the ground it falls, and down down bears  
It's baseless burthen—Thus the Lord declares,  
And now to act his will the mighty God prepares.

## C H A P. XXIII.

HOWL, O ye ships of Tarshish, and deplore  
Your perish'd home, for Tyre is now no more,  
From Chittim's Isles the dreadful tidings fly  
That Tyre is sunk in dust. Her children lie  
'Mid her vast ruins, and in silent woe  
Oft on the shipless sea the wild look throw,  
There once triumphant burthens of the tide  
The busy-bustling fleets of Sidon plied,  
There the rich-flooding Nile his seed bestow'd,  
And from the wide world all it's treasures flow'd.

Nile

Nile her revenue, Tyre the whole earth's mart  
Falls, and her fate, O Sidon, sinks thy heart.  
Blush at thy Sister's change, and timely wise  
Hear for thy profit these her soul-felt cries,  
Hear the far famous Mistress of the main  
Mid her fall'n tow'rs beside the sea complain.  
" Mine were a Mother's pangs, a num'rous race,  
" But now no relics of my joys I trace,  
" Lost as I ne'er had been a Mother, ne'er  
" Had wont my own with all my love to rear.

Soon as to Egypt the dire tidings spread  
Lo! the whole land of Nile convuls'd with dread  
Shakes in it's anguish. Tarshish, at her fate  
Howl, nor again with partial pride relate  
Her triumphs of old times, her pomps of antient date.  
Vanish'd all pomp—from haggard want at home  
To realms remote keen mis'ry bids her roam.  
Her own feet bear the proud one far away—  
But who on Tyre hath wrought her last decay?  
Late were her merchants Princes, and her trade  
The keen artificer a noble made,



Yea King-creating Nobles were her race—  
 Who—but Jehovah wrought her last disgrace,  
 To teach the swelling Nobles of the earth  
 From whom their fondled glory draws it's birth,  
 By whom it dies, and humble them with scorn  
 Who deem of man their wavering splendors born.  
 The sea-beat mole of Tyre, the tow'ry wall  
 Rose at Heav'n's suff'rance, Heav'n commanding—fall,  
 Daughter of Tarshish haste, fly from the foe;  
 Thy mound has burst. Then river-like o'erflow  
 Where dread dismay drives thy dissever'd force  
 No more bank'd in—one vast majestic course.  
 God hath his arm out-stretch'd, and bade thy pride }  
 (Once a broad haven's trade-refounding tide) }  
 Lost in the darkning dells in scatter'd streamlets glide. }  
 Yea in his wrath above thee shook his rod  
 Till all thy kingdom's quak'd beneath the God,  
 Disparting, scattering, vanish'd, from their place  
 Beneath that arm still rais'd at Canaan's race.  
 Daughter of Sion, thou dishonour'd Maid,  
 God hath indeed debas'd thy pomp, and said,

'Tis thine no more to triumph, yet from woe  
 Rushing, in vain wilt thou to Chittim go,  
 Weak all the strength of man the God of Gods thy foe.

Lo! Babylon (but now an unknown place,  
 A tented shelter for the desert-race,  
 Her beauteous palace, and her lofty tow'r  
 Assyria's work) soon sees Destruction's pow'r  
 Gloom o'er her greatness, for the same decree  
 One cloud of mis'ry draws on her and thee.  
 Then howl, ye ships of Tarshish, and deplore  
 Your lov'd lost home, your bulwark now no more.

Seventy sad sorrowing years Oblivion's chain  
 Holds Tyre sepulchred in her dark domain.  
 Tyre after then restor'd to balmy light  
 (Fair as a damsel deck'd to lure the sight)  
 Shall with a soul so spritely touch the lyre  
 That Joy shall seem the numbers to inspire,  
 To charm each warbling chord, and thrill along each  
 wire.

Thou long-forgotten maid, in triumph gay  
 Adown thy streets thy gayest descant play,

Solicit

Solicit from the lyre it's sweetest airs

To take the soul, and sooth away it's cares,

*Press* **Press** all it's varying pow'rs, and let thy voice  
*So* **To** win the spirits that with thee rejoice

That the still-storied wonders of thy art

To distant ages may delight impart.

Thus her long sorrows clos'd Jehovah's grace

Resettles Tyre triumphant in her place

Thron'd in recover'd wealth. The wide world o'er

Prevails her gainful influence as before.

Save that the Lord partakes her unstor'd gains,

Save that her food his holy race sustains,

Warmth on his poor her cloth of strength bestows,

And on his Ruler's robe her cost of purple glows.

#### C H A P. XXIV.

LO! Jehovah's mighty hand

Empties, desolates the land,

Lifts it upside down, and throws

From the place of guilt his foes.

He

He nor priest, nor people saves,

Nor the masters, nor the slaves,

Nor the fellers, nor who buy,

None concern'd in usury,

None that borrow, none that lend,

For all are doom'd one fatal end.

Yea in his wrath Jehovah rears his hand,

The land lifts upside down, and empties all the land.

Mourns the land a quick decay,

Drooping melts the world away.

Droop the loftiest people low,

Pride beneath debasing woe,

For where high transgressions reign

Grows the land itself a stain.

Bold against the Law they rose,

Dar'd divine decrees oppose,

Dar'd with rebel-force supplant

The everlasting covenant.

But lo! their doom, for they who thus rebell'd

Fast in Destruction's fangs, accurs'd by God, are held.

Prophets

Proplefs mourns the festive Vine,  
All the merry-hearted pine,  
Gay the tabor founds no more,  
Sunk is Riot's waffail-roar,  
Exultation melts in moans,  
Jocund harpings turn to groans,  
Adding flame to Folly's fire  
Songs no more the feaft inspire.  
From the lips diftafteful thrown  
The palm wine is embitter'd grown—  
And now their homes few find fince all around  
'Mid ruins thund'ring ftill fresh-falling ruins found.

Frantic o'er the ftreets they fly,  
Yet e'en then for wine they cry,  
Then e'en then their wine demand  
Though all joy has left the land.  
Though on Sion's fhatrer'd throne  
Defolation fits alone,  
Soon to bid the ftorm of fate  
Thunder down the barrier-gate.

Burfting



Bursting forth fresh tumults roar  
Doubling the din of those before.  
Waves follow waves (the guardian-mound destroy'd)  
And all the City bends beneath the rushing tide.

Still in Sorrow's central reign  
Shall a sacred few remain ;  
Berries—'scap'd the shaker's force,  
Gleanings from the reaper's course.  
These the voice shall lift, and sing  
Glory to th' eternal King,  
There his exaltation sound  
Where the watry realms abound,  
There on shores remote proclaim  
With harpings high Jehovah's name,  
Sound forth Jehovah, bid the nations fear  
Jehovah Lord of Hosts, and Israel's God revere.

Him in distant nations praise ;  
There the glad thanksgiving raise.  
Here the relics from the foe  
Still the prey of ruthless woe,

Still

Proplefs mourns the festive Vine,  
All the merry-hearted pine,  
Gay the tabor founds no more,  
Sunk is Riot's waffail-roar,  
Exultation melts in moans,  
Jocund harpings turn to groans,  
Adding flame to Folly's fire  
Songs no more the feaft inspire.  
From the lips diftasteful thrown  
The palm wine is embitter'd grown—  
And now their homes few find fince all around  
'Mid ruins thund'ring ftill fresh-falling ruins found.

Frantic o'er the ftreets they fly,  
Yet e'en then for wine they cry,  
Then e'en then their wine demand  
Though all joy has left the land.  
Though on Sion's fhatrer'd throne  
Defolation fits alone,  
Soon to bid the ftorm of fate  
Thunder down the barrier-gate.

Burfting

Bursting forth fresh tumults roar  
Doubling the din of those before.  
Waves follow waves (the guardian-mound destroy'd)  
And all the City bends beneath the rushing tide.

Still in Sorrow's central reign  
Shall a sacred few remain ;  
Berries—'scap'd the shaker's force,  
Gleanings from the reaper's course.  
These the voice shall lift, and sing  
Glory to th' eternal King,  
There his exaltation sound  
Where the watry realms abound,  
There on shores remote proclaim  
With harpings high Jehovah's name,  
Sound forth Jehovah, bid the nations fear  
Jehovah Lord of Hosts, and Israel's God revere.

Him in distant nations praise ;  
There the glad thanksgiving raise.  
Here the relics from the foe  
Still the prey of ruthless woe,

Still

Still the Plund'rer's plunder'd prize

Utter nought but Mis'ry's cries.

Here they still the terror see,

Neither pit, nor snare can flee.

'Scaping one the other's prey

They yield their souls to deep dismay.

The floodgates opening from on High—the land  
From it's foundation quakes beneath Jehovah's hand.

See the land with tremblings struck,

See the land to shiv'rings shook,

See the land with reeling pace

Pushing pond'rous from it's place !

As the garden-lodge at night

Shaketh from the tempest's might.

On the land Sin burth'ning lies,

Whence it sinks no more to rise.

Lo ! in that tremendous day

Jehovah shall his pow'r display,

Jehovah bid on Earth her kings draw nigh,

And summon in the Heav'ns his radiant hosts on high.

Weak

Weak their utmost strength his hand  
Binds 'em with his forceful band.  
Sudden victims of his might  
Dungeon-deep they sink from light.  
Buried there a length of time  
Thence they rise to rue each crime.  
Lo ! the Sun disrob'd of light  
Instant of her mantle bright  
God deprives the guilty Moon ;  
His glory then, Light's utmost noon,  
Shines o'er Mount-Sion, whence Jehovah's rays  
On all his antients pour an everlasting blaze.

## C H A P. XXV.

THOU, O Jehovah, art my God indeed,  
Then will I Thee exalt, and praise thy name.  
From Thee alone stupendous acts proceed,  
Each act of thine effectual, sure each aim.

The counsels fram'd in thy eternal mind,  
The promise from of old proclaim'd by Thee  
Thy joyful servants ever sure shall find,  
Thy foes as sure thy solemn menace see.

The



The City's pomp a sordid heap becomes,  
A ruin drear each formidable tow'r.

The widespread palace, and the lofty dome  
Fall at the blast of thy resistless pow'r.

Fall'n, fall'n for ever. Thence the godless race  
Thee honour; Thee the dreaded nations dread;  
While still beneath thy wings of fost'ring grace  
For blest protection have thy poor ones fled.

Thee for a shelter the distress'd implore,  
From storms a refuge, and from heat a shade;  
Thee seek when pressing hosts around 'em roar,  
And them (like Winter's wildest winds) invade.

As sudden gales relieve the parching land  
So shall the tumults of the proud subside;  
As heat dies down when skyey shades expand  
So sinks beneath the Lord the rage of pride.

God on this mountain shall a feast prepare.  
For all his people flows the costliest wine.  
Delicious dainties, and the choicest Fare  
Compose a feast consummately divine.

Behold

Behold the newborn glories of his Grace,  
The goodness of the God of all the earth !  
Now all the nations with his chosen race  
(Eternal day broad-bursting into birth)

Come 'scap'd far-shadowing error, 'scap'd the night  
Of Ign'rance veiling Truth from Reason's eyes.  
Let there be light (God says) and all is light,  
Be Death no more, and Death (oh ! Vict'ry) dies.

Then glorify the Lord Jehovah, He  
From off all faces wipes away all tears,  
Gracious his people from reproach to free,  
From hostile insults, and Oppression's fears.

Thus hath the Lord decreed, and in that day  
From him ('tis said) salvation we receiv'd.  
This is our God, (his happy People say)  
Our Saviour-God, and we his word believ'd.

Rest on this mountain sent from God's own hand  
Let the loud songs of triumph sound afar,  
While hostile trappings level Moab's land  
As trampled straw beneath the rolling car.

Him fate fast-whelming spreads he wide his hands  
As sinking swimmers their's with all their might ;  
God grasps him firmly, nought the force withstands,  
Not all the last strong efforts of affright.

He sinks. So God thy pride shall prostrate low.  
In walls and tow'rs how vain thy impious trust !  
Down to the ground they fell beneath his blow ;  
For, God has smote them, smote them to the dust.

## C H A P. XXVI.

THIS in our day of triumph shall be sung.  
In tow'ry state our City soars at length,  
Salvation's banners on her tow'rs are hung,  
Her walls are bound about with hallow'd strength.

Open, ye gates, that here in Jubilee  
The Lord's true servants may triumphant come.  
Come then, ye tried in faith, then enter, ye,  
For sacred Sion is your blissful home.

The man that trusts in God shall never fail.

Oh! then for ever in thy God confide.

Against him nought the hosts of men prevail,

The whole assembled strength of human pride.

The loftiest Cities vanish at his frown,

He darkens in the dust their glitt'ring state,

Their glory to the trampled dust brings down,

And man humiliates from their awful fate.

Their shatter'd pomps the poor man's feet despise,

He proudly paceth 'mid their ravag'd domes.

The needy there (there oft insulted) cries

To this, to this unfeeling Grandeur comes.

Strait in perfection is the good man's way,

For God preserves it with his level line.

Who love thy laws, Jehovah, never stray,

Their guide, their trust, their strength the will divine.

Thence in thy holy name I fix my might,

Give my good God my whole heart's warm desire,

Seek him with fervour thro' the lonely night,

And in the morn with unabating fire.

For when Thy awful judgements are abroad  
The world admonish'd holiest duty learns ;  
But only known the gracious acts of God  
The sinner from his way he seldom turns.

E'en in the land where God is chiefly known ;  
Nor with the converse of the good impress'd.  
He still rebels against Jehovah's throne,  
Sin to his soul still obstinately press'd.

Lord when thy Hand is rais'd they will not see,  
Yet with confusion shall they mark thy zeal  
To save thy People, yea the foes of Thee  
Thy fiery vengeance ill-defied shall feel.

Dead are the tyrants, nor return to light ;  
Thy hand hath smote 'em down no more to rise.  
So didst thou visit them, so surely smite  
That of their deeds with them all mem'ry dies.

But Thou art glorified, All-seeing Mind,  
Sire of all nations, since thy Abram's race  
Increase before thee, since to Judah kind  
Thou bidst his borders far extend their place.



In sorrow thee, Jehovah, have we fought,  
By thee chastiz'd—have pour'd our humble pray'r.  
As when by travail-pangs to torture wrought  
At the last moment when the last pangs tear

Shrieks the sad sufferer but, no comfort born,  
Wails her deliv'rance of no life, so we  
Wont with resembling agonies to mourn,  
Have mourn'd in vain altho' we mourn'd to Thee.

God hath not wrought Salvation in the land,  
Still arm'd with pow'r the num'rous foes survive.  
Why fear their pow'r? why the death-dealing hand?  
Dead thou shalt rise, dead, dead again shalt live.

Up from the dust, light from the darksome earth  
Spring on thy plume, new life, new song essay,  
As sunbright dew, fresh-sparkling into birth  
Grace the glad dawn of everlasting day.

Not so the tyrant from the earth upthrown ;  
Tis Earth's abortion, yea the shame of light.  
Nor boots him now the long-relinquish'd throne,  
The levell'd palace, and the vanish'd might.

Come, O my People, home-retiring hide  
 Yourself awhile, surrender God your heart,  
 Free from vain trusts, vain cares, vain tumults 'bide,  
 Assur'd to see your sorrows soon depart.

For lo! like night—rushing along the skies  
 He show'rs his shafts of vengeance on your foes.  
 Their dead uncover'd (such their numbers) lie;  
 On the drench'd earth their gore in ruddy rivers flows,

## C H A P. XXVII.

THEN shall we see uplifted by the Lord  
 His great, his strong, and his well-temper'd sword,  
 It smites the beast scale-arm'd with rigid mail,  
 The Dragon writhing his enormous tail,  
 These huge Leviathans it smites in twain,  
 And instant cleaves the monster of the main.  
 Tho' nought the course of strength divine can stay  
 Thus with his Vine deigns God in converse say:  
 'Tis I Jehovah that am ever nigh  
 My wanting Vine with water to supply.

In darkness still my presence is her might,

With her by day continuing as by night.

V. Oh ! for some wall to guard me nights and days,  
Yea a brier-fence wrought strong with thorny sprays.

Y. Then would I march against it, with my flame  
Blast it—ah ! trust thou then in my great name.

V. Peace then, yea let him make his peace with me,  
Who only can to him for succour flee.

Y. Then flourish they who spring from Jacob's roots,  
Then Israel into fairest branches shoots.

Him I shall tend with my continual care

'Till stretching o'er the world my branches bear  
Fruit and sufficient shade for all mankind to share. }

Hath God so smote him as God smote his foes?

So slaughter'd Israel as he slaughter'd those ?

Thy strokes are kindness and thy Vine improve,

Prune her of ills, and shew a parent-love,

An earnest zeal, a gently-steadying care

When bleak winds howl and edge the blighting air.

Now hear the terms on which Jehovah's grace

Off-erring Jacob shall at last embrace

Fully forgiv'n. If He to ruin bring  
His Idol-altar, from it's high place fling  
The stones, and hurl 'em shiver'd o'er the land  
As limestones random cast by Nature's hand,  
And if the groves unholy 'rise no more,  
The molten Gods which Madness wont adore.  
Shall it be thus? oh! Israel, I foresee  
New woes dark-clouding o'er Idolatry.  
The City fam'd for strength is desolate,  
The busy-peopled place, a desert-state,  
There oxen slumber, graze a field, or there  
Brouze the wild shoots deserted gardens bear.  
The women huddling there their woes to hide  
A scanty fire from wither'd boughs provide.  
Sure, sure this people hath a senseless mind,  
Thence of their Maker they no pity find,  
Of him that form'd 'em they receive no grace,  
Deserving none—so reprobate the race.  
Yet hath not totally God's love forsook  
His suff'ring vine, but wide o'er earth his look  
Casts to collect her fruits. From where his source  
Winds the great river, and along his course

Majestic 'mid the nations, from the flood  
Of utmost Egypt (but not thence pursued  
As were your Sires)—O sons of Israel, ye  
Glean'd one by one again shall Sion see.  
God's trumpet sounding swiftly to their home  
They, who were dying in Assyria, come,  
And they, in Egypt sorrowing, swift have broke  
From all the woes that wait the servile yoke.  
When first for them dear Salem's gates expand,  
Hurried by Gratitude's resistless hand  
To Sion's mount, Jehovah's glory, they  
Their thanks (for want of words) in tears of transport pay.



## C H A P. XXVIII.

WOE to the crown of drunkard Ephraim's pride,  
The band about his glorious beauty tied,  
Woe to this fading chaplet! woe to those  
Whose pomp Samaria's glitt'ring tow'rs disclose  
Far o'er the vineclad vale! pomp ill-bestow'd  
Where drunken stupour blurs the bright abode.  
Behold—the Strength which arms the mightiest one  
Shaking with wrath along the Heav'ns is gone!  
Like storming hail it pours impetuous down,  
Or as the great flood fell the sinful earth to drown.  
How fast the foes beneath his dashing hands  
Fall!—On the dead Jehovah trampling stands.  
The flow'ry crown of drunkard Ephraim's pride,  
The band about his glorious beauty tied  
Seen from the valley on the mountain's head  
Like the soft Summer's earliest fruit has fled.  
As fruit alluring with a novel bloom  
The crown of Ephraim tempts a speedy doom.

But

But a bright crown that never shall decay  
Jehovah's self becomes, and shall display  
The Godhead's self a glorious diadem,  
Shed a rich lustre on Jerusalem,  
His scatter'd people re-assemble there,  
To Judgement's rescued seat a light appear—  
To Judah's sons a strength resistless stand,  
To havoc point them with his own right hand,  
The rallying foes repel, and rout 'em from the land. }  
Yet e'en his people have transgress'd with wine,  
With drink debas'd their institutes divine.  
Uncheck'd the Prophet by the sackcloth vest,  
Nor with his holy rites the Priest impress'd—  
They lavish on the brute-like drunkard's shame  
The rev'rend influence, and the sacred name.  
Yea at thine altar, God, (where man's rapt mind  
Should holiest come from sinful thought refin'd)  
The Priest, the Prophet sins. Accursed race  
Who most should honour God yet most disgrace.  
His visions shall a drunkard's lips declare,  
A drunkard Priest the sacred ephod wear,

And

And chaunt his hallow'd rites? when such offend  
 Sins at their loose o'er all the land extend;  
 On Truth declining Irreligion gains  
 Till daring Guilt thus God himself arraigns.  
 ' Whom would he teach instruction, knowledge shew?  
 ' Go to the babe but now a suckling go.  
 ' Be sure the precept by prescription stand  
 ' Rule upon rule, command upon command,  
 ' Line upon line, (that it may con them o'er)  
 ' And these a few—for can a babe learn more?'

Since then tho' children ye refuse to bear  
 Your Heav'nly Father's kind instructive care,  
 And from his easy task indocile turn,  
 A language He shall speak more hard to learn  
 Than any to the new-wean'd babe address'd,  
 Yea a strange tongue—for when he shew'd your rest,  
 And to the wearied heavy-laden said  
 On my paternal bosom lean your head—  
 Ye would not and rebell'd, Thence his command  
 Repeated oft ye shall not understand.  
 Line following line, a little here and there—  
 Hence is an arduous task, a puzzling snare,

For

For now advanc'd as soon ye backward go  
 Perplex'd with fear, and stupified with woe.  
 But ye shall hear the sentence of the Lord  
 Since, scornful chiefs, your own sententious word  
 Is most unholy. For ye proudly say  
 Death leagued with us shall us no more dismay;  
 No more we dread the Grave's all-grasping pow'r  
 Hades our friend, nor us shall plagues devour,  
 For when the pestilence is all abroad  
 Our sure protection is deceit and fraud.  
 But lo! Jehovah speaks. In Sion I  
 For a foundation stone shall one apply  
 Approv'd, of priceless worth, a corner-stone  
 For ever fix'd to Truth's eternal throne.  
 Who trust in Him build on a base divine,  
 For there I mete out judgement by the line,  
 The strictest justice by the plummet guide  
 While hail and rain with a resistless tide  
 The baseless refuge rend where Scorn and Falsehood  
                   hide.

Your league with Hell in Pride's rebellious day  
 Shall hence of Hell redouble your dismay.

And

And when the rav'nous Pestilence comes nigh  
 Full-wing'd towards you, seiz'd are ye, and die.  
 'Till seiz'd what terrors—there it goes you hear—  
 Deaths all around alarming constant fear.  
 Your bed too short, your cov'ring too confin'd  
 For you to stretch you with an easy mind.  
 For as on Mount Peratzim God arose,  
 And wrathful slew in Gibeon's vale his foes,  
 So shall he now in all His wrath arise  
 You his worst foes, ye scoffers, to chastize,  
 To mark the bold with a distinguish'd fate,  
 And urge his vengeance strong as they their hate.  
 Hence then to scoffing yield yourselves no more,  
 Or worse afflictions wait you than before,  
 But to the Lord Jehovah list, and learn  
 How modest Wisdom works her gain to earn.

The husbandmen first plough before they sow,  
 Then on the clods the harrow's force bestow.  
 But when the broken clods are even grown  
 They cast the Cummin or the Dill is thrown,  
 Or measur'd wheat and rye in suiting place is sown.

For



For God has taught them this their useful art,  
And deigns the rules for gen'ral good impart.  
Thence with the corn-drag beat they not the dill,  
Nor on the cummin roll the wain's rough wheel.  
But for their sev'ral feed the hind more wise  
Or flail or staff or threshing wain applies.  
Then not for ever will he thresh for seed  
But by the time and end direct his deed.  
Thus learn Jehovah whose great acts proclaim  
His operation measur'd from his aim,  
His aim a counsel wonderful, his deed  
From such a counsel worthy to proceed.

## C H A P. XXIX.

WOE to the Lion-hearted Ariel, woe,  
 Distress'd as when great David was her foe!  
 Tho' still her feasts (year after year) go 'round  
 Still at the last her loud laments resound  
 And all her streets run down, impurpled o'er  
 (As some sack'd altar's hearth) with human gore.  
 Like David will I gird thee 'round with war,  
 Against thee a tremendous mound prepare,  
 And high above thy walls a mighty tow'r  
 Raise, and on all thy pomps my fury pour.  
 Low shalt thou fall, and as from under ground,  
 Magician-like shalt send an inward sound,  
 Such a small voice (as some say) pale Affright  
 Stands all a list'ning to at dead of night  
 Scar'd at the small shrill cry of the sepulcher'd sprite.

Proud hosts innum'rous as the sea-beat sand,  
 As flitting chaff fierce armies all the land'

Cov'ring

Cov'ring come on impetuous as the force  
Of wildest whirlwinds—such their furious course.  
But lo! their madness, for the mighty God  
With instant vengeance arm'd has rush'd abroad.  
Thunder the Heav'ns, Earth from it's centre quakes,  
God's march (for all his storms attend him) shakes  
The world, quick flash the lightnings 'round his car,  
Forth from the clouds His voice is heard afar,  
Pride hears it, and unnerv'd has dropp'd the spear of  
war.

Yea like a dream, a vision of the night  
(When Fancy's wing flies swifter than the light)  
So shall it be with Ariel's countless foes,  
The mighty Nations that against her rose.  
And as the visions vanish ere the day  
So swift their tow'rs and armies melt away.  
Yea like his dream that hung'ring and athirst  
A banquet fancying but awakes more curst  
Than ere he slept to find his feast a dream,  
An airy bubble buoy'd on Fancy's stream.  
Thus all the Peoples whose array was spread  
Against Mount-Sion like a vision fled.

Stiff with amazement, horror-set their eyes  
Aghast they stand in motionless surprize.  
Then failing, forwards reel but not with wine,  
Staggering but not with drink. The Pow'r Divine  
(Their spirit palsied with an awful sleep)  
Bids o'er their eyes a Death-like stupour creep.  
Light from their Rulers, Seers, and Prophets gone—  
Where once it's boasted radiance chiefly shone,  
To them clear truth appears a volume seal'd;  
Unseal it, still to them 'tis unreveal'd.  
It's very letters now a mystic lore—  
Of them unknowing (cry they) why explore  
What is as dark unseal'd as when strong-seal'd before?  
How vain (saith God) these people to believe  
That I shall deign their specious words receive,  
Mere outward honour—while their heart estrays,  
Who give th' Omniscient less than Soul-felt praise,  
Yea dare irrev'rend to my pow'r divine  
Man's vain commandments teach instead of Mine.  
Impious rebellion—man would rival me,  
And thence the proud ones worse debasement see.

Far worse amazement waits 'em; direr dread—

From Wisdom's oracles all knowledge fled.

Yea quench'd the Camp supplied by practis'd age

*Lamp*

The seer an Ideot turns, a fool the sage.

Ah! woe to them that wander from their God

Bewilder'd long on Life's ill-buffed road.

Who this world's wisdom madly prizing, dare

Think God their secret cannot trace and bare;

That man deceiving they can Him deceive,

And by th' All-seeing ought unseen believe.

Perverse ones, ye the clay of God's own hand

Who form'd you what you are, dare ye withstand

Your dread Creator, of Jehovah say

He hath not made us?—but both form and clay

Rose at His word, and from His breathing came

That fire of Life which now blasphemes His name.

Lo! dark-brow'd Lebanon that desert drear

As flow'ry Carmel shortly shall appear,

Carmel fair haunt of men a desert grown

Become the Lion's dreaded range alone.

Then shall the deaf the voice of Knowledge hear,

Blest music warbling in his raptur'd ear,



Then shall the blind behold with cloudless eyes  
 New unimagin'd scenes of Glory rise,  
 Then shall the meek (their dearest hopes my might)  
 At last in me consummate their delight,  
 And then my poor, my priceless treasures known,  
 Rejoice to find the treasures all their own,  
 Exulting in their God that trust to place  
 Which only suits the grandeur of a race  
 By God's own image crown'd and God's peculiar grace. }  
 Now where are all the fierce ones of the Earth—  
 The Scoffers once so bold with impious mirth?  
 Gone all, and vanish'd. Where the care-craz'd mind  
 That madly thought a gain in fraud to find?  
 Drudge of the moment, heedless of his end,  
 The poor man's speech bewild'ring, nor the friend  
 Of Mis'ry piteous-pleading at the gate  
 He lower sunk the sufferer's sinking state,  
 And borne aloft on sin's triumphant tide  
 Bends Woe beneath the stormy strength of Pride.

Thence saith the God of Jacob, He whose hand  
 Let holy Abram from the faithless land,

Thence.

Thence faith Jehovah—Jacob shall no more  
 Be bow'd with shame, for I his house restore,  
 Rebuild it's grandeur, and renew it's fame,  
 So that his sons shall sanctify my name,  
 Pond'ring my deeds the Holy One revere,  
 And learn at length the God of Gods to fear.  
 Then all whom Error's spirit led away  
 Duly to Knowledge fruitful heed shall pay,  
 And the malignant bend to blest Instruction's sway.

## C H A P. XXX.

WOE to the rebel-children (saith the Lord)  
 Who counfels form regardless of my word;  
 Who bold to do my spirit all despite  
 With my worst foes (so fierce their sin) unite;  
 Who bound for Egypt nor consulting me  
 To Pharaoh's strength, that slend'rest shadow, flee.  
 Ifoan and Hanes heard their humbling prayer,  
 Their Princely embassies assembled there

To court alliances that brought no gain,  
Such aid a loss, and such support a stain.  
Dauntless and unadmonish'd thro' the waste  
(Where so their fathers sorrow'd) on they haste,  
The range of Lions pass, the Viper's caves,  
Where on wide wing the Dragon heavily waves  
His hideous shadow floating o'er the sand,  
And doubling horror, yet e'en there the band  
For Egypt bound athwart these perils hies.  
Vast on the bending beasts their treasure lies,  
And thro' the dreary wilds the camels bear  
High on their bunch the costly bribe of war  
To buy a vapour, Egypt's aid it's aim,  
For Egypt I th' inactive (Rahab) name.  
Go, on a tablet, blazon'd on a book  
(That on the record ages hence may look)  
This in eternal letters, Prophet, write—  
A lying people dar'd Jehovah's might,  
My children, reprobate with falsehood, turn  
From all instruction, and too proud to learn  
Whate'er displeaseth—to their teachers say  
Become blind guides nor point us Wisdom's way,

To us predict not, Prophets, what is right  
But only such smooth falsehoods as delight,  
Walk ye no more by rectitude's one law,  
And from our sight the Holy One withdraw.  
Then, since the Holy One of Israel ye  
Have thus rejected for obliquity  
Leaning alone on falsehood's feeble reed  
Learn now the nature of your desp'rate deed.  
'Tis as a breach that threatens instant fall,  
'Tis as a swelling of the loftiest wall.  
When with o'er-poizing weight the bulging clay  
Leans off, and all at once has shrunk away  
Dash'd to the ground, and into pieces rent,  
So from an angry hand some vessel sent,  
(Haply the Potter's vex'd by fruitless toils)  
The ground is cover'd with the shiver'd spoils,  
Fire from the hearth to take no fragment fir,  
Nor sherd to scoop the water from the pit.  
Thus in the whirl of wrath my spirit throws  
Man, and shall shatter guilt into a thousand woes.  
Yet (kindly still saith God) but change your way,  
Be quiet, and I still become your stay,

Your dear Salvation. Oh! believe at length  
Such humbly-pious trust your only strength.  
Perverse ones—not to hearken e'en to me!  
For still you say on horses we shall flee.  
Fly then, accurs'd to perish in your flight.  
And if the swift-foot courser is your might,  
Swift are the foes that press upon your course,  
Yea one your thousand shall surpass in force,  
Five your five thousand, for be taught, that I  
Am now your foe, and shall the strength supply  
Which so shall break your horsemen-bands, that they,  
Each as he can, shall seek the loneliest way,  
And singly flying from the pressing foe,  
Alike your standard now deserted, shew,  
As some lone standard 'mid the tempests plac'd  
High on the brow of Lebanon's drear waste.  
By me thus kindly doth the Lord disclose  
These awful images of coming woes.  
For still his patience would provide you grace,  
And calmly silent still he marks your race,  
For in Jehovah judgement is alone  
Free from all weakness and unlike your own.



Vain all the trust which man on man bestows—  
How blest are ye whose hopes on God repose.  
When then in Sion Holiness shall reign  
Your tears to God shall not be pour'd in vain;  
Swift shall he bend to modest plaint his ear,  
Lean down his grace, and wipe away the tear.  
Woe as your bread, as water your distress—  
The pow'r that sent your sorrow—shall redress.  
As God no more the timely show'r restrains,  
But grants your eyes to see the balmy rains,  
The rich productions of the timely show'r,  
Thus on your minds his list'ned word shall pour  
The dew of heav'nly truth, and raise your Soul  
High o'er the weedy World's abhorr'd controul,  
That sacred eminence from whence ye may  
The fair broad path of Righteousness survey.  
To you thus wak'd from Folly's forepast dream  
Your silver Idols shall defilements seem,  
Your graven Gods in golden trappings drest  
Shall hence be hurl'd as some plague-tainted vest,  
And to the dire pollutions Ye will say,  
Ah! boding worse than Death, away, away.

Then

Then for thy feed his bounty shall bestow  
The rain from which the goodly harvests grow,  
Then shall thy glad eyes bless the genial ground,  
Thy songs o'er all the range of Plenty sound,  
Then in green meadows shall thy cattle feed,  
Well-winnow'd with the van thy massin breed  
Strength in young asses, and the slow-foot kine  
Whose patient toil a Field propitiates thine.  
Then after slaughter of thy fiercest foes  
Where thro' long ages barren mountains rose,  
Nor ought of verdure, ought of leafage grew,  
Rills on a sudden sparkling to the view—  
Prone rush the torrents down the steepy side,  
Roar to the vales, and then calm rivers glide.  
Then shall the Moon become unborrow'd light,  
Shine out a Sun, and banish antient night,  
The Sun himself with sev'nfold glory rise,  
And shed forth sev'nfold grace on oceans, lands, and skies.  
Then to his People shall their God speak peace,  
And bid at length their woes for ever cease.

But lo! Jehovah cometh from afar  
Red with his wrath, a crimson flame of war!

His lips fast tremble with indignant ire,  
 And his tongue glows one vast consuming fire,  
 An overflowing torrent is his soul  
 Which to the middle of the neck shall roll.

He comes to toss the Nations in his rage,  
 Them that with Him have dar'd rebellion wage,  
 Dar'd with Perdition's van outstretch'd by God engage. }  
 Athwart their menace shall his firm hand lay  
 The bridle, and their greatness lead astray.

Break into song, shout forth with all your might  
 As at the feast proclaim'd with pomp by night.  
 With joy of heart as when your marching feet  
 Brisk cadence to the stirring Tabret beat.

When home-returning after some fam'd fight  
 Ye seek Jehovah's mount with proud delight,  
 And Sion's rocks first seen loud hail the welcome fight. }

God's glorious voice shall all the host alarm,  
 Them the down-lighting of Jehovah's arm  
 Convulse with terror. Lo ! his clouding ire  
 Mix'd with red flames, and all-consuming fire  
 Hailstones, and violent storms, and rushing show'rs !  
 Yet louder than them all Jehoyah pours

His

His glorious voice. Before it's thunder flies  
The smiter's self, and smitten falls and dies :  
Wherever pass the burning terrors by  
Fast fall the foes beneath the Deity.  
There harps and tabrets ages hence shall sound  
Wherewith the dead his battles strew the ground.  
For Tophet is of old ordain'd, the same  
Long for the King prepar'd with raging flame,  
A spacious Pyre, nor lack of fuel there,  
So deep, the tyrant cannot 'scape the snare,  
God's breath has touch'd it with a kindling beam,  
All up in flames it roars a burning sulphur-stream.

## C H A P. XXXI.

WOE unto them who seek Egyptian aid,  
Who Sion's ever-living strength degrade  
In horses trusting ; who the pow'r disown  
In whom his People ought to trust alone.  
Yet is not He their rock when war alarms  
With all the din of horses, chariots, arms?  
But since they boldly dare Almighty pow'r,  
Thus highest wisdom scorn in Danger's hour  
That gracious counsel which they will not learn  
To them made adverse shall to judgement turn.  
Turn to a penal doom, nor pass aside  
Resistless in its pow'r to humble pride.  
God shall against the house of sinners rise,  
And punish him who such with aid supplies.  
Th' Egyptians are but man, nor God controul,  
But flesh their horses not a thinking soul,  
And when Jehovah shall uplift his hand,  
Nor the proud helpers nor the holpen stand

But



But fall together. Thence the Lord hath said,  
Tho' the young Lion shepherd-throngs invade,  
They daunt him not. He growls upon his prey.  
Their roaring menace hears without dismay,  
Nor 'till his maw is gorg'd deigns battle 'em away.  
So shall the God of Hosts descend to fight  
For Sion the fair hill of his delight.

And as the mother-bird with fluttering wing  
Hangs o'er her young, what help she can to bring  
When peril threatens—thus for ever nigh  
God his lov'd Sion shall with aid supply,  
Protecting and deliv'ring, springing where  
The press of peril mostly shall appear  
Till all his own are fav'd from all the ills they fear.

Return then, O revolting Children, prove  
The transports of a pard'ning Parent's love.  
Return, ye Sons of Israel, and your mind  
So rich a joy shall in repentance find,  
So shall God's converse paint him to your view,  
So the lost bliss of Holiness renew

That

That gen'rous anger rising on that day—  
Your hands shall cast your idol-gods away,  
Their sin, their own fond work, their folly-worshipp'd  
clay. }

Then God has spoken peace, is now your friend.

And now behold th' Assyrian's awful end !

No sword of man has smote him, yet he dies,

Yet from the sword, from what he knows not, flies.

Has o'er the strong hold leapt, fear wings his flight, }

His foremost warriors shake with unknown fright, }

And the King's self has fail'd beneath Jehovah's might. }

For lo ! the Lord has plac'd his fire for them,

His glowing furnace in Jerusalem.

## C H A P. XXXII.

BEHOLD! a King in righteousness shall reign,  
And all his Rulers equity maintain.

He as a covert from the storm shall stand,

To sea-tost men present a ready strand,

And as the cool canals of water yield

Refreshing moisture to the parching field,

And as the high rock's overhanging brow

Shadows the corn land spread in dales below,

Thus he shall aid th'oppress'd, on want relief bestow.

They that have eyes behold him with regard,

Them that have ears his listned words reward.

Truth is unclouded, Wisdom beams abroad,

Fast from the new-born day flits darkling fraud,

Rashness considers, Hastiness grows wise,

Stammering the tongue of modest Mildness flies,

Words wed with Truth, and plain Simplicity

By Wisdom's light enabled Truth to see.

Gives

Gives to the fool reveal'd his proper name,  
 For Fashion gilds no more his sordid aim,  
 For Judgement values from the weight his speech,  
 And bares the frauds his school could only teach.  
 Cunning his skill, hypocrisy his part,  
 Since nothing godlike warms his own bad heart  
 He flings his scorn at God, but flings a pointless dart. }  
 Base the begg'd morsel from the poor to rend  
 Them has he never spar'd whom few defend.  
 Skill'd in each subtly-selfish art, he tries  
 To snare the plain and humble with his lies,  
 And from the poor who plead their piteous cause  
 His glosses wrest (their sole defence) the laws.  
 But gen'rous hearts prompt only gen'rous deeds,  
 And God the sower prospers for his seeds.

Rise up, ye women, pleasurable Ease  
 For ever from your bow'rs of Folly flee.  
 Condemn'd to suffer all the pangs of fear  
 Ye careless damsels to my speech give ear.  
 Long years of sorrow must your pastimes pay ;  
 Ease ill-applied be punish'd by dismay.

The vintage fails, the gath'rer shouts no more,  
 My wild winds blow, and waft away his store.  
 O madly at your ease shake with affright;  
 Your breasts, ye careless ones, with anguish smite,  
 Disrobe you instant of your glitt'ring vest,  
 From hence in far more suiting sackcloth drest,  
 Moan for the pleasant fields a desert grown,  
 And for the vineyards rent in ruins moan.  
 There horrent thorns, and salvage briers roam  
 Invading thence the City's golden dome,  
 Along her streets dispeopled now, no more  
 Of toil and joy resounds the blended roar.  
 Sunk is the palace thro' whose long retreat  
 Your warbling descant flow'd distinctly sweet.  
 Where all Jerusalem from Ophel seen—  
 Ye bless'd her splendours—there the Lion's den  
 Far from the watch-tow'r daunt the stirring steps of men,  
 Or where their busiest hum was wont to sound  
 The wandring sheep frequent the lonely ground.  
 Yea the proud scene to Solitude least known,  
 Her shyest child the wild ass for his own,



Asserting shall instruct dejected Pride  
 That God commands Vicissitude's vast tide.  
 For mark, ye People—God withheld his grace—  
 And then your land became a barren place;  
 But now his Grace revisiting your land—  
 The wild recedes before his waving hand.  
 Where gloom'd the forests sunny corn-lands shine,  
 Where Wrong dark-hous'd there Equity divine  
 Beams all around, and Righteousness reigns wide;  
 Her work—my People's safety to provide,  
 And build 'em bow'rs of bliss there ever to reside. }  
 There shall ye joy for ever, sow your seed  
 In fertile land, far in the watry mead  
 See oxen pastur'd, far on each green hill  
 See the white flocks. Not so Jehovah's will  
 Regards the proud, but on their cedars pours }  
 Hailstones and shafts of fire and violent show'rs,  
 And in one ruin whelms their forests, fields and tow'rs. }

## C H A P. XXXIII.

WOE unto thee, thou spoiler, hast thou known  
The cruel spoiler, didst thou ever groan  
Beneath the rage of Rapine, ever grieve  
As they who now thy injuries receive?  
But shall no more—for thou despoil'd shalt be,  
And as thou plund'redest they shall plunder thee.

Pitying thy servants, Lord, from all alarm  
Each morn defend us with thine out-stretched arm.

Thy voice of terror heard the people fled,  
At thy dread rising instant were disspread  
The banded Nations sunder'd by dismay,  
And thence Thy easier spoil. But lo! thy prey  
Shall soon be spoil'd on by the plund'rer's force  
As locusts o'er the land thick-trooping course,

Or

Or as the spoiler-caterpillers ply—  
Thee on all sides, quick Rapine shall annoy,  
Fix ev'ry where the fang and all thy stores destroy. }  
God is exalted, God on high is rais'd,  
And Sion as of old for Judgement prais'd  
So God about her courts sheds Wisdom's light,  
Which with the fear of Him becomes the might  
That shall thy Time's stability secure,  
And yield the treasures which alone endure.

Behold the Rulers raise a grievous cry!  
Fast o'er the land his bloody banners fly,  
The highways all untravell'd, desolate,  
The covenant by him refus'd with hate,  
With scorn the proffer'd Cities. There the throng  
For safety crouding find not safety long.  
Swift o'er the City rolls his levelling force,  
And men are nought to check his murd'rous course.  
Grieves the whole land and fails. From Lebanon  
His awful crown of stately cedars gone  
Asham'd he mourns of wonted honour bare,  
While Bashan doom'd resembling woes to share

Stripp'd of his flow'ry wreath with Sharon groans,  
And of her green robe rent the lovely Carmel moans.  
Now now indeed (faith God) I will arise,  
By them who thus my Majesty despise  
Will o'er their pow'r be seen exalted high,  
And such debase as hop'd with me to vie.  
Chaff all your hopes and stubble all your boasts—  
Before the spirit of the Lord of Hosts  
Caught in his fire-like spirit's burning ray,  
Tho' hard as limestone, ye shall melt away,  
Yea all your People, burnt up as the fire  
Devours the mass of sever'd thorn and brier.  
Hear, O ye distant lands, recorded hear  
Jehovah's acts, and the Creator fear.  
In Sion shake her hypocrites afraid,  
Shake all her sinners struck to heart with dread.  
Who, God around us burning, can remain?  
Who can Jehovah's fiercest fire sustain?  
He that is upright in his deed and word,  
By whom Oppression's lucre is abhorr'd,  
Who shuts his hand to Brib'ry's golden lure,  
Whose ears no speech that prompts to blood endure,  
Who

Who suff'reth not his erring eye impart  
The least pollution o'er his blameless heart  
Himself resigning to Jehovah whole  
His eye from evil guarded as his soul.  
Thence is his dwelling high above the foe,  
Safe on his rock he scorns the waves below,  
His feast is daily, freshly flows his spring,  
His eyes behold the beauty of his King,  
He sees the bounds of his lov'd country spread,  
And joys to think that all her woes are fled.  
Where now th' accomptant? the keen writer where?  
Where he that wont the tribute-scales to bear?  
Where he that swelling with the port of pow'r  
'Mid his scorn'd slaves went numb'ring ev'ry tow'r?  
Where now the people whose harsh-jarring speech  
Thy startled ears their menace could not teach?  
O thou shalt Sion see, her Holy Place,  
The feasts of old restor'd with solemn grace,  
Great David's city shall thine eyes survey,  
Beam on Jerusalem their brightest ray,  
That fair abode by Trouble now forsook,  
That Tabernacle never to be shook,



Whose cords that fix her glories none shall break,  
Whose stakes not Time himself through all his ages shake.  
Oh! glorify Jehovah's name, for He,  
As confluent streams, broad rivers—is to Thee.  
There shalt thou never view the hostile fleet,  
Nor with the foe's embattled vessel meet.  
Jehovah is our Judge, Law-maker, King,  
Great source of all our joys—Salvation's only spring!  
Thy sails are loosened—lo! the tempests haste—  
Fly—fix the sails—ye cannot fix 'em fast.  
The masts are falling—can the sails be spread?  
They fall—they fall—Rebellion's strength is fled.  
In rush the spoilers, copious are the spoils;  
Yea Lameness girds him to the plund'rer's toils,  
There haste the sick the treasures to divide,  
But sick no more, for all who there abide  
Their sin uprending, 'scap'd it's pois'nous fruit  
Deep to their hearts draw strength from Virtue's balmy  
root.

## C H A P. XXXIV.

HITHER hasten, ev'ry land,  
And, all ye People, hasten here,  
Let the whole Earth before me stand,  
Earth, and her num'rous Sons appear.  
Terror-struck approach, and know  
That now Jehovah strikes a mighty blow  
To dash the pride of all the nations down.  
His eyes are flame, deep darkness is his frown,  
His arrows hath he snatch'd bright-barb'd with fire,  
And shall all orders of the world destroy.  
Ah! now he pours upon them in his ire,  
They perish; to the Heav'ns their taints annoy  
(Their carcasses thick-strewn the whole earth o'er)  
And all the lofty hills run red with human gore.  
God the glorious Heav'n invades;  
It's glories shrivell'd as a scroll—  
Bright Heav'n itself before him fades;  
Nor Him it's mighty hosts controul:

With'ring at his frown away  
As on the vine the blasted leaves decay,  
As when the fig-tree-fruits just nipt by blight  
Fall all at once beneath the Tempest's might.  
Far gleams my sword along the clouded sky,  
Down down to Edom points my flaming sword.  
Beneath it's winged stroke the Sinners die,  
Their blood full-flowing gluts Creation's Lord.  
For when for blood the dread Creator calls,  
Were all his creature's doom'd, the mighty victim falls,

But to Bosrah God hath cried  
Be thy whole land my victim made.  
Thence have I bid Destruction, wide  
Thro' floods of gore in Edom wade.  
Where the bulls and bullocks rove,  
And where the wild goats crop the hill-side grove,  
There shall they perish victims of mine ire  
The land enriching where their lives expire,  
Fattning their own lov'd haunts. For 'tis a day  
When God his sacrifice shall celebrate,  
Feed his just wrath, on Sin her deeds repay,  
Yea 'tis their year of recompence whose fate

To

To Right was due, who waging war with Right  
Found Sion's cause upheld by God's resistless might,

Where the rivers wont to flow  
Thro' shadowy groves and meadows green  
Torrents of livid sulphur glow,  
And smoke along the blasted scene.  
All the land to pitch shall turn,  
And thro' the night and day far-flaming burn.  
Through endless ages shall the smoke arise  
Where through all time the land a desert lies  
Ne'er to be pass'd by human foot; for there  
The Pelicans and Porcupines abide,  
There the dun Ravens croak 'mid ruins drear,  
And moaning Owls from man the farthest hide.  
Poiz'd here his plummet o'er the scorch'd-up land  
God lays destruction's line and guides it with his hand.

Sunk is Edom's old renown,  
For ever set her once bright fame—  
Rent from the land the regal Crown,  
The Palace, and the princely name.

O'er

O'er the palace-courts forlorn  
'Mid baleful weeds rambles unfightly thorn,  
And in the formidable rampart's foss  
'Mid shatter'd turrets tall the brambles grow,  
The broken bulwarks dank with humid moss  
To many a noisom reptile haunts bestow.  
Thence oft the wide-wing'd Ostrich weighs her flight,  
And from the dungeon's gloom dread Dragons crawl to  
light.

Ah! what a change in man's abode!  
Whatever flies the haunt of men  
Their horrors here have each bestow'd.  
Here the grim Lion guards his den,  
The Dragon here, and here the direr crew  
By man unnam'd since never in his view  
In these tremendous wilds dread orgies hold,  
Or rend the waste up oft with hideous fight.  
Here haply Spirits may their terrors join  
While the night-raven screams with all his might,  
And owls down-pitching with his scream combine  
Their



Their clam'rous screeches fixing here their home  
Where oft fell vultures croud fresh from a carnage come.

As thy visions, God, to me  
This formidable scene disclose  
So truly future times shall see  
Accomplish'd these predicted woes.  
For the Lord to this dire race  
Assign'd the horrors of Destruction's place,  
And when relentless Sin usurp'd the land  
Thus to the monsters spake his high command.  
Possess ye, hideous creatures, this abode  
By sin prepar'd for you ere summon'd here,  
'Tis your's, 'tis your's by the decree of God,  
Through ages your's that all the earth may fear  
To sin like Edom, and my law transgress  
Since I, the Just One, all, alike or curse or bless.

Angel-wing'd from Glory's heights

Celestial Gladness on the wild

On the quick-blooming desert lights

The waste that owns her radiance mild.

CHAP.  
XXXV.

Softly

Softly stealing from the earth  
Comes the delicious rose to bloomy birth;  
God is the sun that feeds it with his flame.  
Thus shall the gracious Sire of nature change  
The desert-horrors, all it's wildness tame,  
And give gay Gladness her accustom'd range,  
Bid her by Jordan's waters lead her choir,  
Trill her new song of Praise, and strike her sacred lyre.

Lo! the lofty Lebanon  
Has now his crown of cedars on!  
His flow'ry wreath glad Sharon wears,  
Fair Carmel boasts her verdant vest,  
To them in beauty God appears,  
Rich in his robe of Glory drest.  
Strengthen, ye, the feeble hand,  
Rouse him that totters, bid him firmly stand,  
To the faint-hearted say—be strong—be strong—  
Fear not, ye fearful, for your God is nigh.  
He comes, He comes, sees sin before him fly,  
Clears from Salvation's spring obstructing woe,  
And now, at large, O God, the warbling waters flow!  
Lo!

Lo! the Blind has gain'd his eyes,  
Sparkling raptures there arise,  
The Deaf has heard with speechless joy,  
Leaps like a bounding hart the Lame.  
Now first glad songs the Dumb employ,  
Loud hymns of praise to God's great name.  
Down down the rocky barren waste  
Hurling their strength the roaring rivers haste.  
Where spread the burning sand cool waters flow,  
And springs fresh-bubbling o'er the burnt soil pass,  
Yea in the dragon's blasted region grow  
Flow'rs of all hues cheq'ring the verdant grass;  
No dragon there the Traveller to affray,  
But Toil trips chearful on, and blameless Pastimes play.

Wilds untrod by foot of men  
Afford the busy road again.  
There Holiness shall come abroad,  
And ruling those that walk the way  
Thence banish Sin, the spirit of God  
Reclaiming such as go astray.

The

The Lion shall not harbour there,  
The wild's fierce Tyrant wake the woods with fear.  
There the Redeem'd in realms of bliss shall roam,  
The Ransom'd of the Lord releas'd from woe,  
These in blest Triumph shall to Sion come,  
Bright on their heads the crown of Gladness shew—  
Immortal joy from God's own hand receive,  
Bid fighting flee away, for ever cease to grieve.

## C H A P. XXXVI.

WHEN Judah twice sev'n years had blest'd the reign  
Of righteous Hezekiah from the land  
It's fenced cities by the Assyrian rent,  
By proud Senacherib; at his command  
From Lachish comes fierce Rabshakah, and leads  
A mighty host towards Jerusalem;  
Swift is their march to sack the Holy tow'rs.  
Near the great Aqueduct the hosts encamp'd;  
Eliakim with Joah Asaph's son,  
And Shebna Hezekiah's honour'd scribe

To

To Rabshekah approaching—them the chief  
Accosted thus. To Hezekiah say  
That him Assyria's Monarch thus bespeaks.  
Whence art thou so elate? so confident?  
Hast thou not said (oh impotence of speech!)  
Mine is sufficient counsel for the war,  
Yea strength sufficient? whence this counsel, strength  
To bear thee, rebel, boldly thus at me?  
Egypt's assistance? 'tis a broken reed,  
Lean on it strongly, and it wounds thy hand.  
But if thou say'st, 'tis not in Him I trust,  
But in the Lord Jehovah God of Hosts—  
How vain thy trust—for is he not the God  
Whose altars, whose high places thou remov'dst—  
Bidding all Judah worship only here?  
Be wise, I pray thee, seek a surer strength,  
League with my mighty Master, should'st thou need  
The strength of horses but the riders find,  
And instant will he make two thousand thine:  
Think of the great King's pow'r with thine compar'd—  
Sends he but one of all thy leaders here—  
Canst thou repel him? vain is all thy hope



If thy defence from Egypt needs her strength  
Of horsemen and of chariots. Come not we  
Commission'd by thy God to rend this land  
From it's foundations? Yea Jehovah said  
Destroy this land—arise—advance—destroy it.  
Then thus Jerusalem's wife Chiefs replied.  
Speak to thy servants in th' Assyrian tongue  
Not in the Jewish, great concerns like these  
Ask higher audience than their careless ears  
Who all around us listen from the walls.  
But they shall hear, fierce Rabshakeh replied,  
And rising up, more furiously exclaims,  
Yes, they shall hear, for deem not that my Lord  
Sent me to your's and you alone, for He  
Wills every man of Judah hear my voice,  
And his thro' mine, yea all yon wretched crew  
Whom adverse to his will his will decrees  
The hideous fate of Famine's utmost woe.  
Hear then (yea all) the words of my dread King,  
The great King of Assyria. Thus he speaks.  
Be not deceiv'd by Hezekiah, he  
Owns not the pow'r that can his country save.

Nor

Nor let him tempt you in his God to trust  
Though he should promise you Jehovah's arm  
For your Salvation, that Jerusalem  
Jehovah will in very deed defend,  
And sink before him all our warlike Hosts.  
Hear not your King, for thus a mightier King,  
Assyria's Monarch now addresseth you.  
Make peace with me, my sure protection seek,  
Then of your own vines every one shall eat,  
Of his own fig-tree, and his cistern boast  
From whence at will to draw the grateful draught.  
In your own land awhile in quiet 'bide  
Me your great King, Protector, Parent, Friend.  
Then will I come, and lead you to a land  
Surpassing your's in all delights, a land  
Fruitful in vines and corn to furnish feasts  
With choicest viands and the costliest wines.  
Let not your King seduce you—saying still  
Jehovah will deliver you from me.  
Behold the nations 'round whom I subdued—  
Them have their Gods deliver'd from my hand  
Daring to cope with my resistless might?

Where are the Gods of Hamath and of Arphad,  
 Of Sepharvaim? From the great King they  
 Hid their dishonour'd heads, and with 'em sunk  
 Samaria to the dust. Who of the Gods  
 (Each in his own land a Jehovah deem'd)  
 Have stay'd my tide of Glory? Wherefore then  
 Conceive, ye, your Jehovah more than theirs?—

Thus spoke the furious Rabshekah, but him  
 None answer'd, since it was the King's command—  
 'Him answer not.' Despairing they return'd  
 To David's city. There their vestments rent  
 Eliakim with Joah Asaph's son,  
 And Shebna 'mid the crowding People's cries  
 Haste to the royal presence, and declare  
 Their fruitless embassy before the King.

CHAP. Him utmost sorrow seiz'd, his robe he rends,

XXXVII. And hurries fear-struck to Jehovah's house.

From thence Eliakim his household's Lord,

And Shebna his belov'd and honour'd scribe

(For so the King commanded 'em) proceed,

And with 'em all the Elders of the Priests

Dark-rob'd in sackcloth. From the Temple's courts

Them all Jerusalem in silent woe  
Attended to the Prophet's house, and there  
Isaiah from the King they thus bespeak.  
Hear Hezekiah's words. This dreadful day  
Is sorrow's own, Distress, Rebuke, and Scorn  
Claim it for their's alone, a day when woe  
Is wound up to severest agony—  
The child it's way just rending into birth,  
Thro' weakness still withheld, and never born.  
O that thy God Jehovah would arise  
In all his wrath at Rabshekah's dire words  
Whom his proud King, Assyria's tyrant, sent  
To dare, reproach, insult the living God.  
Oh! that Jehovah would Himself reply—  
His answer—Death—to them that have blasphem'd Him.  
But thou, great Prophet, offering up thy prayer  
Save, of my People save the poor remains.  
Then spoke Isaiah. 'Tell, ye, your dread Lord  
That thus Jehovah says. Be not afraid.  
The blasphemies of Rabshekah are vain.  
For into him my Spirit shall infuse  
A phrensy to mislead him. He shall hear

A rumour that shall back repel him home,  
But there the Lord shall meet him at his cost,  
And as the Lord had spoken, thus misled  
'Gan Rabshekah return, returning found  
Assyria's King employed in Libna's siege—  
From Lachish (as was heard) but now decamp'd,  
Then the great King (advis'd that Tirhakah  
The chief of Cush was with a warlike host  
To battle now advancing) swiftly sent  
To Judah's King such letters as proclaim'd  
Thus, O thou God of Hosts, his scorn of Thee,

Vain is all trust in thy Jehovah, who  
Will surely fail thee should he boast to save  
Against my lifted arm—Jerusalem.  
Thee has not Fame told with resounding voice  
Deeds of my sceptred Sires in ev'ry realm  
By them subdued—enough to daunt thy pride—  
To dash deliv'rance from thy baseless hopes?  
When my great fathers march'd against the Lands  
Could all their Gods resist their conqu'ring course?  
Before them Gozan's bulwarks fell, the tow'rs  
Of Retzeph, and high-seated on her rocks



Gazan, them Eden's bowmen, them the youth  
Of fierce Thelassar own'd their Lords in war.  
What is become of Hamath's haughty King,  
Of Him that sat on Arphad's dreaded throne?  
Of them whose proud atchievements stay'd erewhile  
Henah's destruction, Sepharvaim's, Ivah's  
'Till at the coming of Assyria's hosts  
They fell as thou shalt trust in Jehovah?

The King of Judah to Jehovah's house  
Bears the blasphemer's letters, and with awe  
Spreads 'em before God's altar bowing low,  
And thus the Father of his People pray'd.

O great Jehovah, O thou God of Hosts,  
Thou God of Israel, who art glorified  
Upon the Cherubim—thy throne of fire.  
Thou art the God, thou only art the God  
To us, to all the nations of the Earth.  
For at thy bidding from the Chaos Earth  
Rose into light, Earth, and the glorious Heav'ns.  
Bend, O Jehovah, bend thine ears, and hear,  
Open thine eyes, Jehovah, and behold.  
Yea view Senacherib's blaspheming words

(Regard them here before thine altar spread)  
Words that reproach, insult the living God.  
True, O Jehovah, that Assyria's Kings  
All nations have destroy'd, and to the fire  
Cast their vain Gods, for them could fire consume,  
Thence Gods miscall'd, the works of human hands—  
But thou mad'st all things, never canst thou die.  
Then, O Jehovah, then, our God arise,  
Save us, we humbly pray thee, from his hand,  
Up Lord, and shew thyself the living God  
That all the kingdoms of the world may know  
That thou, Jehovah, art the only God.  
So pray'd the King, and all the while he pray'd  
In holy vision him Isaiah saw,  
Then from the Prophet God's reply received  
These words the Father of his People read,  
Jehovah's sentence on Assyria's King.

Thee Sion's virgin daughter hath despis'd,  
The timid one hath laugh'd in scorn at thee,  
Yea the young daughter of Jerusalem  
Hath in derision shook her head at thee.

Whom

Whom hast thou dare reproach, revile? at whom  
Thy voice exalted and thy look on high  
Uprais'd? e'en at the Holy One of Israel,  
E'en at Jehovah cast thy scorn, and said,  
High on my strength of chariots I ascend,  
The loftiest hills, yea Lebanon Himself.  
His choicest cedars, tallest firs mine arm  
Down to the ground has fell'd, and with my force  
I rend a passage through his last retreats,  
And march o'er all his forests wasting all.  
Deep in the earth my might has driv'n, and drank  
Springs yet unvisited by mortal man.  
Yea my proud feet have dried up all canals,  
The floods that fenc'd the cities of Mankind.  
Hast thou not heard, vain boaster, that I form'd  
The everlasting hills; has not a Voice  
Resounding through all times, o'er ev'ry land  
Taught thee that them I made, and rule their deeds,  
From me their ev'ry change? And now my will  
The hidden force has been by which alone  
Thou hast laid waste the bulwarks of the world,  
The warlike nations. Hence it was that they

Diminish'd

Diminish'd of their strength and smote with fear  
Before thee vanish'd, as the flow'r decays,  
The green herb with'reth, as the house-top grass  
Is whirl'd away by winds, or new-sprung corn  
Ere it is ripen'd burns beneath the Sun.

Yea all thy movements has my Spirit watch'd,  
Govern'd thy ev'ry going, all thy rage  
Against me have I duly noted down,  
Nor ought has 'scap'd mine ears which all things hear.  
Thence, O thou rav'nous wild beast of the earth,  
Thy nose my hook shall grasp, my curb thy jaws,  
And that sole pow'r by which thou hither cam'st  
Back shall repell thee, all resistance vain.

Be this, O King of Judah, thy sure sign,  
Nor Seed this year nor yet the following sow,  
But in the third—then copious harvests reap,  
Then plant your vineyards, and their fruits enjoy.  
Of Judah's house the remnant 'scapes again  
Her root strikes deep, and fruits proportion'd bears.  
Yea from Jerusalem a remnant goes,  
And from the Mount of Sion part escapes.  
So speaks the Lord, and what Jehovah speaks

His

His zeal for Judah will in truth perform,  
But these his words Assyria's King regard,  
Into this city shall he never come,  
Into this city never cast a dart,  
Against this city never lift a shield,  
Against this city never raise a mound;  
The way he came by that shall he return,  
Into this city shall he never come,  
For I protect her—saith the Lord Jehovah,  
For I, my word still hon'ring, am her Friend,  
Her dear Redeemer for my David's sake.  
Then forth the angel of Jehovah went  
While night hung awful o'er th' Assyrian camp.  
But when the day arose—what scenes of Death!  
Scarce fewer than two hundred thousand dead,  
So God had lopp'd the branches of his Pride  
Who dar'd th' Omnipotent Himself defy.  
Then all in woe decamp'd the shame-sunk King  
In hopes at Nineveh to sooth his woe.  
Home he return'd but not to Home's true rest,  
Th' unutterable joys of happy homes.  
For as he worshipp'd Nisroch his false God

(Rebelling



(Rebelling thus against the Sire of all)  
 Sharitzer and Adramelech his sons  
 Their impious swords upraising smote him dead,  
 Thence flying fear-struck for Armenia's land.  
 Thus, thus the great King fell, and in his fall  
 Left the Successor of his sceptred State  
 A lesson of more worth to every King  
 Than thrones and dominations, that the Lord  
 Is God alone, Jehovah King of Kings.

CHAP. The very God that smote Assyria's Hosts

xxxviii.

On Hezekiah lays his heaviest hand:  
 Pain and disease that boded speedy death  
 To Judah's King, and o'er his rising joy  
 Drew instant darkness. In this awful state  
 He seeks the soothing converse of his friends,  
 His holiest counsellor Isaiah calls.  
 But lo! the Prophet vision-taught declar'd  
 His hastning end, and thus the Lord's decree  
 Speaks in the trembling ears of mortal man.  
 Prepare thee, King, for death; what bus'ness waits  
 Unfinish'd for thy children's, people's good  
 Must now be quicken'd, for thy time is come.

Lo!

Lo! thou must die, and shall'ft no longer live.—

Then Hezekiah from his place of state

(So vast his woe) turn'd from all human eyes,

And his Heart's pray'r pour'd to the living God,

Thus to the God of all Salvation pray'd.

O my good God, O great Jehovah, now

Remember now that with an upright heart,

That with the best endeavours of frail man

Thy servant hath before Thee walk'd in Truth.

Yea all thy Mercies manifold declare

Thou hast his deeds approv'd and thought 'em good.

Then leaning on his sole defence and hope

To God his soul preferr'd it's speechless pray'r,

Grief whelming words in sacred agony,

Man asking life his doom of death just heard.

But lo! how God regards the just man's pray'r!

Touch'd by his grief, in rev'rence to the King

Turning to pray—the Prophet had retir'd,

And pausing in the palace-court, from God

Heard a voice saying to the King return,

And speak as then my Spirit thee inspires.

Return'd, he saith—The God of all thy fathers,

Thus

Thus speaks, O King, to Thee ;—I heard thy pray'r,  
Thy tears receiv'd, the sorrowings of thy soul,  
And mark'd thy firm reliance on thy God.  
So great as was thy trust, so live, and prosper.  
Three days gone by, and at my temple thou  
For health recover'd shalt thanksgiving sing,  
And thrice five years are lengthen'd to thy life.  
Ah ! Prophet of the Lord, exclaim'd the King,  
Tidings like these my soul can scarce receive !  
Oh ! yield it's doubt of mercies undeserv'd  
Some sacred sign, that God shall thus be gracious.  
Yon dial mark of Ahaz, said the Prophet,  
There fix'd to measure Time's too rapid pace ;  
Whose monitory hand to mortal man  
To Thee but now had giv'n thy last monition.  
Behold that hand which shadows it's degrees,  
And from it's station at this instant shews  
The setting Sun shall now back ten degrees  
It's shadow turn as if the Sun himself  
From morn to dewy eve had stay'd his course  
And (as of old) stood still. The King with awe  
Mingled with rapt'rous gratitude to God

Saw—as the Prophet slowly mov'd his hand  
The shadow back recede—he saw, and fell  
Down to the ground, and gave his God his tears,  
His whole heart's holiest passions, scorning words,  
Nor needing them to Him who reads the Heart.  
The Prophet then some mild medicament  
Directed for the soothing of the wound,  
And at the third day all in royal pomp  
For health, for life renew'd to thank His God  
Went Hezekiah to Jehovah's house.

Then home-return'd this public-duty paid  
(Amid his people's tears and loud acclaims)  
The King retir'd to commune with his God,  
Thus his full soul expressing it's great sense  
Of heav'nly Benediction——O my God  
That I behold this hour!——but now I said  
When from thy holy Prophet's mouth I heard  
Thy solemn sentence, when my Life's bright day  
Was with'ring at it's close, and just no more—  
Oh! I shall pass the dreaded gates of Death  
Clouded for ever in my Life's high noon.  
I said (and saying shudder'd) that no more

Wit:

With Thee my soul should sacred converse hold,  
No more know holy thoughts, know holy joys.  
I said that on it's wing that moment speeds  
When in the cold grasp of insensate death  
I must a farewell bid my friends for ever,  
Never again their wonted looks behold,  
Never see man again, from social joy  
Shut out forever in the dark cold grave.  
'The royal house thou gav'st me where I wont  
To taste Life's comforts, and so stable thought  
To rest my hopes on—tho' the King's abode  
Is but (I see) a shepherd's shifting tent  
And I but sojourn'd there—my strength a thread—  
This vital stream a weaver's thin-spun thread,  
For ere the Sun shall set, the mighty God  
My web shall finish, cast me from existence.  
How thro' the wearying night 'till wish'd-for morn  
My pangs have press'd me 'till my pain-wrought soul  
Roar'd out it's mis'ries as the Lion roars;  
So did He break to pieces all my bones.  
My pangs rent up each different cry of woe—

Yea



Yea my teeth chatter'd, and when nature left  
Not strength enough to pour a louder cry,  
I moan'd continual as the moaning Dove.  
So oft my tortures rais'd mine eyes to Thee  
In instant pray'r that they began to fail  
Beneath the wounding light. All I could say  
Was, O my God, do Thou for me contend,  
That only strength put forth which me can save.  
Thus have I sorrow'd, such have been my woes.  
But now, O God of all my mercies, now——  
O God, when I remember my past pains—  
What, what, my Saviour, can I say to Thee?  
What, O my Saviour—but behold! I live.  
Oh! thro' the remnant of thy years, my soul,  
Muse oft as now—upon thy bitt'rest days.  
Then, O Jehovah, shall Thy servant pay  
Thee honour due for Thy stupendous Grace.  
Then shall declare that now I live thro' Thee,  
To health restor'd, and hopes of future years.  
Lo! my past anguish is remov'd for ease,  
And my soul rescued from severe perdition!  
Nor thou extreme to mark wherein I err'd

My sins haft cover'd with thy gracious hand.  
 I live, I live to praise Thee. Can the grave  
 Utter a fong, and 'laud Jehovah's name?  
 Can the glaz'd eye of Death his glory view?  
 Can the diffever'd bones of buried man  
 Rife up, and praise aright the great Jehovah?  
 The living, oh! my God, the living Thee  
 Can only praise, praise as I thee now praise.  
 Yea all the fathers hence in Judah's land  
 Thy Grace to me remembring fhall at home  
 'Mid all their liftning children Thee rehearse  
 Who fnatch'd their Hezekiah from the grave.  
 Yea, yea Jehovah was at hand to fave me:  
 Rife then, O fons of David, let us all  
 Smite on our harps, and praise the Lord our God;  
 And all our days oft in his fared courts  
 Break into fong, and praise the Lord Jehovah.

CHAP. But he that ftood Affliction's fearching, fell  
 xxxix. Beneath man's harder proof Prosperity.  
 God faw his heart efranging from the hand  
 But now held forth his refcue; thence in Grace  
 Full in his view to blazon his default

(His Spirit ruling all the fons of men)  
Caus'd Baladan, the Babylonian King,  
To send a royal train with royal gifts  
To honour Judah's King ; to gratulate  
His health recover'd, and renew'd renown.  
Them Hezekiah in high state receiv'd,  
Joy'd at their presence, and thro' Judah's land  
Walk'd Triumph all abroad, and princely Pomp.  
Whate'er was precious and proclaim'd the strength  
Of Sion's empire Hezekiah shew'd  
His stranger-guests, self-hon'ring. Them he shew'd  
The royal treasures, them his magazines,  
His gold, his silver, all his costly stores  
Of fragrant ointment and odorous spice,  
To them display'd his awful strength of arms,  
Or whatsoever in his royal house  
Bespoke his grandeur and his kingly joys.  
Thus Hezekiah wander'd from his God.  
Then came Ifaiah Prophet of the Lord,  
And thus the King address'd. What say these men ?  
Whence are they come in rev'rence to the King ?  
Then Hezekiah said. From Babylon

My fins haft cover'd with thy gracious hand.  
 I live, I live to praife Thee. Can the grave  
 Utter a fong, and 'laud Jehovah's name?  
 Can the glaz'd eye of Death his glory view?  
 Can the diffever'd bones of buried man  
 Rife up, and praife aright the great Jehovah?  
 The living, oh! my God, the living Thee  
 Can only praife, praife as I thee now praife.  
 Yea all the fathers hence in Judah's land  
 Thy Grace to me remembring fhall at home  
 'Mid all their liftning children Thee rehearfe  
 Who fnatch'd their Hezekiah from the grave.  
 Yea, yea Jehovah was at hand to fave me :  
 Rife then, O fons of David, let us all  
 Smite on our harps, and praife the Lord our God;  
 And all our days oft in his fared courts  
 Break into fong, and praife the Lord Jehovah.

CHAP. But he that flood Affliction's fearching, fell  
 xxxix. Beneath man's harder proof Prosperity.  
 God faw his heart efranging from the hand  
 But now held forth his refcue; thence in Grace  
 Full in his view to blazon his default

(His Spirit ruling all the sons of men)  
Caus'd Baladan, the Babylonian King,  
To send a royal train with royal gifts  
To honour Judah's King ; to gratulate  
His health recover'd, and renew'd renown.  
Them Hezekiah in high state receiv'd,  
Joy'd at their presence, and thro' Judah's land  
Walk'd Triumph all abroad, and princely Pomp.  
Whate'er was precious and proclaim'd the strength  
Of Sion's empire Hezekiah shew'd  
His stranger-guests, self-hon'ring. Them he shew'd  
The royal treasures, them his magazines,  
His gold, his silver, all his costly stores  
Of fragrant ointment and odorous spice,  
To them display'd his awful strength of arms,  
Or whatsoever in his royal house  
Bespoke his grandeur and his kingly joys.  
Thus Hezekiah wander'd from his God.  
Then came Ifaiah Prophet of the Lord,  
And thus the King address'd. What say these men ?  
Whence are they come in rev'rence to the King ?  
Then Hezekiah said. From Babylon



That distant Country come they to declare  
Their royal Master's gen'rous love of Me.  
What in thy palace have they seen, O King?  
Replied the Prophet. Hezekiah said,  
Nought from their eyes have I withheld that prove  
The glories of my People, or their King.  
The Prophet then commission'd from the Lord  
Thus utter'd this dread sentence of Jehovah.  
O Thou forgetful of the Lord thy God,  
Behold, O King, the sorrowing days shall come  
When all the treasures that thy Sin display'd  
All that thy fathers in the royal house  
Have pil'd through ages shall transported hence  
Be to that very Babylon convey'd  
Whose Sons but now have witness'd to thy pride.  
These treasures God shall give her, yea thy Sons  
Dishonour'd slaves proud Babylon shall serve.  
Then Hezekiah saw his great offence  
Remembring all God's mercies. Humbly then  
He thus the Prophet of the Lord bespoke.  
To me a sinner gracious are the words  
By thee deliver'd, let me not complain—

But thankful for the blessings I enjoy,  
And what are promis'd bow my soul to God,  
Amend me for the remnant of my days,  
And serve before Him with a holier heart.

## C H A P. XL.

COMFORT, ye, faith Jehovah, comfort, ye,  
My People, now no more estrang'd from Me.  
With animated words to Sion cry  
(Since on her soul her woes oppressive lie)  
That She from warfare shall release receive,  
And in proportion as she wont to grieve  
See joy redoubled. Lo ! I come, I come  
To close her long account, her penal doom.  
Hark ! a glad voice resounds along the waste—  
' The Lord is coming.' Clear his paths with haste,  
God on his march—unfold the widest way,  
Let nought His progress thro' the wild woods stay,  
Lift the deep valleys, lay the mountains low,  
Jehovah cometh, from his passage throw

Rocks, and the rough obstructions of the woods,  
The crossing torrents, and the midway floods.  
Nor let the horrors of the desert-gloom  
The glories hide that now advancing come.  
O'er levell'd hills and lifted vales He flies  
Till into view the pomps of God arise.  
Shout out, glad Earth, thy God is now in sight,  
Exult with joy, and hail Salvation's light;  
Rejoice, all flesh, for all mankind behold  
The last great Light of life his beams unfold,  
Yea Sion's God shall ev'ry nation own,  
For this Jehovah said, and this have I made known,  
Lo! a voice spoke—Proclaim, and I replied  
What?—that all flesh is grass, and all it's Pride  
But as a field-flow'r; swiftly fades the grass,  
And so as swift the Flow'r's soft glories pass.  
Yea, e'en the little day allow'd their kind  
Shortens beneath Jehovah's stormy wind.  
Judah as grass shall speedily decay;  
Grass is soon gone, nor Flow'rs a longer day  
Boast, but the word of God which I proclaim  
For ever blooms, for ever is the same.

Snatch

Snatch up thy timbrel, on a mountain high  
Aloud, blest daughter, to thy Sion cry  
Glad tidings from the Lord. Exalt thy voice,  
Urge all it's strength, command her to rejoice,  
Thou daughter sent the tidings to proclaim  
That kindle Salem into Joy's whole flame.  
Be not afraid, lift up thy voice on high,  
Behold your God to Judah's cities cry.

God at the strong one pointeth strong his way,  
Nor might of man His arm of pow'r can stay.  
But lo! that arm of pow'r towards his friends  
The recompence of merit still extends.  
He their paternal God, their Shepherd home  
Shall lead the lambs from whom the mothers roam,  
Shall in his soothing arm with pitying care,  
Or in his bosom the deserted bear,  
In sweetest pastures his own flock shall feed,  
And the poor burthen'd ewes benignly lead.

Who is the Being that can seas command  
Within the hollow of his meas'ring hand?  
And who that hand out-spreading in his might  
Within it's span can mete the Heav'ns aright?

Who holds the tierce which can so far extend  
As all the dust of Earth to comprehend?  
Who can his scales lift in the desert air  
The burthen of th' eternal hills to bear?  
Who can coæval with Eternity  
Boast the Creator's counsellor to be?  
Who inmost with Jehovah's spirit, wrought  
With God, and shot the depths of that deep thought  
Whence out of nothing rose an universe?  
Say is there one that could this ocean pierce,  
So deeply fathom such a sea of mind  
That God in him a Counsellor could find?  
One that to Wisdom's self might science shew,  
And judgement on the Holy One bestow?  
Earth is itself a drop that finds it's way  
Where scarce the Bucket's smallest chinks betray  
The searching water, or as smallest dust  
'Scap'd carking Mis'ry's cares which nothing trust,  
Still in the scales unseen—yea such to God  
Is Earth itself—for when He comes abroad,  
If so it please Him, with his ample hand  
He as an Atom lifts the sea-girt land.

Should



Should He some mighty sacrifice require  
Not Lebanon himself can feed his Fire,  
Nor are sufficient victims to be found  
O'er all his sweeping range of forest ground,  
As air before the Lord the Nations flee,  
Lighter than air, than nought, than vanity.  
Who therefore shall for God a likeness find,  
Is there an image in the boldest mind  
(Since all things creatures are or Deity)  
Which can a model of the Godhead be?

The workman casts his Idol, next the gold  
Around it by the Smith in plates is roll'd,  
And when the silver chain is fix'd, abroad  
'Tis brought, and lo! they shout a God, a God!  
O Thou true God, are such the deeds of man?  
For this was he a part of thy great plan?  
Will ye not know, ye impious ones, not hear,  
Not still the truths repeated oft reverse  
Taught from the birth of Time your reas'ning race  
As long as Earth has borne upon it's base?  
Have ye not heard that 'tis this God disown'd  
Sits on the circle of the Earth enthron'd?

Whence

Whence all th' inhabitants in his dread view  
Are as it's myriad-insects are to You.

'Tis He that as a thin veil spread the sky,  
Caus'd o'er his head the lucid texture fly  
To canopy his throne, and grace his Majesty.  
The judges of the Earth debas'd by sin  
Are at his frown as if they ne'er had been.

And Princes sunk beneath his blazing eye—  
Their meteor-glories melt in vanity.  
Their plants behind 'em shall not Earth disgrace,  
Since from the trunk unrooted springs no race.  
His blast shall smite them and they swift decay;  
Them as the stubble whirls his wind away.

Who then, the likeness of the Lord is known?  
Who is my second? faith the Glorious One.  
Lift up your eyes with gazing awe on high,  
And ask whose Art emblaz'd the starry sky?  
Who marshall'd there that luminous array,  
And from his lines forbids the stars to stray?  
Say, is it not the greatness of my might  
That still harmonious guides yon orbs of light,  
The Sun to rule the day, the Moon and Stars the night?

Why

Why then, O Jacob, dost thou of the Lord,  
Why then, O Israel, utter the vain word?  
Why speak ye thus, my people—lo! my way  
Jehovah sees not, tho' my ign'rance stray  
Where perils wait me, tho' distress'd I cry,  
Still my poor cause escapes Jehovah's eye.  
Hast thou not heard, and from thyself well known  
Who is the everlasting God alone?  
That He, her bounds however wide the Earth  
Spreads into space—her being call'd to birth?  
Canst thou self-taught by Reason thro' thine eye  
(Whose rays on all sides o'er God's wonders fly)  
Not instant think Jehovah's mighty mind  
Tir'd by no action and to nothing blind,  
Beholding all things though (it must be) thou  
Canst not (thine own pow'r weigh'd) imagine how?  
He strikes through all things with so swift a course  
With such an equal, undivided force,  
So all upon his wing, that where His aid  
The faint one ask its energies pervade  
Through all his springs of life; and ev'ry where  
His suff'ring servants bless his healing care.

Tho'

Tho' boastful youth self-honour'd wearying fail  
 Stumbling where most their vigour wont avail—  
 Yet to the weakest that on Him depend  
 He will the strengthning of His arm extend.  
 They as the moulting eagles plum'd anew  
 Shall mount aloft with purer Soul to view  
 God, and still higher shall ascend his ways  
 Till them so high their pow'rs advancing raise  
 That with the hosts of Heav'n they join the song of  
 Praise,

## C H A P. XLI.

LET all the Lands from Earth's remotest ends  
 Repair to me, and since their God intends  
 With them a conf'rence, let them here the mind  
 Collected bring, and fear-struck reason bind  
 With all it's force, for all it's force is due  
 When men with God the dread debate pursue,  
 Who from the East to serve his glory call'd  
 That faithful man at whose approach appall'd

The nations trembled? say—what pow'r his guide,  
Beneath his footsteps fell the Ruler's pride?  
Why at the wafture of his flaming sword  
Flew as the dust the people, and deplor'd  
The swift destruction of his mighty bow,  
The wind of whose dread arrow to and fro,  
Whirl'd them as stubble? Why with matchless haste  
Pierc'd he the terrors of th' untravell'd waste?  
God was his guide. For, all ye nations, say  
Am I not He that in my wisdom weigh  
(Their times and stations from the first design'd)  
All the conditions of your changeful kind?  
Am I not now the same I was before  
Earth rose; yea still Jehovah when (no more  
Ballanc'd by me) the baseless Earth shall bear  
Her flaming ruins thro' the void of air.  
So still the fear of me is wrought in man  
That when the nations saw my opening plan  
To build me a peculiar people, they  
Were stricken to their hearts with deep dismay,  
Yea Fear 'gan rive their hearts, and gath'ring near  
Each would arouse his neighbour from his fear.

Then



Then would the Carver with the Smith combine,  
And cheer him with the hopes of aid divine.  
The smoothing hamm'rer of his anvil proud  
(His deifying fodder prais'd aloud)

Would to the shudd'ring sons of Reason say,  
Come on, have comfort, for without delay  
I with my clenching nails a God securely stay.

But Thee, my servant, Israel, whom I bred  
With favour, Thee, O Jacob, the blest seed  
Of faithful Abram have I call'd in grace  
My servant, nor from thee will hide my face.  
Fear not my wings around thee thus bestow'd,  
Fear not for I am verily thy God.

My strength impower'd thee oft assail'd to stand,  
Still have I stay'd thee with my own right hand.  
What time thy foes came on, a storming tide,  
I rais'd my hand, and saw the storm subside,  
When in dread contest all their strength they brought,  
My hand I rais'd, and all their strength was nought.  
Seek it, 'tis not, nor are they to be found  
Whose thund'ring hosts but now tore up the trembling  
ground.

So great is God beneath whose shadowing hand  
Against the world in arms His faithful stand.

For if the Lord of Hosts thy friend be near  
Is there a force of man for thee to fear?

O thou worm Jacob, fear not, for who come  
To trample thee but haste to meet their doom ;  
Of Israel, O ye mortals, know if I

Stand your support your foes are first to die.

For lo! the Holy One his Israel's friend

Shall Israel's self an arm of strength extend,

Make Israel's self his pond'rous threshing wain,  
His teeth-arm'd corn-drag driving o'er the plain,  
Nor long the guilty Hosts its coming on sustain.

For soon the burthen of it's mighty blow

Crumbling the loftiest mountains sinks 'em low!

But for the little hills to chaff they turn,

And all away by winnowing winds are borne.

My storm, my storm has scatter'd them abroad,

Thee all the while exulting in thy God.

For water ask thy poor ones—God is nigh

Their instant want with water to supply.

They

Then would the Carver with the Smith combine,  
And cheer him with the hopes of aid divine.

The smoothing hamm'rer of his anvil proud  
(His deifying fodder prais'd aloud)

Would to the shudd'ring sons of Reason say,  
Come on, have comfort, for without delay  
I with my clenching nails a God securely stay.

But Thee, my servant, Israel, whom I bred  
With favour, Thee, O Jacob, the blest seed  
Of faithful Abram have I call'd in grace  
My servant, nor from thee will hide my face.  
Fear not my wings around thee thus bestow'd,  
Fear not for I am verily thy God.

My strength impower'd thee oft assail'd to stand,  
Still have I stay'd thee with my own right hand.  
What time thy foes came on, a storming tide,  
I rais'd my hand, and saw the storm subside,  
When in dread contest all their strength they brought,  
My hand I rais'd, and all their strength was nought.  
Seek it, 'tis not, nor are they to be found  
Whose thund'ring hosts but now tore up the trembling  
ground.

So great is God beneath whose shadowing hand  
Against the world in arms His faithful stand.  
For if the Lord of Hosts thy friend be near  
Is there a force of man for thee to fear?  
O thou worm Jacob, fear not, for who come  
To trample thee but haste to meet their doom;  
Of Israel, O ye mortals, know if I  
Stand your support your foes are first to die.  
For lo! the Holy One his Israel's friend  
Shall Israel's self an arm of strength extend,  
Make Israel's self his pond'rous threshing wain,  
His teeth-arm'd corn-drag driving o'er the plain,  
Nor long the guilty Hosts its coming on sustain.  
For soon the burthen of it's mighty blow  
Crumbling the loftiest mountains sinks 'em low!  
But for the little hills to chaff they turn,  
And all away by winnowing winds are borne.  
My storm, my storm has scatter'd them abroad,  
Thee all the while exulting in thy God.  
For water ask thy poor ones—God is nigh  
Their instant want with water to supply.

They

They as their fathers in the wilds of old  
Their friend the same Jehovah shall behold.  
Creation's work He shall perform anew;  
And give the rising wonders to their view.  
I touch the rocks (saith God) and thence amain  
Broad rivers rush, and thunder to the plain.  
In sunburnt valleys bubbling Springs are seen  
A sudden twinkling 'mid the new-born green.  
Where the vast wastes of sand long ages lay  
(Wont by the winds upwhirl'd to darken day)  
There shapely pools of ample space I shew  
Upheaving into light majestically flow.  
Deep on the loftiest hills I spread such seas,  
And robe the mountain's bold brow with my trees:  
Then the swart desert shall no more affray  
The caravan from the long needy way,  
For as the wilds recede the green groves 'rise  
By rising streams that glitter to the Skies.  
The desert, now no more a desert, rears  
The tree whose fruit the oil of honour bears;  
With flow'ry Myrtle, and Acastia drest  
The rock no more reveals his rugged breast;

Tall



Tall tow'r the Pines, the ground is mantled green  
 With Box, and on the hills the range of Cedars seen.  
 Well may my People stand with awe, and own  
 Such miracles Jehovah's work alone,

But now as raptur'd as they first were aw'd  
 Rejoice to think Jehovah Jacob's God.

Yea I am Jacob's King. Again draw near  
 Ye impious Nations, make your cause appear,  
 Try if the Gods in whom ye place your might  
 Can stand the searching of Jehovah's light,

Bring 'em before Me, set them in my view,  
 And as I prove them shall I sentence you.

Ye graven Idols, works of human hands,  
 Of you man's works his Maker thus demands.

Say what shall happen, what shall first arise,  
 And what they are? for if ye thus are wise

Th' accomplishment will prove; yea now declare

Th' events of times remote, and with me share,

As Gods with God, the Glory which alone

Encircleth Wisdom's everlasting throne.

Yea, if you are my Peers, this instant shew

Pow'r to produce some deed whose force below

(Like mine) whole empires feel a public joy, or woe.

O

Then

Then are ye Gods confests'd, then Nations you  
With admiration or with wonder view.  
But ye are nought to act, or to foresee,  
And when to you your Makers bend the knee  
My soul abhors their self-degrading mind  
Thus to your nothingness so madly blind,  
So treas'nous to their God, and their own godlike kind. }  
Nay they might know (did sin not darken thought)  
Your operation to be less than nought.  
Rais'd is My wrath, and thence I summon forth  
My minister of vengeance from the North,  
Who from the Sun's uprising shall proclaim  
Far o'er the world Jehovah's glorious name.  
Kings shall he tread as Mortar in his way,  
Kings as the potter tramples down the clay.  
Thus have I shew'd the rising of this Star,  
And is there one of you can look so far  
That we might say 'tis truth? not one of You,  
And therefore none revere your words as true.  
I first to Sion cry, lo! these appear!  
First the glad tidings found in Sion's ear.

But for an Idol when I look around  
 If any one Prophetic can be found  
 None can I see; for 'tis to God alone  
 The future, present, past at once are known,  
 They all are vanity, they all are nought,  
 But Wind the molten things by frantic Folly wrought.

## C H A P. XLII.

BEHOLD my servant whose support am I,  
 My chosen, and my Soul's supremest joy,  
 On Him unmeasur'd shall my spirit rest;  
 And give him to the world the teacher blest  
 Of Judgement, gentle is his voice, his word  
 Not clam'rous shall by mild esteem be heard.  
 Not flax dim-burning shall His spirit meek  
 Quench, or the slender reed tho' bruised break.  
 So shall he publish Judgement's equal law  
 That latest ages thence their light shall draw.  
 Yet in his still voice shall my pow'r be found,  
 Nor ought obstruct the sweet but forceful sound

Till all the hearts of men shall Judgement fear,  
And all the people press the Teacher blest to hear.

This is the word of that Almighty God  
Who made the Heav'ns, and hung them all abroad,  
Who launch'd the world into the sea of space,  
With blessings freighted, and bedeck'd with grace,  
Life in unnumber'd forms appointed there,  
And bade it's Monarch man his image bear.

O thou belov'd of God, Jehovah's friend,  
Thee have I summon'd for a glorious end.  
Thy hand in mine, supported still by me  
Thou to the world a Covenant shalt be,  
Rise on the nations a long-wish'd-for light,  
Release captivity, give blindness sight,  
And pining mis'ry snatch from the dank dungeon's  
night.

I am Jehovah, this is my dread name,  
Who claim my glories at their peril claim;  
Perish who dare to graven Idols raise  
The glorifying voice of utmost Praise.  
O God, from Truth's eternal fount divine  
Streams of pure light thy bless'd predictions shine.

Truth art thou, God, and while thy words of grace  
 I now divulge to all the human race,  
 Ordain'd such scenes of Glory to reveal  
 Can I a man for man so little feel,  
 As now not urge my heart to wake up all it's Zeal. }  
 Sing to the Lord the newest song of praise,  
 O'er the whole earth loud Halleluiahs raise,  
 Yea all that on his space of Oceans ply  
 Your hardy warfare with the stormy sky  
 Still on the seas ye Myriads, all who 'bide  
 In distant sea-ports near the roaring tide,  
 Ye who in deserts seen by none but God  
 Hold in His solitudes your drear abode,  
 Who live in tents by Kedar's wilds embrac'd,  
 Yea ev'ry people spread o'er ev'ry waste,  
 Or whom the tyrants of the earth exile  
 From light's sweet solace under earth to toil,  
 Ye throngs of all the cities, or who till  
 Aside the hamlets vale or vine-clad hill,  
 Each shore, each ocean, ev'ry vale, and waste  
 Break into song, up to the mountains haste,



Up to the high rocks, ye, who near 'em dwell,  
And into shoutings the big transports swell,  
Give all your trumpets breath, the standards raise  
That all the distant lands may join your praise;  
Let Triumph spread her blazing wings abroad,  
And the whole Earth to God Hosanna sing, to God.  
Ah! I behold all-arming for his war  
Jehovah's self—Earth's heroes back afar  
Fall with demolish'd glory, such I see  
The terrors of th' all-arming Deity.  
Your vaunted champions raging for the fight  
Melt in my view at this sublimer sight.  
God cries aloud, Jehovah thus amain  
Shouts, shall I still their load of guilt sustain?  
Silent too long, yet not for ever, I  
Withhold myself from them who me defy,  
But like a woman in her Travail's woe  
Short-breathing pause, and then out-shrieking shew  
With what a rage, with what a fire I burn,  
And hurrying onwards all the hills upturn

Beneath

Beneath my force, and as my flames pass by  
Instant my flames the range of woods destroy,  
Rivers to deserts change, Floods in an instant dry.

A diff'rent aspect to my Friends I bear;  
They all the while engage my tend'rest care,  
Their Blind I lead thro' ways untrod before,  
And their long darkness now for ever o'er  
The rough way smoothing into plains they see,  
Lift up their hands, and bless the Deity.

Thus I my faithful servants still embrace,  
And see them still exulting in my Grace:

Accurs'd my Rebel, utterly undone

He falls, his trust the graven God alone.

Before his own work would he rev'rent stand,

To Idols raise the glorifying hand,

Yea to the mould'ring fragment of a tree

Ascribe the never-dying pow'r of Me.

Hear, O ye deaf, and with attentive mind,

That ye may see, regard me, O ye blind!

Who is the blind, but one that most should see,

My servant; who the deaf (oh shame!) but He

To whom I sent my messengers of grace,  
Nor would he view the beamings of my face,  
Nor tho' Jehovah's servant yield his ear,  
Nor deign my voice with docile awe revere,  
Yet still on him the grace of God descends,  
The Sinner sparing for it's own great ends.  
But lo! Jehovah shall exalt his praise,  
Reach forth his hand, and high his Glory raise.  
Thence Rapine far this People's treasure bears,  
And their proud Chiefs precipitates on snares.  
Deep in the dungeon are they plung'd from day,  
Spoil'd of their all; and when for help they pray  
In vain for help around them they explore,  
Since all around them storms of Rapine roar,  
Nor hear they any cry restore the spoil restore,  
Yet who to this among you will attend,  
And thus admonish'd for the future mend,  
Who (deem ye) Jacob gave to Rapine's pow'r,  
And who bade Rapine Israel's wealth devour?  
Jehovah's self, to whom rebellious, they  
Err'd from his path, nor would his law obey.

Thence

Thence in dread war He pour'd his flaming ire,  
'Round Israel kindled his unnotic'd fire,  
Yea wrapt him in it, but he would not see,  
Nor seen the present woe, far worse repentant flee.

CHAP. XLIII.

YET now, saith God ; (who in peculiar grace  
Created thee, O Jacob, who thy race  
Form'd, O distinguish'd Israel :) know not fear  
Since I have deign'd thy Saviour to appear,  
Set thee conspicuous by My dread design,  
My glory gave thee and proclaim'd thee Mine.  
Fear then, ah ! fear not, for thy Saviour-God  
Shall yet preserve thee with his lifted rod  
Amid the waters, and his presence nigh  
Grant thee 'mid wall'd-up waves a passage dry,  
Nor suffer flame-begirt his chosen one to die.  
I am thy God, and thou to me so dear  
That Israel's Holy One is always near

Thee

Thee to redeem. Thy ransom Egypt paid,  
 And Cush and Saba were thy victims made,  
 Because with thee I found the faithful few  
 Who lov'd my laws and paid me honour due,  
 Thence have I made thee precious in my sight,  
 The richest store-house of My purer light.  
 Thence, O distinguish'd Israel, to sustain  
 Thy hallow'd weal must many men be slain,  
 And many Nations fall thro' times to come  
 Thine to deliver from impending doom.  
 Then fear thou, fear thou not, for from the West  
 My wings shall gather up thy sons distress'd,  
 And them my kind concern call from the farthest East,  
 Yea to the North my tender care shall cry,  
 And to the South my sounding summons fly  
 Mine own assembling from the world's last ends  
 As far as Ocean rolls, and Earth extends.  
 Yea every one that bears my holy name,  
 Whom for my glory I rejoic'd to frame,  
 All who in hopes of my Salvation wait,  
 Whom it was my great purpose to create,

Tow'rs



Tow'rs of my Truth o'er all the earth to stand,  
And my bright Beacons rais'd in ev'ry land.  
Have I in vain diffus'd these streams of light,  
And other springs to strengthen Reason's sight?  
Come forth, ye Peoples, all ye Nations, come,  
That will not mark my works around your home,  
With ears who hear not, who are blind with eyes  
'Mid the great lights that all around you 'rise.  
Yea all ye Peoples of the Earth appear,  
For your Creator speaks, and trembling hear!  
Is there among you that far-launching Soul  
Which o'er Futurity's vast sea can roll  
To make the present Generation wise  
By truths far-fetch'd from times anon to rise  
Beyond Conjecture's keenest ken to see,  
Who who can voyage thus Futurity?  
Have you predicted, giv'n the coming time  
This awful proof, this Miracle sublime,  
This link that ties the present with the past,  
And to the days of old unites the last?  
If from of old ye thus predicted, shew  
Whether your Idols thus could ought foreknow

Man

Man their sole prompter? witnesses produce  
 To prove their skill. The trial ye refuse;  
 Then at your peril I command you hear  
 How I can make the things unborn appear. }  
 Weigh by the proof my word, and God all-knowing fear. }  
 Yea search th' out-goings of Jehovah's mind,  
 And by the mouth of all his Prophets find  
 The knowledge which alone can come from God, }  
 Which ne'er on man his vaunted schools bestow'd, }  
 Nor hoar Experience-self through all the ages shew'd. }  
 Thou, Jacob, art my proof, Jehovah cries,  
 On thee alone my cloud of Glory lies,  
 Thou in my Temple minisrest to me, }  
 Elect of all to know the Deity, }  
 And from thy very sight to own that I am He. }  
 No God before me made; unmade was I,  
 Was from the first, and never never die.  
 I, even I am ~~the~~ Jehovah, none  
 Boasts the Redeemer's name but I alone.  
 Timely my word that spoke Redemption stood:  
 Where is the strange God thus with pow'r indued?

3

Ye

Ye 'mid the Nations are ordain'd. to shew  
That I am God, to witness what ye know  
That I am He. Mine outlet who hath known?  
Not Time, before Time was, upon my throne  
I mus'd upon his Birth, and all things saw  
That from my purpose should existence draw.  
Can ought created then my strength withstand,  
The captive snatch grasp'd in Jehovah's hand?  
Who were my aid when I created, who?  
Is there then ought that can My work undo?  
For your Redemption, faith the Holy One,  
Have I to Babylon in anger gone,  
And I will shatter into dust her bars,  
Her People worshipping in vain my Stars,  
When at my word the mighty River flees  
That bore the fleets that burthen'd half the seas.  
I am Jehovah whom your fathers saw  
Tame the tempestuous waves beneath my Law.  
Them I mine own created, them mine hand  
Led on with wonders to the promis'd land,  
And built them up a race beneath my own command.

Thus,

Thus, saith Jehovah, saith the glorious God;  
Who o'er the waste of waters rais'd his rod.  
Back the sea fell, the Godhead march'd before;  
Your Sires advancing, gain the adverse shore,  
And thence behold the reflux waves amain  
Close o'er the pressing pomp of Pharaoh's train,  
There there Jehovah with his arm of force  
The warrior leads, and the reluctant horse,  
The sea shuts o'er them, and they rise no more,  
Your Fathers prostrate fall, and trembling God ador  
Thus are they vanish'd, such my flaming ire,  
My foes but Flax beneath a raging fire:  
Yet now remember not my works of old,  
My miracles in sacred record told.  
Of them forgetful now a wonder new  
Soon to arise receive in rapture's view.  
Will ye regard it not? behold I clear  
Thro' pathless wilds a path, thro' deserts drear  
The lightsome road expand. Down gloomy wastes  
The sparkling stream in many a murmur hastes.  
Chear'd at the sound, the Ostrich passing by,  
And the rous'd Dragons, <sup>self</sup> ~~and~~ Jehovah glorify;

Me glorify that here the waters spring,  
That thro' the waste a flowing stream I bring  
To quench my People's thirst, whose thankful heart  
O'er all the Nations should my praise impart.  
So should'st thou, Jacob; but my favour'd race  
Repay me nought for such stupendous grace.  
Nor hast thou, Israel, labour'd in my cause,  
Nor in obedience to my holy Laws  
To me the sacrifice more solemn made,  
Not e'en the Lamb of burnt-oblation pay'd.  
Yet ask'd I never off'rings from thy hand  
Enough to lay a burthen on my land,  
Nor wearied thee demanding as a due  
The frankincense my favours claim of you.  
Small is thy cost in aromatic Seeds,  
And rarely now the precious victim bleeds.  
'Tis thou, 'tis thou the burthen lay'st on me,  
That wearying burthen thy iniquity.  
I even I am He, and still befriend  
Whom I created for my Glory's end,

Yea



Yea pitying Jacob from resentment smite  
His trespass into dark Oblivion's might.  
Hast thou not sinn'd? on equal terms with me  
Conferring urge whatever is thy plea.  
The more thy cause by thee is known, the more  
Must thou my patience bless, thy sin deplore.  
Thy chieftest Rulers who should lead the way,  
Thy Teachers who should shew it gone astray,  
Have with thy Princes made my precepts vain,  
And dar'd my Sanctuary's rites profane.  
Thence for a thing devoted Jacob's race  
By me is yielded to deserv'd disgrace,  
And Israel who disdain'd my holy Laws  
Shame and reproach from all the Nations draws.

E'en in your old age you my kind arm bore  
Your grey hairs guarding as your youth before.  
I made you for myself, and thence will bear,  
And still preserve you with a Father's care.  
To whom presumptuous will ye liken me,  
What image find that shall with God agree?  
They from the bag who lavish gold away,  
Nor in the store-house let the silver stay  
The Goldsmith hire to cast them a new God  
On whom by them Prostration is bestow'd.  
Then should'ring under him, and crouching low  
They bear the pageant in the solemn flow,  
And thence returning fix him on his stand  
Till they again shall lend a helping hand  
To give him motion, for denied this Grace  
He keeps as long as Earth itself his place,  
Dumb and unanswering hears He not their cry,  
A helpless statue, nor can help supply.  
Muse on this madness, shew you what you are—  
Men, and think deeply whom to scorn ye dare,  
Impious apostates. Let remembrance trace  
Long ages past my still continued Grace.

Q

Thence

Thence learn, thence see that God alone am I,  
Nor ought resembleth me, with me can vie,  
From the beginning skilful to foreknow,  
The things not done from earliest times to shew,  
And say with me resistless is my hand,  
My purpose when I speak it firm shall stand,  
And what I counsel still shall be obey'd,  
And what my Fiat makes be surely made.  
I call mine eagle from the East, the man  
Who acts my counsel, and completes my plan.  
What I have spoken verily shall be,  
My word the wisdom prove, my deed the pow'r of me.  
Then, O ye stubborn race, to God give heed,  
Who think not soon from mis'ry to be freed,  
(Or aw'd by guilt, or faithless in my pow'r)  
But know ye soon shall see Salvation's hour,  
As I have spoken Sion sav'd behold,  
And hail on Israel beam'd my glories as of old.

## C H A P. XLVII.

DOWN to the dust debase thee from thy throne  
Thou virgin-daughter of proud Babylon !  
Yea on the base ground sit unthron'd, O thou,  
To whom in vile subjection went to bow  
The vain Chaldæans thee their Daughter-Queen,  
The fair one of their love. How chang'd thy scene !  
Banish'd the bow'rs of delicate delight  
Thee the rough works of rustic toils affright.  
Ah ! spoil'd of peerless splendor ; from thy hair  
Rend the bright fillet, lay the ringlets bare,  
Rude, unadorn'd, dishevell'd let them flow,  
The wildness suiting to the various woe.  
How new thy hardships ! not the burning day  
Alone thy lot, but the chill watry way.  
Barefoot and barelimb'd thro' the torrents wade,  
Or toil with fev'rous heat that knows no shade.

The foe regardless of thy storied fame  
 Shall urge thy pride through all the walks of Shame.  
 Yea I will take full vengeance, nor shall heed  
 Whoe'er for pride so punish'd intercede.

Lo! our avenger is the Lord alone,  
 Whom only Israel boasts his Holy One.

Sunk down in silence, lost in servitude,  
 Lament in darkness all thy pomp subdued,  
 Thou virgin-daughter of proud Babylon,  
 For thou no longer blazing on thy throne  
*Shalt* Shall from the sounding trump of flatt'ring Fame  
 The Lady of the kingdoms hear thy name.  
 No more thy heart at Glory's shout shall glow  
 Accurs'd for ever to the cries of woe.  
 Ah! over-wrathful with my heritage  
 I gave my people to thy ruthless rage.  
 Thou hadst no mercy, didst not mercy shew  
 Where age sunk helpless under heavy woe,  
 Didst press it harder, take no count of years,  
 Of tremulous age the frailties and the fears,



But pomp-beguil'd would'st boast with triumph vain  
That always thou the Lady should'st remain.

Thus inconfid'rate wert thou in thy day,  
So little didst thou man's condition weigh.  
But hear now this, O thou voluptuous one!

So lost in levity, so pride-begone,  
Thou that I am, alone am I could'st say,  
Nor shall a cloud obscure my glorious day,

I a lone widow shall not droop forlorn,  
Nor e'er the direst loss of children mourn,

Yet in a moment this distress shall come  
Deserted childless Widowhood thy doom,

Yea in a moment, nor the hast'ning hour  
Black with thy mis'ries shall the forc'er's pow'r

With all it's potent charms a moment stay,  
Nor intercept it wing'd upon it's way.

How have I mark'd thee 'mid thy wickedness

Thyself with hopes that none should mark it blest.

Thy heart said none beholds me. Vain conceit

That thou hadst knowledge did of knowledge cheat

Thy judgement, chiefly skilful ill to know

Thou canst not ken thy precipice of woe,

And skilful of all knowledge save of God  
Thy reason sinks beneath the barren load,  
Nor fed with truth but swell'd with vanity  
Thee I heard say none is but only I.  
Thence ign'rant of all good thou can'st not know  
By pray'r to me to ward the rapid Blow  
Mine arm intends thee. Since thou know'st no good,  
Thee unrepentant is my wrath subdued  
By no atonements. Yea thus ign'rant thou  
Shalt feel destruction haste thou know'st not how  
Not knowing me. Then urge enchantments vain, }  
The forc'ers summon all, thy custom'd train, }  
Persist to try their strength, and search to find their gain. }  
Ah! wearying tumult of thy wavering mind  
'Mid such a whirl of counsels hope to find!  
Bid them to save thee urge their utmost force,  
Bid Heav'n's observer scan the heav'nly course,  
Them who prognosticate at each new moon  
Shew that event which shall befall thee soon.  
Lo! they are nothing, chaff before the wind,  
And stubble to my fire of wrath assign'd.

So small their pow'r to rescue thee, that they  
 Shall in my flame evaporate away,  
 Nor of my foes accurs'd the last last ashes stay. }  
 So baseless is thy strength, so vain to thee  
 Thy vaunted Sorc'ers in the end shall be.  
 So shall they vanish whom thy youthful pride  
 Wont to consult, and sedulously tried.  
 Each is borne off (at my command) his way, }  
 And since on me thy pow'r refus'd to stay,  
 As sapless stems unpropp'd thy Glories all decay. }

## C H A P. XLVIII.

HEAR this, O house of Jacob, ye that owe  
 Your name to patriarch Israel, ye that flow  
 From the blest fount of Judah, ye who swear  
 By the great name Jehovah, and declare  
 God o'er the nations, (not the while sincere  
 Tho' call'd from him, nor his by faithful fear.)

Q 4

Who

Who from the holy City take your name,  
And Israel's God your great support proclaim,  
I am the God of Hosts, Jehovah, who  
Brought from the first the former things to view,  
From me the words proceeded, words of mine,  
And thence effectual from my pow'r divine.  
Thee stubborn found, I brought them soon to pass,  
Thy neck a sinew strong of iron, brass  
Thy shameless front, my words to pass I brought  
Least thou might'st say mine idol this had wrought,  
My graven or my molten image made  
This thing effectual by their sacred aid.  
Thence I the thing predicted in thine ear,  
Which own accomplish'd, and my pow'r revere,  
Hence from the darkness of the times unknown  
By me to Israel future things are shewn,  
Predictions new to thee, nor such of old  
Were by my Prophets to thy fathers told.  
For least, ye godless, your malign despite  
Blur the rich radiance of eternal light,  
Asserting the prediction known before,  
Dark-hinting other springs ye might explore

For such high knowledge,—say I now, now know  
That I a new thing will this instant shew.  
For from of old with ears thou didst not hear,  
Nor Truth to wilful blindness deign'd appear.  
Though from my Throne I shed the goodly light  
Clouds from thy heart arose to veil thy sight.  
That heart I knew, discern'd it's evil frame,  
And <sup>om</sup>for thy birth apostate was thy name.  
Yet for my purpose shall my judgement stay,  
And ~~from~~ my praise my wrath it's work delay.  
Least thee (ordain'd for my great ends) destroy'd  
I have in vain my instrument employ'd.  
Thee have I prov'd but not with fiercest flame,  
And with Affliction's furnace search'd thy frame.  
With thee my dealings gracious shall approve  
God o'er the earth, and shew that God is Love,  
But that I somewhat punish still shall shew  
There is a debt which I my Glory owe,  
Nor must my foes imagine that they see,  
My people perish'd, mightier Gods than me.  
Then hear, and this, my servant Jacob, own,  
This, Israel thou my chosen call'd alone,

That



That I am He who am the first and last,  
 That by my hand the earth was founded fast,  
 And by my right-hand's grasp the glorious Heav'ns  
                   embrac'd.

Come then together all of You, and hear  
 Things that should smite th' expectant earth with fear.  
 Yea my dread word hath pass'd to bring to light  
 Such dire convulsions as the world affright.  
 He comes, the conq'ror who my favour boasts,  
 His armies marching with the Lord of Hosts.  
 Hath any one of you the like declar'd?  
 But know th' elect of God, and Heav'n-prepar'd  
 On Babylon to execute my will,  
 And dreadfully my vengeance to fulfil  
 On proud Chaldæa—shall the word obey  
 Which I have spoken, for I smoothe his way,  
 And as I call'd him so mine arm shall lead,  
 And as I purpos'd so shall he succeed.

And now to Me with rev'rence, all, draw near,  
 And own My edict from the first was clear,  
 That ere th' event ye could my purpose see,  
 Long ere th' event discern my dread decree.

And

And now to execute his great intent  
Me hath Jehovah with his spirit sent,

Thus speaks Jehovah, Israel's Holy One,  
I am thy God, and thou art Mine alone.  
Thee have I taught the path of goodliest gain,  
To thee the ways of Righteousness made plain.  
O thou my chosen, still distinguish'd race,  
Did not thy disobedience me disgrace  
A River's wealth were thy prosperity,  
Thy blessedness the treasures of the sea,  
Thy children num'rous as the sea-beat sand,  
Or as the dust in all the desert-land.

Thy land a garden cultur'd by My love  
Would o'er the earth Jehovah's goodness prove,  
And then, my People, man would learn from thee  
His only hope, his utmost good to see,  
Or were he envious, nought his hostile might  
Could harm thy num'rous race my soul's delight.  
Still I am with you, sinful as ye are,  
And still my Sion is Jehovah's care.

Come

Come then from Babylon, my captives, come  
From Sorrow's dungeons to the joys of home,  
At ease, my mercies publish all abroad,  
Give out my goodness, draw mankind to God,  
Say ye, Jehovah with an outstretch'd hand  
Back hath his servants brought to Judah's land.  
Safe thro' the desert them his mercy led,  
Them in the needy wild his mercy fed,  
Them 'mid the range of rocks he made to go,  
But smote the rocks, and forc'd the streams to flow.  
Yea, faith Jehovah, this is my decree  
That who the path of peace would tread, must flee  
From Sin's polluted haunts, assur'd to find  
Through all delights their God a leader kind.

## C H A P. XLIX.

HEAR me, ye lands, from Earth's remotest end,  
To me, ye People, from afar attend.  
Me from the womb Jehovah form'd his own,  
And ere I came to birth my name made known.  
My mouth his spirit fram'd a piercing sword,  
Arm'd with heart-rending energy my word,  
And in his own right-hand's capacious shade  
Me his belov'd awhile in darkness laid.  
Me hath he made his brightest shaft, and me  
The keenest arrow from his armoury  
Choice-treasur'd thro' the ages. Thence he said  
Thou art my servant, Israel, whom I made  
The glories of Jehovah to sustain.  
To which mine answer was : Ah ! then in vain,  
For nought, for vanity my strength is spent,  
Yet thine I am and with my cause content,  
That cause Jehovah's, and the great reward  
Of all my labours by my God prepar'd.

God

God speaks, He speak's who me mine office gave,  
 Who from the womb conducted me to save  
 His chosen Jacob, and from sin retrieve  
 His Israel, therefore is he kind to give  
 Me peerless glories in his purest eye,  
 And me with all-sufficient strength supply.  
 Yea thus Jehovah speaks; to thee 'tis small  
 That I Jehovah thee my servant call  
 From Jacob's stem, reviving shoots to rear,  
 And Israel's branches force anew t' appear.  
 Since to the nations thee I give their light,  
*And rest the world's salvation on thy might.*  
 Thy God the Holy One of Israel says,  
 Whom Sion her Redeemer hails with praise.

To Him, to Him whose person is unpriz'd,  
 Who by the nations is abhorr'd, despis'd,  
 A serving-ruler's servant—Kings shall own  
 His presence glorious rising from their throne  
 To do him rev'rence that the world may say  
 Truth, O Jehovah, marks thy ev'ry way,  
 And, O thou God of Israel, all mankind  
 See in thy servant blest a grace for all design'd.



Thus saith Jehovah : O thou chosen one !  
I heard thee from my everlasting throne,  
I heard thee when my season 'gan disclose  
Redemption's day, and pitying heal'd thy woes.  
I heard thee then, and from my heav'nly height  
Pour'd all about thee my Salvation's light.  
Still through all time securely shalt thou shine  
With all mankind my covenant divine.  
Thee leading Restoration with thy hand  
Lo ! the lost exile views his native land.  
The wasted heritage anew possess'd  
Is with it's own now happier master blest.  
Thou to the pris'ner shalt proclaim—be free—  
They who in darkness sit the light shall see,  
Plenty shall feed the wand'ers on the way  
Who fearless o'er the range of mountains stray.  
Then gnawing hunger, fev'rous thirst no more,  
None shall the Sun's unshadow'd heat deplore,  
For He, their gracious guide, shall lead them where  
Gush out the brooks and warble on their ear,  
O'er levell'd mountains shall his people lead,  
And bid their caus'ey scorn the watry mead.

Lo!

Lo! these from Sinim, farther these shall come,  
 These leave a northern, these a western home.  
 The whole earth up Salvation's star descried  
 On from the world's end rolls the peopled tide.  
 Ye gazing heav'ns aloud your transports cry,  
 And hear all earth resound your roar of joy!  
 Shout forth, ye Hosts of Heav'n, all Earth rejoice,  
 For God hath heard with pity Mis'ry's voice,  
 Show'rs o'er his people Pity's healing rays,  
 With heav'nly comfort all their grief allays,  
 Thy paths, O Peace, expands, O Truth, thy pleasant  
                   ways.

Alas, cries Sion, God forsaketh me,  
 Friendly no more my Holy One I see,  
 Can a fond Mother so from nature start  
 As not to give her sucking babe her heart,  
 As not the babe she bore—with tenderness,  
 And all a Mother's passion to caress?  
 This, this may be (Jehovah saith) but I  
 To thee can never thus my love deny.  
 Lo! in his palms thy Holy One has wrought  
 Thy name, yea ever in my tend'rest thought

Before

## C H A P. XLIV.

HEAR, O my servant, me, O Jacob, hear!

My chosen Israel to thy Maker dear;

For from the Womb (saith God) thy frame I made,

Thee nurt'ring still with my parental aid.

Then, O my servant Jacob, fear not thou,

Nor, O Jeshurun, mine by sacred vow.

For nigh the thirsty shall my torrents fall,

And from the rocks the gushing brooks I call,

Still on thy seed my Spirit shall descend,

And thy lov'd offspring still my Grace befriend.

They spring abundant as the green grass grows

(Amid whose level lawn the river flows)

Or as by freshning pool the willow's shadowy rows.

Joy in their hearts, says one with holy pride,

Me with himself Jehovah has allied.

Another calls himself by Jacob's name

Pleas'd to appropriate thus the Patriarch's fame,

This in his zeal the puncture's pain despis'd  
Marks on his hand the signature most priz'd  
Jehovah's name, and when it meets his eyes,  
'Tis Israel's God, 'tis Israel's God—he cries.  
Jehovah thus the King of Israel says,  
Israel's Redeemer thus himself displays—  
I am the first, the last am I, for none  
Can boast with me an everlasting throne.  
The only God am I, for who like me  
Hath this event been able to foresee,  
Long ere it's time it's coming to declare,  
And into act conduct it by his care?  
Their Gods not e'en the things fast-coming shew,  
Far less the dark events remoter know.  
Then fear ye not, my People, but review  
What in the days of old I shew'd to you.  
'Tis your's to witness that my works have shewn  
Me, me the everlasting God alone.  
Wide as I cast my all-capacious sight  
I see no sure protection but my might.  
The craftsmen of the graven imag'ry  
Are but expert to fabricate a lie,

And

And works so vain the toils of impious art  
Justly to them the Fool's reward impart.  
Sure they should blush pretending to contrive  
Gods who to them no better meed can give,  
Nor in their new shape do them other good  
Than when unbark'd and all in leaf they stood.  
But blush they shall at such an abject aim,  
And conscious of their kind be sunk with shame,  
Yea their Associates when the thing they view  
Shall own their self-desertion, yea the crew  
The very slaves that bore the log, shall say  
Must this become a God another day,  
A God yet made by man to which we Men must pray. }  
Such is their shame when I shall pour my light,  
And startle palsied blindness into sight.  
Then all amaz'd this idol-building band  
Before the vain work shall assembled stand.  
To think they gave it my tremendous name  
Deep to their hearts strikes horror, grief and shame.  
That man should so forget his origin!  
The forger Smith is party to the sin.



A portion of his iron first is brought,  
 This in the glowing coals is fitly wrought.  
 Then beat upon it with his brawny might  
 His hammers press it shapelier to the sight.  
 Wearied and hungry, faint and thirsting, still  
 He plies his labour with relentless will;  
 Proud of the glories that anon shall shine  
 Around his iron when it grows divine.  
 Elsewhere the Carpenter is busied, he  
 First racks his thought to plan a Deity.  
 His line is ready, takes he then his stand,  
 The lump of ocre in his lifted hand.  
 The sketch is finish'd; with the compass tried—  
 'Tis well (says he) and shall be deified.  
 Then with the sharp tool lab'ring on the plan  
 He works the God out in the shape of man.  
 Man's shape it wears, his loveliest form of grace  
 Thence in the house assign'd the safest place  
 Least haply some rude storm the beauteous God deface.  
 The craftsman raptur'd that his fair design  
 Comes out at length so perfectly divine,

Deems

Deems that his rich invention hath in seed  
A fertile fund for ever Gods to breed.  
Down fall the groves of cedar for this end,  
Down oaks and pines his huge-limb'd axes rend,  
Whatever suiting trees the forests yield  
Enough he stores a host of Gods to build.  
Then planting ashes, them (saith he) the rain  
Will soon bring up to multiply my gain.  
Gainful indeed, their fagots for the fire  
To warm the workman when his labours tire;  
To heat his oven, and to bake his bread  
While of the choicer stock a God is made  
Wrought from his best device; to which he pays  
Prostration, and with frantic fervour prays.  
The branches deem'd unfit for Deities  
He thence the fuel of his fire supplies:  
On part he boils his flesh, or haply roasts,  
And with warm viands heart-elated boasts,  
When feast and friends and chearing wine inspire,  
Aha! how warm I am, I have enjoy'd this fire!  
Yet all the while insensate has forgot  
That of the logs which burn, and waste, and rot,

Part he has made his God, the unburnt part  
 Has bent man's knee before it, bow'd man's heart,  
 Worshipp'd, and pray'd to it, and humbly said,  
 Oh! save me, glorious God, oh! give me thy great aid.  
 Nought understand they, one vast blot their mind,  
 Extinct all reason's light, as brute, Earth blind—  
 Could he not instant think him that the wood  
 By which he roasted, bak'd or boil'd his food  
 Could not a relic leave to make a living God?  
 Not instant say shall I this relic take,  
 And thence the dread abomination make?  
 Shall I a man debase me to a Tree,  
 Crouch to this stock, and bend the beggar's knee?  
 He feeds on ashes, madness in the heart  
 Thus makes the creature from his Maker start,  
 When his own soul to save he cannot cry  
 Lo! in my right hand is there not a lie.  
 Deep on these things, O Jacob, ponder, shew  
 My servant Israel, whilst thy thoughts bestow  
 Their fix'd attention here that thou thyself dost know,  
 Thyself consid'ring for my purpose fram'd,  
 And from of old my chosen People nam'd

That

That still from thee my name divulg'd abroad—  
 Some trace might stay to rescue man to God,  
 O Israel, me thy trust through every age  
 Thy int'rests shall my guardian arm engage.  
 Thence as a cloud thy sins before me fly,  
 As into air the vapours melting die,  
 But thou remembering all my grace to thee  
 Should'st with ingenuous heart all trespasses flee,  
 Seek thy Redeemer's face, and sorrowing yearn for me.

Sing, O ye heav'nly Hosts, to whom are known  
 The secrets of my dread eternal throne,  
 The benefits by me of old design'd  
 (Ere Time's career is clos'd) to bless mankind,  
 O conscious Earth, through all thy depths profound,  
 Thy ample oceans pour a joyful sound;  
 Break into song, each everlasting hill,  
 Yea all the trees which all the forests fill,  
 For lo! Jehovah Jacob hath redeem'd,  
 And God his glories over Israel beam'd.  
 Thus then thy dread Redeemer saith, e'en He  
 Who from the very womb created thee.

I am the God who made not thee alone  
But all things; underneath my glorious throne  
Stretching the Heav'ns my footstool them I spread  
To arch (a wondrous heighth) above thy head.  
Present in Earth and Heav'n, and where thy race  
Cannot in thought my vast out-goings trace  
None I permit my prescience to pretend,  
But frustrate the Blasphemer's impious end.  
And they that divination's skill would shew  
Shall weep their Wisdom sunk in Phrensy's woe,  
Yea all whose vain device my praise would claim  
Shall mourn their proud Hope whelm'd in Folly's shame,  
Yea ev'ry knowledge but what me regards  
Meets by my doom Impiety's rewards.  
Yea I am God, and careful of my plan  
Guard with my Providence the weal of man,  
Therein who serve me God their friend shall know,  
And all my own to me their safety owe.  
Be peopled, to Jerusalem I say,  
To Judah's Cities walls anew survey,  
To scenes of desolation I restore  
The fair fertility they knew before,

Yea



Yea to the deep 'tis I alone who cry  
Be wasted, to the Rivers be ye dry;  
To Cyrus thou my shepherd art, and He  
Exulting joys my Minister to be;  
To Sion thou shalt rear thy tow'ry head,  
And thou, my Temple, see thy fair foundations laid.

## C H A P. XLV.

THUS to th' Anointed saith the pow'r divine,  
O Cyrus, whose right-hand fast-held in mine  
Wide o'er the world I lead thy conqu'ring course  
Wither the Kings before thee of their force,  
Bid at thy call the valves all open fly,  
And all the brazen gates my victor nigh.  
For I Jehovah will thy armies lead,  
Will all the mountains smoothe beneath their speed,  
Will all the valves of Brass asunder break,  
And to the ground the bars of Iron shake.

The

The spoils of ages treasur'd up in night  
Shall forth present them to thy matchless might,  
That thus supported thou may'st honour Me  
Who by thy name to glory summon'd thee,  
Yea may'st Jehovah God of Israel know  
Since on thy throne the Nations I bestow  
For Israel's sake, and for my chosen land  
Bind on thy brow the victor's brightest band.  
I am alone Jehovah; 'tis my law  
From which the light and darkness being draw,  
Whence peace and war, whence good and evil spring,  
For I am God, the universal King.  
O ye blest Heav'ns, descend in balmy dews,  
Ye clouds the show'r of Righteousness diffuse,  
Relent, O Earth, thy harder bosom; yield  
Thy nurt'ring moisture that Salvation's field  
Her fruit of soul-felt gladness may bestow,  
That odour-breathing all about may grow,  
Calm Justice, thy fair bud preventive best of woe.  
This is Jehovah's work, for this my pow'r  
Has order'd all things from Creation's hour.

Then woe befall him whose fell heart with me  
 Contends that God's great wish shall fruitless be.  
 Rebellion most rebellious! Shall the clay,  
 The cup a forming, to the moulder say  
 What makest Thou? and in his working hand  
 Proofs of its pow'r the work itself demand?  
 Shall Sons unpunish'd of their rev'rend Sire  
 Proofs of his right to their respect require?  
 Shall Sons unpunish'd bid their Mother prove  
 Her thousand sacred claims on filial Love?  
 Thus saith Jehovah, hear, O envious Earth,  
 Yea Israel's Holy One from Israel's birth  
 Thus speaks, the God whose comprehensive mind  
 From the beginning all his course design'd.  
 Me dare ye blame, Me who created all  
 That Israel's People I my chosen call?  
 Me the Creator shall the Creature guide,  
 Man o'er the Counsels of his God preside?  
 Yea blind to all things vainly hope to see  
 What I alone behold, futurity,  
 And of the works I made, presume to question me?

Earth

Earth have I made, and man upon it gave  
 To serve my Glory not my pow'r to brave.  
 The Heav'ns my works which far his world outshine  
 With all their hosts obey My will divine.  
 Yet the blest time shall come when rebel man  
 Shall yield him pliant to my gracious plan,  
 His nobler throne on trampled Pride shall raise,  
 And I with Peace shall level all his ways,  
 Bid Meekness bind him with her gentle law,  
 With Charity's soft cord his whole heart draw  
 Without a price to spread the reign of Peace,  
 With mutual ardour mutual joy increase,  
 My holy place rebuild, my captive Sons release.

Thus saith Jehovah God of Hosts : The gold  
 Of Egypt, all her fertile stores untold,  
 The merchandize of Cush to Jacob's home,  
 Yea the Sabæans tall of stature come  
 Thy servants, thine, thee following from afar  
 The chains of stern captivity to bear.  
 These mighty ones shall humbly bow to thee,  
 And pray thy favour with a suppliant knee.

In Thee alone is God, and him besides  
None other is. O thou whose right hand guides  
Salvation to thy Sion, truly Thou  
Rollest a wreath of darkness 'round thy brow.  
Nor aught this darkness scatt'reth but thy Voice  
That in his Maker man may most rejoice.  
Confusion is their fate who Thee oppose,  
And dire dismay shall seize thy fiercest foes  
Who worship Idols, but thy chosen race  
Shall hail their God triumphant in his Grace.  
Yea, Israel, Israel, the blest time I see  
When shame and grief for ever fall'n from thee  
Thou shin'st in Glory's robe for all eternity.  
For thus Jehovah saith, thus Sion's God  
From whose dread brow Light's ev'ry radiance flow'd,  
From whom (his rich-wrought vest) all Nature's frame,  
Earth, Ocean, Air, and Heav'n, and all their glories came.  
Great are my works, and wondrous is my word  
By thee, O Israel, not in secret heard;  
I am the God of Truth, the God of Might,  
And fearless bare my answer to the light.

Then



Then all assembling now together come,  
And from the Nations freed review your home:  
Infatuate are they, nought have understood  
Who bear about the carv'd ill-worshipp'd wood:  
Me the sole fount of life, it's Makers aid  
Ask of the thing man's impotence has made.  
This all abroad proclaim, and bring them near;  
And let them all conferring surely clear  
Who from of old has made this purpose known;  
Who from the first the dispensation shewn?  
'Tis I Jehovah spoke it, I whose word  
Alone is truth, and who alone afford  
Certain Salvation: O ye Sons of men  
I would ye ponder'd this again, again.  
O ye remotest People of the Earth  
I am your Parent, gave you all your birth;  
O then consider, look alone to me,  
From all vain Gods, vain hopes, vain passions flee,  
And learn, my children, ere it be too late,  
Ere Judgement doom you to Jehovah's hate  
That I am all in all—your pow'r—your law—your fate.

For

For verily I am Creation's Lord,  
And by my sacred self have sworn the word.  
'Twas truth, and forth has gone, and what I said  
Shall be (whate'er oppose) effectual made.  
Hear ye the word, ye Sons of men give ear,  
The word, that bodes your utmost weal, revere.  
Surely the time shall come when ev'ry knee  
O'er all the Earth shall only bend to Me,  
To act my Will the universal care  
O'er ev'ry nation ev'ry tongue shall swear  
By me alone. Then comes my perfect reign,  
Then o'er the wide world hear I this blest strain.  
Glory to God that on his gorgeous throne  
Circled with Pow'r sits awefully alone,  
From whom still streaming rays of Mercy flow,  
And wide o'er Earth Salvation's light bestow.

Then, who my laws accustom'd once to blame  
Shall own conviction, feel repentant shame,  
Shall haste to me with love-attemper'd fear—  
And cry (Salvation found) 'tis only, only here.  
Then scorn then envy in mankind no more  
Salvation's radiance spread the whole Earth o'er

The

The sacred Sons of Jacob shall appear  
 The leading steps to God's eternal year,  
 And all thro' them thus blest shall thankful say  
 Lo! these are justified—then Glory pay  
 Them thro' the ages sent our Harbingers to Day.

## C H A P. XLVI.

BEL boweth down, and Nebo croucheth low;  
 Beneath the pondrous Idols moving slow  
 Groan th' oppressed cattle, yea the Gods of stone  
 Low bow, low crouch, and make their bearers groan,  
 Vain Gods! who cannot their own charge secure,  
 Lift, and deliver, who themselves endure  
 The captive's thralldom, and insensate stand  
 The Victor's trophies in a foreign land.  
 Not so, O house of Jacob, I to thee,  
 Nor such to Israel, whom my pow'r could free.  
 For ye by God are carried from the womb  
 'Till wearied age would slumber in the tomb.

Before me rise thy walls my dear delight;  
 And Sion's hill is ever in my sight:  
 Thy fierce destroyers shall anon become  
 The readiest to rebuild thy sacred home;  
 Yea they who laid thee waste (so love shall reign)  
 Become the brothers of thy homeblest train:  
 Lift, lift thine eyes; around thee look; and see  
 The band fraternal smiling haste to thee:  
 Yea as I live; and am th' eternal God;  
 Rob'd in their friendship, richest robe, abroad  
 Shalt thou come cheerly forth in blameless pride;  
 And wear their friendship as her gems the Bride:  
 Where all thy land in ruins drest was laid;  
 Where grim Destruction long his haunt had made:  
 Thy sons of whom thou wert bereav'd shall say  
 Wou'dst thou with thee thy children wish to stay—  
 Enlarge thy land; for here is need of room;  
 And thou shalt cry aloud ah! whence are come  
 My long-lamented children to their home?  
 They were not thought I once, and was bereav'd  
 Where loss went heaviest; and alone I griev'd

R

An

An outcast then—O God, 'twas thy kind care  
That thus could nurse 'em, thus my Children rear.  
Shout out with joy, for on that happy day  
Lo! (saith Jehovah) I my hand display  
To all the people, I my signal shew,  
And lo! to Sion's land they all exulting flow.  
Thy Sons, a sacred charge, their bosoms bear,  
Thy Daughters bring they with a fondling care,  
Kings to thy sons have foster-fathers prov'd,  
Thy daughters Queens like nursing Mothers lov'd.  
See—to the ground they bend their faces low,  
And awful rev'rence to my Sion shew.  
And now she cries Jehovah is the name  
In which who trust for ever fly from shame.  
Who from the mighty bears their spoil away?  
Who from the fierce their fury-ravish'd prey?  
I (saith the Lord) will from the mighty bear  
Their spoil, and from the fierce their treasure tear.  
I to thy bosom will thy children send  
With them contending who with thee contend,

And



And them whose proud oppression Thee subdued  
 (Their rage oft fir'd by Wine's inflaming flood)  
 I'll gorge and deeply drench in their own fev'rous blood. }  
 Then shall pride-harden'd man be taught to feel,  
 And (when thy Saviour I myself reveal,  
 I from of old thy Holy One alone)  
 To wish the same Redeemer for his Own.

## C H A P. L.

HAVE I (faith God) to you a Tyrant's will  
 In ought discover'd?—The divorcing bill  
 By which your Mother I dismiss'd display;  
 Or who among my creditors can say  
 I sold you slaves to him? but if thus sold—  
 Were it not Sin that you 'mid slaves enroll'd?  
 Yea to your manifold transgression owes  
 Your suff'ring Mother all her countless woes.  
 Why when I come to meet me none appear,  
 Why when I summon none the summons hear?

My hand to aid must sure diminish'd seem,  
Too impotent to rescue, and redeem.  
But lo! I raise it, and the sea is dry,  
Where on it's burning base the monsters lie,  
And on the new waste parch'd, the fever'd fishes die. }  
God has the Heav'ns in deepest darkness dress'd,  
And o'er their bright arch cast a sackcloth vest.  
He deigns to me the tongue of Wisdom give  
From whence their comfort the distress'd receive  
When most they need it. Still at dawn of light  
Mine ear He wakeneth with intense delight,  
To drink the music of his gracious word,  
And such a Teacher raptur'd zeal afford.  
For not indocile in my deepest thought  
I the whole spirit of his precepts wrought.  
Thence come I forth the teacher of mankind,  
My school the wisdom of Jehovah's mind,  
Nor yet of man contemptuous, tho' my law  
I neither from his school or conduct draw.  
For I am meek and lowly; them that smite  
I give my back, and them whose proud delight

Is insult, e'en to them I turn my cheek,  
 And tho' they rend my hair, continue meek,  
 Nor tho' the cruel urge the last disgrace  
 From shameful spitting I withhold my face.  
 Yet not asham'd, for lo ! Jehovah me  
 Still helps, and still beneath me man I see.  
 Thence as a flint my face I set, and know  
 That Glory bounds my gloomy day of woe.  
 That tho' Confusion threat I need not fear,  
 For God my guardian is for ever near.  
 Who dares me let him, dare urge all his force ;  
 Dauntless I stand athwart his fiercest course,  
 Nor heed the contest whosoe'er oppose,  
 Certain to rise superior to my foes.  
 Since God himself still vindicates my plea  
 Who then against me aught shall dare decree ?  
 'Tis not, my God, with me as them, for They  
 Shall with their generations melt away,  
 Wax like a garment old, and from the moth decay. }  
 They that among you shall Jehovah fear  
 Jehovah's servant let them humbly hear,

They that in darkness mourn their absent light  
Let them trust only in Jehovah's might ;  
Let them who feel their mortal lot a load  
Seek for their sole support the living God,  
All ye your fire who kindle into blaze,  
And high upon it heaps of fuel raise,  
Exulting walk before your brightning fire,  
The pile of fuel, and the blaze admire,  
Then learn of Me what most ye ought to know  
That joy like your's must terminate in woe,  
And lay your lofty hopes in deepest mis'ry low.

## CHAP. LI.

YE then who friends to righteousness revere,  
Me, and Jehovah's law with hearts sincere  
Still follow—to the rock from whence your frame  
Was hew'n respectful look, to that great name  
Your father Abram—whence your own I trace  
Well pleas'd, to Sarah-mother of your race;  
And that from one, the faithful Abram, I  
Ordain'd in grace, a countless progeny  
Review with thankful awe, and praise with holy joy.  
Still I am with you as of old, and still  
To comfort Sion is my gracious will.  
She fits no longer chearless, desolate,  
But chang'd her waste for Eden's happier state  
Forgets her horrors past, with rapture sees  
For rugged rocks the bloomy garden-trees,  
Feels a gay gladness bounding in her heart,  
Would a full soul of gratitude impart,



And sings the sacred song, and strikes the lyre  
Till all harmonious sounds each heav'nly sense inspire.

Now, now, ye people, hearken to the Lord,  
And now, ye nations, hear Jehovah's word.  
Mark, and behold the law proceed from Me,  
And my great judgement wide-unfolding see  
Your light; yea view, my righteousness at hand,  
View, O blest earth, Salvation's rays expand,  
For now my Sun ariseth on your night,  
And bares the blaze of Truth to Wonder's sight.  
When all the People of the distant lands  
(What time each mortal hope-exalted stands)  
First ken my radiant judgement—all their eyes  
They lift with instant rapture to the skies,  
Yield their whole hearts to gratitude's sweet sense,  
Me, me proclaim man's only confidence;  
Me whose Salvation on it's base shall stay,  
Whose Righteousness shall tow'r above decay,  
Though the vast earth shall as a garment fade,  
And men, as earth's mean insects, mortal made,  
Tho' to the glorious Heav'ns the time shall be  
When as their swiftest Meteors they shall flee

As smoke dissolving melt away in space,  
Nor one bright ruin leave their blazing march to trace.  
Then hear me, Ye, my righteousness who know,  
Who on my law a faithful heart bestow.  
The poor reproach of wretched man despise,  
Nor his revilings heed with downcast eyes.  
As moths the garment, worms the wool consume,  
Slight is the stroke that works his mortal doom.  
But I my truth for ever shall secure,  
And to the age of ages see endure  
My blest Salvation. Oh! awake, awake  
Arm of Jehovah, take, my glory, take  
The shield of strength and cloath thee with my might,  
Wake as when Thou of old didst Rahab smite  
And wound the Dragon. Art thou not the same  
That by thine edict didst the mad sea tame,  
The hoary Deep of all it's waters dry,  
And in it's down-sunk bed a path supply  
To them whom I redeem'd. So still shall they  
Whom once I ransom'd find Redemption's way  
Mine arm their guide. To Sion shall they come,  
And with a loud acclaim revisit home.

Then

Then in the lofty pomp about each brow  
Joy and great Gladness bind the palmy bough,  
And as they march along in Jubilee  
Sighs, and the sounds of Grief the triumph flee.  
Yea I am that blest source to which ye owe  
The goodly dawn that drives your night of woe,  
Thee being mine shall wretched man affray  
His life a shadow and his course a day?  
Fear'st thou the son of man whose hour shall pass  
As fading field-flow'rs or the short-liv'd grass—  
The living God forgetting, thee who made,  
Who of thy earth the vast foundations laid,  
Forgetting that Jehovah whose dread might  
Stretch'd out the Heav'ns, and rob'd the stars with light?  
And wilt thou still th' oppressor's fury fear;  
Count it strong-arm'd, and dread it hast'ning near?  
No, thou art mine, and canst not terror know,  
For where is now the fury of the Foe?  
He comes, he comes, he marches on with speed  
By whom the chosen captives shall be freed,  
Nor hence for bread with famine's anguish cry,  
Nor in the chilly dungeon droop, and die.

For I Jehovah am, th' Almighty God,  
And when I lift on high my potent rod  
I to a calm the rouz'd up main restore,  
And bid the roaring Sea no longer roar.  
My name is God, the God of Hosts, and I  
The great Jehovah with my words supply  
Thee, O my servant, still beside thee stand  
Shadowing above thee with my mighty hand,  
That I by thee may stretch the Heav'ns, by thee  
Firm on it's base the pond'rous Earth may see,  
May say to Sion thou my people art,  
And sure redemption from her woes impart.  
Rouze thyself then, rouze thyself up, arise  
Jerusalem, for on thy Spirit lies  
No more the shaft of my far-flaming ire,  
Oh! thou hast trembled long beneath it's fire,  
Yea from Jehovah's hand has drunken long  
The cup of fury, thence the last dregs wrung,  
Wert with his cup of tremblings deeply drench'd  
'Till thy last spark of Fortitude was quench'd;  
'Till thy last spark of Reason—lo! she fails—  
Who is at hand?—her own strength nought avails,

To stay sad Sion tottering to the ground,  
 For her lov'd sons she wildly looks around,  
 (Her sons so num'rous once) but none appear  
 The Mother fainting with her woes to rear.  
 She rolls on, darkling, senseless, God her foe,  
 Not wholly dark, for one strong ray to shew  
 'Tis utmost mis'ry through her heart I throw.  
 Dreadful the storms that beat upon thy head!  
 Who shall bemoan thee? yea around thee spread  
 Rapine's worst rage, Destruction's bloody force,  
 Famine's keen pang, and War's wide-widowing course.  
 Astounded lie thy sons—down-cast as low  
 As man can sink beneath the weight of Woe.  
 Thy children at the head of ev'ry street  
 Lie in the 'maze that bids the soul retreat  
 From all her functions, yea thy warriors lie  
 As the fierce Oryx snar'd who first no cry  
 Sends thro' the woods, astonish'd at his fall,  
 Thus my dire dregs, my fury's cup appal,  
 Confound, to worse than death-like stupor smite  
 Them that presum'd to meet me in my might.

O thou



O thou astounded with my wrath divine,  
Of reason 'rest, but not with phrensy wine,  
O thou afflicted daughter, hear the word  
Of thy Jehovah, thy forgiving Lord.

I from thy hand the cup of tremblings bear,  
The venom'd dregs of vengeance wont to tear  
Thy shatter'd spirit; thou no more again  
Shalt drink thereof. For lo! I now ordain  
Him it's worst horrors who oppressing thee  
Says let thy body bow'd my footstool be,  
And he, (so grief, so pow'r subject thee now)  
Beholds thee thus beneath his insult bow,  
Yea prostrate lie, and o'er thee bids the throng  
As on the trodden street pass carelessly along.

## C H A P. LII.

AWAKE, awake in Glory's garment dress'd,  
 O Sion, thee with all thy strength invest,  
 Jerusalem, thou holy city; thee  
 From all pollutions I for ever free.  
 Rouz'd from the dust ascend thy lofty throne,  
 Jerusalem; bid thralldom's shame be gone,  
 Thou Sion's captive daughter from thy neck;  
 And the base band with indignation break.  
 For as ye sold yourselves to purchase woe  
 Gratuitous redemption I bestow  
 Pitying your weakness. First in Egypt ye  
 Sojourn'd awhile from Famine's woe to flee  
 Whom at the last th' Assyrian scourge oppress'd,  
 And ye for nought were heedlessly distress'd.  
 What shall I now for your relief intend,  
 And how (Jehovah faith) mine own defend?

Since

Since over you your lords make boast, and say  
 Why doth not now your Holy One display  
 His arm, and waft you hence (if so he can) away—  
 I will indeed upraise it high, and shew  
 That it has strength to waft you from your woe,  
 That I am He who bear Jehovah's name,  
 Am He that promis'd, and lo! here I am.  
 How beautiful upon the mountains shine  
 My messenger's bright-winged feet divine!  
 Lo! his glad voice aloud, SALVATION, cries,  
 And peace from Heav'n o'er all the earth to rise,  
 Yea thus to Sion hath exulting told;  
 Lo! thy God reigneth, and his face behold!  
 Then all thy watchmen lifting up their voice  
 Shout out aloud, triumphantly rejoice.  
 For face to face they all returning see  
 Their God—their Holy One—Jehovah—Me.  
 Burst into joy, shout forth together, all  
 Ye ruins of Jerusalem, and call  
 To you your people, tell them from their eyes  
 Ere at my word your glooming horror flies  
 That

That hence my people blest shall never know  
The like long-ling'ring signs of forepast woe:  
For God, their Holy One, Jehovah, He  
That led their fathers thro' the funder'd sea  
Hath comforted his people, yea shall raise  
Comfort to perfect joy, and bid the days  
Of glad salvation, peace eternal shine  
O'er all his Israel. For his arm divine  
Bar'd, from the Heav'ns shall blazon in the fight  
Of all the nations their redemption's light—  
O'er earth one Chorus thund'ring all abroad  
See, oh! salvation see, and bless, oh! bless our God!  
Depart, depart ye, thence indignant go,  
Nought touching whence pollution wont to flow.  
Hence—from the spot of Sin's defilement fair  
The hallow'd vessels of Jehovah bear;  
Go not in haste, with darkness, or by flight;  
But dauntless march majestic in the light,  
For in your van shall I myself appear,  
And I Jehovah hasten up your rear.  
Lo! my blest servant ministring my grace  
Shall still be prosp'rous in His glorious race,

Him shall I raise aloft, and magnify  
In Godlike exaltation throned high.  
Tho' darkning clouds athwart his lustre light  
Amazing all who mark'd his radiance bright  
(His form, his visage marr'd to the degree  
They never wont in suffering man to see)  
Yet in the strength of his Jehovah's might  
He shall the Lands be-sprinkle in my sight,  
Before him Kings shall stand with silent awe,  
And count for Glory his imparted law,  
For what to them before was not declar'd  
Is from his mouth of healing wisdom heard,  
Whence the sweet streams of such instructions flow  
That they rejoic'd the costly truths to know  
Them their profoundest heed, and holiest zeal bestow. }



## C H A P. LIII.

WHO (shall He say) hath our report receiv'd?  
And unto whom from Heav'n hath been reveal'd  
Jehovah's arm? Beheld by mortal eyes  
Low from the ground he seem'd a shoot to rise  
Tender, ill-rooted in a barren earth,  
Yea of a mean presentment from his Birth.  
In Him nor air nor form majestic move  
Rev'rence, nor all-attractive beauty love.  
Despis'd, and to rejecting scorn a prey,  
As one that had not where his head to lay,  
Held in th' account of Poverty's worst state,  
As shame-funk, woe-begone, and desolate;  
A man indeed of such supremest grief  
As seem'd to human sight beyond relief.  
He was despis'd, He was upon our scorn  
Cast, yet our frailties all hath kindly borne.  
But though our sorrows have his burthen been,  
Still in our scorn as justly stricken seen

As troubled by God's self and smitten, we  
With cruel censure point calamity.  
Yet not for his offences but our own  
He with his sorrows pays our Sin's vast loan;  
For us is wounded, his benign intent  
Our peace to purchase with his Punishment,  
And with his bruises heal us, from our way  
Wand'ring aside as careless sheep astray.  
Thence hath Jehovah made on him to fall  
The sin-wrought sentence hast'ning on us all,  
And from us all exacted, but his grace  
Pow'rful came in impleaded in our place.  
Then as the lamb approaching slaughter's hand,  
And as the sheep before the sheerer stand  
Mute, unresisting, thus from rev'rence meek  
This gen'rous Victim deems it blame to speak,  
And yielding silent to the solemn law  
Deigns on his head our mortal doom to draw.  
He sunk oppress'd—before the stated time  
Adjudg'd to perish unproclaim'd his crime  
That none could come his blameless life to shew,  
And ere it fell arrest Oppression's blow.

So from the living sinote off in our stead  
He for our sins was number'd with the dead,  
And with the wicked in his grave combin'd  
Slept in the tomb to fraudulent man assign'd,  
Though he no wickedness had ever wrought,  
Or yielded fraud his speech or harb'ring thought.  
Tho' blameless still his ev'ry deed and word  
To crush him with affliction pleas'd the Lord,  
But since his Soul effectual Sacrifice  
For man hath offer'd—he shall see arise  
Thence a blest seed ordain'd to glorious days  
The gracious purpose of the Lord to praise  
Thus prosp'ring in his hands to yield his pain  
Repayment, and his grief the well-earn'd gain.  
Then since in vain he suffer'd not, nor died,  
His fruit he gathers with benignant pride.  
For known by many, many shall he see  
Sav'd by his suff'rings, their iniquity  
On him chastiz'd. With whom he shar'd their woe  
On them the Saviour-friend shall joy bestow,  
And count the blifs they share with him for spoils  
Tho' gain'd by death, and life's severest toils,

Tho' to procure it He who knew no blame  
 Deign'd with the Sinner's blend his holy name,  
 Tho' to procure it He who knew no sin  
 Them and Jehovah's anger stood between;  
 Where most was danger stood he most that state,  
 Their pitying friend, their gen'rous advocate,  
 And won the glorious cause, and stem'd their rushing  
     fate.

## C H A P. LIV.

SHOUT, O thou barren, for exceeding joy,  
 And thou who didst not bear, thy harp employ,  
 And in thy God exulting chaunt his praise  
 Who now rejoiceth 'round thy board to raise  
 The children-band, and gives the desolate  
 More than e'er bloom'd about the nuptial state,  
 Gives thee (who forrowing didst not travail) more  
 Than e'er the married Matron blest before.

Rise up with rapture, bid thy tent extend,  
It's canopy, an arch more ample bend,  
Spare not the length'ning cords, the steadying stakes,  
Forth right and left thy blooming offspring breaks  
New space demanding, yea so wide expands  
That they shall soon inherit all the lands.  
Yea the lone Cities where gaunt horror reigns  
The brisk steps hear of homeward-hast'ning strains.  
Fear not, for Thou confusion shalt not know,  
Nor thee reproach'd the burning blushes shew.  
Thy youth's desertion soon forgotten, thee  
The sense of widowhood despis'd shall flee.  
Thy God thy husband bids away thy shame,  
The God of Hosts, Jehovah is his name,  
Thy Saviour now return'd his Sion to reclaim.  
The great Creator, Father, Friend of all  
Shall his lov'd household 'round about him call.  
As some rejected Woman wrung with woe,  
Deserted for a season feels this blow  
From him her heart most lov'd with utmost grief,  
From such an anguish hast thou now relief.



Thy God recalls thee. As the well-lov'd wife  
 Our youth's prime treasure is from some sad strife  
 Rejected, soon recall'd with warmer love,  
 To thee thus kind Jehovah now shall prove,  
 And thus bespeak thee with the words of Grace :  
 Short was my wrath when I withheld my face,  
 But now return for ever more my own  
 Than ere the mis'ries of my hate were known.  
 For hear oh ! hear thy Saviour-God declare,  
 As in the days of Noah once I sware  
 That I the waters would employ no more  
 For man's destruction, thus I now have sworn  
 That thou shalt never hence my whelming wrath de-  
 plore.

The mountains they may melt beneath my might,  
 And into nought my arm the hills may smite,  
 But still my kindness shall thy peace secure ;  
 And through all time thy league with me endure,  
 Yea this to thee I tenderly reveal,  
 I who true love towards mine Israel feel.  
 O thou Afflicted, smote to earth with woe,  
 Beat to the dust beneath my storming blow,

Who knew'st no comfort yielding to despair—  
 Up, O my love, away with woe-wan care!  
 Rise with reviving strength, recover'd heart  
 To boast the blessings which I now impart.  
 Lo! with vermilion-cement I the way  
 By which thy daily triumphs pass will lay,  
 Beneath thy pomps will bid the Saphires glow,  
 Will all about thy battlements bestow  
 The blaze of Rubies, will each tow'ry gate  
 With the Carbuncle's ruddy mirrour plate,  
 And ev'ry stone that darts the ray most bright  
 Of ev'ry hue that fairest meets the sight,  
 Shall thy whole course of walls robe in resplendent light. }  
 Within harmonious to the sense's feast  
 With beamy light my truths adorn each breast.  
 Thy children all are taught Jehovah's will,  
 And there the whole heart cent'ring they fulfil  
 My gracious purpose, 'till thy goodly race }  
 (Finish'd the work of my redeeming Grace)  
 Build high their pile of Bliss on an eternal base.  
 Remote from Rapine's force thou need'st not fear,  
 And Terror never shall approach thee near,

The Leagues against thee act not my command  
Thence on thy side I turn them with my hand.  
'Tis true I made the forger and the fire,  
And for mine end Destruction's flame inspire,  
Yet who against thee frames or lifts the sword  
Thee nought can harm. As vain is ev'ry word  
To thee contentious, for I plead thy cause,  
Produce them justified who love my laws,  
And them who best Jehovah's word fulfil  
Bless in my house, for ever fenc'd from ill,  
Where Joy her realm unlocks to all who love my will. }

## C H A P. LV.

HO! every one that thirsteth, to my spring,  
Haste, tho' ye need not here the silver bring;  
Yea moneyless partake the feast Divine,  
My balmy milk of life, my cheering wine.  
Why silver weigh for that which is not bread,  
Or purchase that by which ye are not fed?  
Attend to me; I give you what is good,  
And feast your spirit with the choicest food.  
Love ye good days, to God your converse give,  
But commune with Him and your Soul shall live.  
For I with you a league for ever make  
Still gracious for my servant David's sake,  
And now my promises of old renew  
Which surely prosper as my word is true.  
Lo! for a witness to the nations, He  
Their Legislator and their Guide shall be.

Them

Them shalt thou summon whom thou didst not know,  
And many a stranger-race to thee shall flow  
From all the earth, that all mankind may see  
How thy Jehovah hath distinguish'd thee.  
Ah! seek thy God while he beside thee stand,  
And call him whilst he still is nigh at hand.  
Oh! let the Wicked evil ways forsake,  
Th' Unrighteous man from sin's sad slav'ry break,  
Let him (to me return'd) his path retrieve,  
For him as yet with pity I receive,  
Yea to my Grace let sin repentant haste  
Sure in my gen'rous love to be replac'd.  
For I am not, O selfish man, as you,  
Nor claim remorseless all that is my due,  
Your human thoughts unlike My thoughts divine,  
Nor man's devices ought resembling mine.  
For as the Heaven's are higher than the earth,  
So my pure Soul transcends all human worth,  
Yea as my rain and snow from Heav'n descend  
To fertilize the earth, nor backward tend  
But there it's virtue working thence is fed  
The life of him that labours for his bread;

So



So shall my word's blest dew prolific fall,  
And bring to rich effect my Counsels all.  
Ye at my sign with joy will safely come,  
And thankful, Me your leader, hasten home.  
The hills the mountains as ye march along  
Shall all burst forth before you into song,  
Yea all the wild woods where your way shall lie  
Clap all their hands and thunder to your joy.  
For humble bushes shapely firs shall soar,  
Green myrtles bloom where rough thorns frown'd before,  
And the new Paradise of Grace divine  
The glories of the old eternally outshine.

## C H A P. LVI.

THUS, faith Jehovah ; O ye sons of men,  
All judgement keep, all righteousness maintain.  
For lo ! there comes a day, and that day near  
When my great purpose shall in act appear ;  
My truth slow-opening, shine at length reveal'd,  
And all your sorrows (if ye will) be heal'd  
In that blest hour. But he alone is blest  
That harbours truth within a faithful breast,  
Yea grasps it firm, and though a son of Man  
'Mid the vain world supports my sacred plan,  
My Sabbath keeps, my every rite reveres,  
Loose to the world, but still Jehovah fears.  
If such he be, tho' deem'd a stranger, I  
Shall bid his humble Soul approach me nigh,  
Nor hear my own (for mine he is) complain  
That I have cast him from my chosen train.

Let

Let not the most despis'd in human eye  
The wretch fore-doom'd by man from progeny,  
If his true heart is fertile of my Grace  
Conceive that I shall cast him from my face ;  
His holy worth a crown, his righteousness a race.  
If such my Sabbaths keep, of ev'ry rite  
My Spirit loves, observant with delight,  
And stedfast still my covenant maintain,  
They shall have honour in my choicest train,  
To them my gates wide-opening—I proclaim  
My courts their home ; a station and a name,  
An honour and a joy their portion there  
With which not earth's best blessings can compare ;  
No not the best a lovely num'rous race,  
So rich are they in my rewarding Grace.  
Sons of the stranger if to me they cleave,  
Jehovah's law obey, his word believe,  
Joy in his service, wait upon his rite,  
His Sabbath keep, observe it with delight,  
And hold his covenant with stedfast mind,  
Their rest <sup>up</sup>on my holy mountain find.

There

There with my servants in my house of Pray'r  
 They in devotion's act delighted share,  
 There the glad off'ring with my Israel bring,  
 With all the earth one Halleluiah sing;  
 Yea in my house eternally design'd  
 Jehovah's last great temple for mankind.  
 Thus, O my People, faith thy Holy One,  
 Nor then, O seed of Israel, thine alone,  
 For when I bring thy outcasts to their home  
 A still more num'rous train continually shall come.

## C H A P. LVII.

O ALL ye savage tyrants of the wood,  
 Ye beasts that range the mountains for your food  
 Come to devour, descending on your prey,  
 Ye howling Troops, to Israel bear away.  
 Blind are his watchmen, all of them are blind—  
 (Blame-worthy ign'rance darkning ev'ry mind)

Dumb

Dumb dogs that cannot bark—a dreaming all,  
 Drones ever-slumb'ring, nor at danger's call  
 Rouz'd on the watch—whom nothing can excite  
 But what shall gorge their untam'd appetite.  
 The very trusted Shepherds of the land  
 Nought of their needed office understand.  
 All from the highest to the lowest prey  
 On whom they can, and wander from the way  
 Ordain'd themselves the wand'ers to prevent,  
 And thus defraud their station's great intent.  
 Gain the sole aim and self-indulgence, they  
 Cry; come along, provide we cheer to-day  
 Wine and rich fare, yea let us swill strong drink,  
 And for the same to-morrow let us think,  
 And how we farther new supplies may raise  
 To glut our senses thro' the coming days.

CHAP. These are the great Ones in the world's vain eye

LVII. That little marks it when the righteous die,  
 And when the pious close their sorrowing day,  
 And leave the world in which 'twas grief to stay  
 Their resting place is little understood  
 By Life's vain children as a needed good.

Tho'



Tho' peace hath lapp'd them in her lowly bed  
For ever from the scorn of sinners fled,  
Though here the just man, life's long tempest o'er,  
Has won his way at length to quiet's shore.  
Ye race accurs'd, adult'rous, draw ye near,  
Jehovah calls, a<sup>nd</sup> God with terror hear.  
Whom have ye dar'd your flippant sport to make,  
At whom your heads with utmost scorn to shake?  
Apostates are ye, a degen'rate brood,  
Your idol-horrors seen in ev'ry wood.  
Yea underneath the high rock's awful shade;  
Your murder'd children in the vales are laid;  
And madly bold the Godhead to disown  
Ye give my honours to the senseless stone  
Wears it an aspect smooth. Ah! wherefore here  
Dost thou with sacrificial state appear,  
And pour the dread libation? oh! my foul,  
Shall I not rise this madness to controul?  
Didst thou not high upon the mountain build  
Thine altar there the festive victims kill'd?  
Yea ev'ry where to me adult'rous—Thou  
To secret idols pay'st thy impious vow,

T

And

And hast from me divorcing public shewn  
A zeal for idols due to me alone,  
Hast in thy pride enlarg'd their festive rite,  
And dar'd with them to league before the light.  
Yea trusting human pow'r, my chosen race,  
Ye deign'd of impious Kings petition Grace  
Your oil presenting, nor denied them ought  
By which their deedless favour might be bought.  
God of no count, whenever menac'd war,  
Ye sped for help your Embassies afar,  
But when your idols ye with hopes embrac'd  
To Hades Hades were your hopes debas'd,  
Your honour to the depths of Hades thrown,  
For dar'd ye not the God of Gods disown?  
Yea scornful of my wealth, my pow'r, my word  
(Though all your journey-toils could nought afford  
To justify your trust in human aid,  
And scarce by manual labour means were made  
To stay the fainting soul) averse from me  
Still from my worship would you madly flee.  
Whence in your heart no note of me I find?  
Whence of your God no rev'rence rules your mind?

Is it because I seem'd not aught to see,  
And held my speech, that you neglected me?  
But lo! I come, and will my judgement shew,  
And try your strength to stay the rushing woe.  
Cry out amain, and see what aid will come,  
What strong associates band about your home.  
The wind away shall waft their flimsy force,  
The slight air take them in it's slightest course.  
But he that in my trust shall dauntless stand  
Enjoys (a long inheritance) my land,  
And me the confidence that binds his breast  
Shall of my holy mountain be possess'd.  
Then will I say, haste, haste, the causeway raise,  
Clear all obstructions, ope my People's ways.  
For thus Jehovah saith, the Holy One,  
The world's sublimest heights beneath my throne:  
My name the Holy One, eternity  
My dwelling-place, my gloried angels me  
High in the highest holiest Heav'ns behold,  
Yet to the humble I myself unfold,  
Yea with Humiliation's spirit meek  
Her sorrows soothing, I my dwelling seek,

And I the Lofty One with joy descend  
 Here—the consoling—the reviving friend.  
 For always were I in contention seen,  
 And rob'd in wrath disclos'd a burning mein  
 The bloom of life before me quick would fade,  
 And I should wither all the souls I made.  
 Such were his sins, that I withdrew my face  
 From him awhile improv'rish'd of my Grace,  
 And thence in Sorrow's shade. But since I see  
 His heart long-alien yearn at last to me  
 My face again shall all about him shine,  
 And heal his sorrows with it's warmth divine.  
 My genial Grace shall search and sow his heart  
 And from his lips the fruit of praise impart.  
 Peace be on all—for all the human race  
 The far and near my pity shall embrace.  
 But for the wicked, like the stormy main,  
 They cannot long a holy calm sustain.  
 The troubled ocean works up mire and mud,  
 And so (saith God) is Sin's unquiet flood,  
 Where still wild passions war with conscience unsub-  
 dued.

## C H A P. LVIII.

CRY out aloud, spare not their sinful ways,  
Thy voice as loud as the shrill Trumpet raise;  
Unto my People their misdeed declare,  
And unto Jacob's house their trespass bare.  
Yet me they seem to seek day after day,  
And seemingly delight to know my way  
As tho' their ev'ry deed were righteous still,  
And their effectual law alone my will.  
They still to learn of me my law inquire;  
Still to draw nigh me seems their sole desire.  
What tho' we fast (they say) thou wilt not see,  
And tho' we mourn, it is not mark'd by thee.  
Lo! 'mid your fasts your pleasure ye pursue,  
And from the needy wring your utmost due.  
Whate'er your fasts from human eyes conceal  
To me ye cannot but their end reveal,



And I the Lofty One with joy descend  
Here—the consoling—the reviving friend.  
For always were I in contention seen,  
And rob'd in wrath disclos'd a burning mein  
The bloom of life before me quick would fade,  
And I should wither all the souls I made.  
Such were his sins, that I withdrew my face  
From him awhile improv'rish'd of my Grace,  
And thence in Sorrow's shade. But since I see  
His heart long-alien yearn at last to me  
My face again shall all about him shine,  
And heal his sorrows with it's warmth divine.  
My genial Grace shall search and sow his heart  
And from his lips the fruit of praise impart.  
Peace be on all—for all the human race  
The far and near my pity shall embrace.  
But for the wicked, like the stormy main,  
They cannot long a holy calm sustain.  
The troubled ocean works up mire and mud,  
And so (saith God) is Sin's unquiet flood,  
Where still wild passions war with conscience unsub-  
dued.

## C H A P. LVIII.

CRY out aloud, spare not their sinful ways,  
Thy voice as loud as the shrill Trumpet raise;  
Unto my People their misdeed declare,  
And unto Jacob's house their trespass bare.  
Yet me they seem to seek day after day,  
And seemingly delight to know my way  
As tho' their ev'ry deed were righteous still,  
And their effectual law alone my will.  
They still to learn of me my law inquire;  
Still to draw nigh me seems their sole desire.  
What tho' we fast (they say) thou wilt not see,  
And tho' we mourn, it is not mark'd by thee.  
Lo! 'mid your fasts your pleasure ye pursue,  
And from the needy wring your utmost due.  
Whate'er your fasts from human eyes conceal  
To me ye cannot but their end reveal,

Strife and contention. Thence the specious fame  
 Which to the poor points strong your cruel aim.  
 Why dare ye thus omniscient Deity,  
 Why lift your voice for man's sole audience high?  
 But for a day a man with sorrow mov'd  
 No fast performs that is by me approv'd,  
 Tho' like a bulrush bows he down his head,  
 Ashes and sackcloth scatter'd for his bed.  
 Shall this a fast be call'd, a day to me  
 By which the sinner shall the sentence flee?  
 This is alone the fasting which I choose,  
 The galling bands of wickedness to loose,  
 To make Oppression's pond'rous load more light,  
 To rescue from the grasp of lordly might,  
 And wheresoever Tyranny shall reign  
 Instant to break asunder ev'ry chain,  
 Still to the hungry to distribute bread,  
 To see well-hous'd the wanting wand'rer fed,  
 With needed clothes the naked to provide,  
 Nor man's humane regard from man to hide.  
 If such thy fast, it's spirit, and it's end,  
 Then shalt thou see me springing forth thy friend,

Then

Then as the chearful morning gilds the skies,  
So shall on all thy goodly light arise,  
And thou so prompt to heal thy neighbour's woes  
As soon shalt see thy wounds of sorrow close.  
With thee thy righteous acts a glorious train  
Shall march, and I their glory will sustain.  
Then call, and thou mine answer soon shalt hear,  
Then cry, and instant will thy God appear.  
If forth from thee thou driv'st the cruel yoke,  
Checking harsh insult ere 'tis done or spoke,  
If to the hungry forth thou bringest bread,  
And kindly rear'd Affliction's drooping head;  
Then rising 'mid the darkness of thy woe  
Thy light a noon-day lustre 'round shall throw.  
Thee in the burning drought I still shall lead,  
Where warbling waters sparkle thro' the mead,  
Thy strength shall still renew 'till nurs'd by me  
Thou a fresh-blooming Paradise shalt be,  
And like a flowing fountain all around  
Feed each fair plant that broider's Beauty's ground.  
Yea they who spring from thee, a glorious race,  
Anew shall build in Desolation's place,

And so recal Jerusalem's past state,  
 Yea so thy children shall anew create  
 The broken mounds that who their works admire  
 Shall in the Son's atchievement praise the Sire;  
 He, will they say, restor'd the peopled ways,  
 And He lit Sion up in all her former blaze.  
 Thus shall it be if on my holy day  
 Thou dost not (journeying) from my worship stray,  
 But own my Sabbath thy supreme delight,  
 My solemn feast shalt celebrate aright,  
 In that blest service all thy zeal employ,  
 Yield it thy heart, and publish it thy joy.  
 Then shall the King of Kings thy chief delight  
 Thee elevate on Earth's sublimest height,  
 'Till thou pre-eminent in Glory's place,  
 (Blest with the heritage of Jacob's race)  
 Shalt shew how great is man exulting in my Grace.



## C H A P. LIX.

LO! the Lord's hand is not contracted grown  
That now (as once) he cannot save his own,  
Nor hath dull age his ear so heavy made  
That still he may not for his help be pray'd.  
'Tis your iniquity that You divides  
From God, and thence his face Jehovah hides;  
Nor will the God of mercy yield his ear  
To you whose hands distain'd with blood appear,  
Whose fingers with injustice are distain'd,  
Whose ev'ry word of falsehood is arraign'd  
Your lips still mutt'ring mischief, and your speech  
Still active Fraud's entangling ways to teach,  
For none his suit prefers in Equity,  
Or on the strength of Truth supports his plea.  
Their trust is vanity, their speech a lie,  
Mischief their seed, their fruit iniquity.

The

The cockatrice's eggs they hatch, and they  
The spider's web, their best device, display.  
He of their eggs that eateth surely dies,  
For at their crushing fiery vipers rise.  
Of webs so thin no garments can be made,  
Nor works so weak on them a cov'ring spread.  
Their act injurious, violent their deed,  
Fiercely their feet in evil courses speed,  
To shed the blood of innocence make haste,  
And as they march calamitously waste.  
To fraud for ever thus awake their mind  
Peace, all who near them dwell, despair to find.  
Their crooked way (where'er it leads them) shews  
It never by the line of Judgement goes,  
But to the fools that choose a crooked way  
Their skill is loss, and all their toil, to stray.  
Therefore hath Judgement left the sinful land,  
Nor Justice hither spreads the guardian-hand.  
Behold 'tis darkness when we look for light,  
And when for day, behold 'tis awful night,  
We totter groping blind-like for the wall,  
And tottering blind-like—wander—stumble—fall,

As in the twilight stumble at mid-day,  
 And 'mid inclining delicacies stray  
 Fearstruck and joyless, boding dangers near  
 As they who trace the tombs of Death with fear,  
 Like famish'd bears we all with anguish groan,  
 And pour like doves unintermitting moan.  
 We look for Judgement, Judgement is no more :  
 Look for Salvation, but in vain explore.  
 Num'rous before thee our transgressions rise,  
 Against us plead our sins in thy pure eyes.  
 So fast they cleave that them we cannot flee,  
 Sick are our souls with guilt, and lash'd with fear of Thee.  
 Still we rebel, against Jehovah lie,  
 And backward from our God ungrateful fly.  
 Inj'ry our tongue, Rebellion our conceit  
 Rules, and our ever-plodding heart Deceit.  
 Back at our bidding Judgement turns away,  
 And Justice starts all off: in open day  
 Truth stumbles, nor can Right an entrance find,  
 Truth utterly exil'd the human mind.  
 Then he that inj'ring none would safe abide  
 Bares him awhile disarm'd to Rapine's tide

Till

Till all the good (so strong is Fashion's sway)  
 Join with the stream, unwillingly give way.  
 This saw Jehovah, but with anger saw  
 Judgement become an ineffectual law.  
 Sinful all flesh, and bold his wrath to brave :  
 Not one is righteous found the race to save.  
 God then arose to vindicate his name,  
 To clear the progress of his gracious aim.  
 Then his own arm for him Salvation wrought,  
 And his own Righteousness protection brought.  
 O'er him his Righteousness a breast-plate spread ;  
 Salvation's helmet blaz'd about his head,  
 Fierce in his robe of Vengeance came he clad,  
 Fierce in his vest of glowing Zeal array'd,  
 Mighty to recompence he flames abroad,  
 Forth in his fury flames th' avenging God,  
 In judgement comes he all his foes to smite,  
 Rears out his arm, and proves it's matchless might }  
 All his remotest foes with vengeance to requite.  
 They from the west Jehovah's name shall fear,  
 They from the rising of the Sun reverse

His



His glory, when he bears him on with force  
Strong as the river strait'ned in his course,  
Which hast'ning, struggling, storming to be free,  
Drives with the roaring wind resistless to the sea.  
Lo! the Redeemer shall to Sion come,  
And bid transgression fly from Jacob's home.  
So saith Jehovah, and again hath said  
This is the Covenant between us made.  
My Spirit hence shall sanctify thy race,  
And my pure words which in thy mouth I place;  
They from thy mouth shall never hence depart  
Through all thy race still issuing from their heart,  
Yea from thy children's children shall proceed  
An everlasting law, and rule their every deed.



## C H A P. LX.

ARISE, be thou enlightened, since the rays  
 Of Truth around thee pour their utmost blaze.  
 Long in dread darkness shall the nations sleep,  
 And Ign'rance, them beneath her vapour keep.  
 Full on thy mount, O Sion, God shall rise,  
 And thee conspicuous give to Wonder's eyes.  
 Thence such a flood of beamy glories flow  
 That by the new-born day the peoples know  
 Their path, the nations walk beneath thy light,  
 And when the splendors first salute the sight,  
 The Kings with rev'rence bow, and hail thy rising  
 Bright.

Lift up thine eyes, and all about thee see  
 From all the earth the nations throng to thee,  
 To thee they come, nor they alone shall come,  
 For back to thee they bring thy children home,

Thy

Thy Sons, thy Daughters, yea in Beauty's pride  
 Thy lovely Daughters deck their soft'ring side;  
 Then shalt thou fear if thou canst call it fear—  
 The parent-sense that soonest starts the tear;  
 'Tis love, 'tis joy, 'tis recollected woe,  
 And instant makes the tender torrent flow.  
 Ah! now thy spirits ruffle, and expand,  
 All Ocean's treasures hast'ning to thy land.  
 The fleets come crouding to thy ev'ry shore,  
 And there each nation lands it's costliest store,  
 From whence the Camels flood-like pour along,  
 And roll o'er hill and vale 'midst shout and song  
 'Till all the cover'd land is lost beneath the throng.  
 From Ephra, Midian, and the spicy coast  
 Of Saba march the Dromedary-host.  
 Gold and sweet frankincense their precious load  
 Gladly they come proclaiming Sion's God.  
 Thronging to thee the flocks from Kedar's waste,  
 To thee Nebaioth's rams ministrant haste;  
 Who, none their leaders, to mine altars tend,  
 And the fair steps acceptably ascend.

Lo!

Lo! my lov'd house, my beautiful abode  
 Shall hence receive with Grace augmented, God.  
 But who are they that as a cloud fast fly,  
 Or as the doves wing light along the sky?  
 Behold thy glorious gates expanding wide,  
 Thro' day thro' night admit the thronging tide,  
 From the whole Earth it's votive wealth receive,  
 And to the Kings majestic entrance give.  
 Perish that people, let that nation, Thee  
 Who shall not serve, it's desolation see.  
 The glory thee of Lebanon shall grace,  
 The Fir-tree, Box, and Pine my holiest place,  
 That I may deck my sanctuary blest,  
 And the fair place whereon my feet I rest.  
 To thee the Sons of thy oppressors tend,  
 Hasten, and before thee humbly rev'rent bend.  
 Yea they who scorn'd thee shall beneath thy feet  
 Fall, and profess humiliation meet.  
 Then o'er the earth no more a word of shame,  
 Jehovah's city shalt thou boast thy name.  
 Then, O distinguish'd race, with rev'rence all  
 Shall thee the Sion of Jehovah call.

Abhorr'd

Abhorr'd but now, deserted, (so that none  
Thro' thee would pass, nor deign thy friendship own)  
Thou o'er the world shalt glorified become,  
And all to thee shall yearn as some dear home,  
Pride of man's heart, for they in Sion find  
For the vast family of all mankind  
Matter of joy, and thankfully confess  
Them in my people I design'd to bless.  
Thee now the lov'd one, thee the darling dear  
The tend'rest zeal of public love shall rear,  
Thee mighty Kings shall foster at their breast,  
And on the milk of nations thou shalt feast.  
Well may'st thou cry aloud with rapture, see  
My glorious God, the Saviour kind of me;  
Well may thy spirit, songs of triumph raise,  
And Jacob's mighty one thy Saviour praise.  
For stone I give thee iron, brass for wood,  
Gold for vile brass, Silver for iron rude.  
Lo! I shall turn to peace th' inspector stern,  
To righteousness thy fierce exactor turn.  
Violence no more in all thy regions known,  
Woe and destruction from thy borders flown,

U

Truth



Truth by Salvation's name salutes thy walls,  
 And Praise thy gates of glitt'ring glory calls.  
 The Sun himself no more by day thy light,  
 No more the Moon thy languid lamp by night,  
 God, God himself, Jehovah's self displays  
 About thy head his everlasting blaze,  
 Yea God himself thy Moon thy Sun shall be,  
 The day—the light—the glory pour'd on thee;  
 A glorious Moon which never more shall wane,  
 And a bright Sun that never sets again.  
 Yea God himself, Jehovah's self displays  
 About thy head his everlasting blaze.  
 Then close thy days of mourning, grief is gone,  
 Thee a blest race, where Righteousness alone  
 Reigns, and secures thee with resistless sway  
 The feasts of Joy that never pass away.  
 Oh! God of Israel, God of all mankind,  
 What Thou hast vow'd in thy eternal mind  
 Shall stand, shall grow, shall bloom, shall flourish sure,  
 And through the age of ages still endure.  
 This Sion of thy planting, this thy land,  
 This little one, this Nurseling of thy hand,  
 To Shew thy glory shall so large expand,

That



That a strong nation shall this small one grow,  
And in due time, great God of Mercy, shew  
That in thy Sion's glory was design'd  
A tender parent's grace for all, for all mankind.

## C H A P. LXI.

JEHOVAH's spirit rests upon my mind,  
Me his anointing hath my work design'd;  
I to the meek glad tidings to disclose  
Am sent; to bind up them depress'd by woes,  
Aloud to publish ev'ry captive free,  
And to the bounden perfect liberty,  
Jehovah's year of favour to proclaim,  
His day of anger, and avenging flame,  
The comfort bright'ning over all that grieve,  
The gladness Sion's mourners shall receive,  
Them a bright crown for ashes to impart,  
And for the sorrow that subdues their heart

God's oil of gladness, yea the feast of praise  
 For the heavy grief that low their spirit lays.  
 Trees of delight and wonder thence they rise,  
 And God his own plantation glorifies,  
 Thence thou thy Suckers, them who spring from thee,  
 Each hoary ruin shall't rebuilding see.  
 For lo! their hands the scenes of old restore,  
 Recall to splendour cities sunk of yore.  
 And where through ages Rapine wont to reign  
 There the primæval Majesty regain.  
 Innum'rous on your hills the stranger-seed  
 Shall still present themselves your flocks to feed,  
 And Alien-sons your husbandmen abound  
 To till the field or dress the vineyard-ground.  
 Ye held the holiest of the human race  
 Shall be assign'd the Priest's distinguish'd place,  
 And thence on you this title be bestow'd;  
 ' *The sacred servants of the living God.*'  
 Your feast the wealth of all the world, in you  
 Shall all the world well-pleas'd their glory view,  
 With honour double to your past disgrace,  
 For infamy that wont afflict your race

Your foes shall now enrich you, rev'rence, bless  
'Till perfect joy for ever ye possess.

Am I not then the God who judgement love,  
Nor ever can iniquity approve?

Thence the reward their works deserve they take,  
Thence an eternal bond with them I make,

Thence shall their seed among the Lands be fam'd,  
Amid the Nations high in glory nam'd,

And them shall all mankind with praise confess  
A seed which I Jehovah deign'd to bless.

Joy and great gladness in the Lord is mine,  
My soul exulting in the grace divine.

Me hath his Mercy with Salvation's vest  
Cloath'd, and with Truth, the richest mantle, dress'd.

Thence as the Bridegroom glorieth on his day  
A crown of priestly splendour to display;

As glorieth grac'd with all her gems the Bride—  
Thus in the richness of my robe I pride.

As in the spring-time from the well-fed roots  
Green from the ground push forth the tender shoots,

And as the genial garden's happiest hour  
Gives the sweet promise of the loveliest flow'r,

So shall the Lord Jehovah cause to rise  
 Fair Righteousness presented to the skies,  
 His noblest plant whose bloomy beauties raise  
 Love in the nations all, their wonder, and their praise.

## C H A P. LXII.

FOR Sion's sake I will not speech refrain,  
 Nor for Jerusalem's in rest remain  
 'Till a strong light—her righteousness shall blaze,  
 And her Salvation pour a Beacon's rays,  
 Stretching o'er Life's drear wild to point the wand'rer's  
                   ways.

Then ev'ry land thy righteousness shall see,  
 And all the Kings thy holier Majesty,  
 Then a new Name shall mark thy last renown  
 By which thy greatness God himself shall crown,  
 Thou in God's hand a Diadem divine  
 Shalt in the deathless grasp of Glory shine.

Thence

Thence the Forfaken call'd no more by Hate,  
Thence his'd no more by Scorn as desolate  
The wedded matron, lovely to the sight  
Thy land is called, Jehovah's dear delight.  
For now in thee Jehovah's self shall joy,  
With thee the band of holiest Marriage tie,  
And as a young man weds the virgin lov'd  
By thy Restorer thus art Thou approv'd,  
Yea as the bridegroom glorieth in the bride  
So shall the Lord rejoice with thee allied.  
Along thy walls, O Sion, I display  
The faithful bands of watchmen all the day,  
Nor thro' the stillness of the livelong night  
Shall they stand silent Thee their dread delight.  
O ye, that wont Jehovah to proclaim,  
Chaunt out aloud his everlasting name,  
And hymn his praises till Himself shall come  
On an eternal base to build your home,  
'Till He shall answer promising to raise  
Jerusalem, in all the earth, a praise.  
Then hath Jehovah by his right-hand sworn  
His arm of pow'r that He no more thy corn



Will yield the foe for food, for drink will yield  
The must for which thy Sons have toil'd afield,  
But they that reap the harvest shall enjoy,  
And at the feast Thanksgiving's harp employ.  
Pass, ye, then pass, ye, where the gates disclose,  
The way make ready where my People goes.  
Cast up the causey, rear the causey high,  
Hurl off the stones that in their progress lie,  
Lift up aloft the standard to the Lands,  
For lo! Jehovah o'er the earth expands  
Tidings of joy. Say then, to Sion say  
Lo! thy Redeemer hastneth on his way,  
Lo! his reward attends him, and the meed  
Of all his works before him shall proceed,  
To them the Holy People is their name  
And the redeem'd of God, and thence by Fame  
Sung o'er the nations thee the world shall own  
The City highest plac'd beneath God's throne,  
Chief in his love, and thence the much admir'd,  
Thee the still-cherish'd call, and thee the much desir'd,

## C H A P. LXIII.

*Ch.* FROM Edom coming whom have I defried,  
From Bozrah bound with garments deeply died?  
Who, who is this magnificently clad  
That here, the greatness of his strength display'd,  
Marcheth?

*Mess.* ——— 'tis I—who publish Righteousness,  
Bound all your woes a Saviour to redress.

*Ch.* Whence thy magnificent apparel red  
As his whose feet the purpled Vine Vat tread?

*M.* The purpled Vat myself have trod alone,  
For of the Peoples Me assisted none.  
Them I trod down my raging wrath to shew,  
Them in my indignation trampled low,  
Yea them so fiercely with my fury press'd  
That I their lifeblood dash'd about my vest,  
And stain'd my glorious garments. 'Twas the year  
I gave my heart to Judgement's work severe.

Yea

Yea verily the mighty day when I  
 Pronounc'd redemption to my People nigh.  
 Then did I look, but me would none defend,  
 Nor wond'ring found I one upholding friend.  
 Then my own arm for me Salvation wrought,  
 And My strong wrath support sufficient brought.  
 The People in my rage I trampled low,  
 Indignant crush'd them with my pond'rous blow,  
 And o'er the groaning ground the lifeblood forc'd to  
                     flow.

The mercies of my God will I record,  
 Praise all the glories of Creation's Lord,  
 Justly Jehovah's love to us recite,  
 And all the greatness of his rescuing might  
 To save his Israel, all the grace bestow'd  
 From our Creator, Father, Friend, and God.  
 These for my own (He said) I truly know  
 Who still themselves my faithful Ones will shew,  
 And thence by me alone redemption find from woe.  
 'Twas not an angel from his glorious face  
 Whom He commission'd with redeeming grace,

But his own love to kind indulgence wrought  
 By which his own right-arm their rescue brought,  
 Thence tenderly he took them up, and bore  
 Them in his bosom all the days of yore.

But when against Him they rebellious rose,  
 And griev'd his holy Spirit, 'mid their foes  
 Fiercest He stood and mightiest, 'till subdued  
 Beneath his judgements they their trespasses rued,  
 Then 'gan return his Grace, the forepast days  
 Remember'd 'gan his wonted love to raise.

Then He remember'd Moses, how of old  
 Back at the lifted rod the waters roll'd,

When with his Shepherd thro' the sever'd sea  
 Rejoic'd his flock from durance vile to free

He of his Spirit such a share impress'd

To work his wonders on his servant's breast,

So stretch'd his arm stupendous to defend,

So on their right-hand did their march attend

That no obstruction check'd their winged speed,

And thro' th' abyss he led them like a steed

That lightly courseth on, and skims along the mead,

Or

Or to the vale as Herds descending haste  
Thus they, their guide his glorious Spirit, pass'd.  
Yea thus, great God, didst thou thy People guide,  
And thence thy name hast ever glorified.  
O thou enthron'd with heav'nly Majesty  
Down from thy holiest dwelling look, and see.  
Where is that force for us, for us that zeal  
Which thou wert wont with yearning bowels feel?  
Dost thou desert us who our Father art,  
Since in our cause dead Abram takes no part,  
Long-buried Israel none? Yea thou, O Lord,  
Our Father art; then let thy pow'rful word  
Speak our deliv'rance, drooping Sion raise,  
Were it but only to preserve thy praise.  
Why doth Jehovah with averted eyes  
From him permit us err where peril lies?  
Why, O Jehovah, dost thou yield our hearts  
To all the woes neglect of thee imparts?  
Return then, oh! return, and us embrace,  
God of our holier fires, with pard'ning grace.  
Return then, Israel's Shepherd, nor withhold  
Thy fost'ring arm from thy peculiar Fold.

'Tis



'Tis but a small thing that our fiercest foes  
Thy holy mountain with their standards close,  
That they beneath their trampling feet have trod  
The sanctuary blest of Israel's God,  
For as if Thou wert Israel's God no more,  
Nor we had borne Thy name, we now deplore  
The greatest mis'ry that can man dismay  
When God averts from him his Providential sway.

## C H A P. LXIV.

OH! in thy wrath that Thou the Heav'ns wou'dst rend,  
~~And~~ would all the Godhead in his strength descend,  
That at thy touch the mountains all in fire  
May melt before the burnings of thine Ire  
As from the flames the driest fuel burns,  
Or as the boiling water fire upturns,  
To make thee to thy foes in terrors known,  
And force them then the God of Gods to own.

When

When Thou thine arm in wonders did'st extend  
Ere we expected them, thou did'st descend.  
Then at the terrors of thy wrathful frown,  
Then at thy presence flow'd the mountains down.  
For ear hath heard not, nor hath eye perceiv'd  
A God beside thee. By thine arm reliev'd  
Thy servants hail it cloth'd with utmost might,  
But at it's dread down-lighting pale affright  
Seiz'd all thy foes, while on the Righteous joy  
So bless'd their hearts that they their Zeal employ  
To chaunt thy praise, and celebrate each deed  
By which the Holy One his servants freed.  
Lo! thou art angry for our grievous sin,  
In wrath art thou, for we have rebels been;  
Within us starts our conscience from our deeds,  
For still our soul some new pollution breeds,  
Yea our best act is like the dreaded vest  
(Which horror flies) polluted by the pest.  
Fast as the leaves Autumnal we decay,  
Sin like the wind has wafted us away.  
From God by Sin's still growing burthen roll'd  
We cannot rise on Thee to lay our hold.

Thence

Thence is thy face from us withdrawn, and we  
Still groan beneath our vast iniquity.  
But, oh Jehovah, thou our Father art  
Who did'st to us thy clay the form impart,  
We are but clay, O God, and what we are  
Is still thy work continued by thy care.  
Ah! then Jehovah urge not all thine ire,  
Nor, O thou perfect one, severe inquire  
Of man's transgression, but thy grace unfold,  
And Thee again indulge us to behold.  
Look on thy holy cities one wild waste,  
Thy Sion now 'mid desert-horrors plac'd;  
Jerusalem itself a ruin drear,  
The temple where thy Glory wont appear,  
That holy Temple once so glorified  
In which our Fathers wont with sacred pride  
Thee in fam'd hymns their Holy One to praise  
Has sunk beneath the desolating blaze,  
Yea all it's far-sought splendors now are gone,  
It's glories all one devastation grown.  
Will't Thou, such woe befall'n us, still contain  
Thyself, Jehovah, still in wrath remain?

In

In silence still from us thy presence hide,  
 Thy Israel yield a prey to impious pride,  
 For ever cast us off—dismay'd—distress'd—destroy'd?

## C H A P. LXV.

TO them I shew me who shall not inquire  
 For me, by them who shall not me desire  
 Shall I be found. Behold me, here I am,  
 Said I to them who never knew my Name.  
 Yet all the day to a rebellious race  
 Have I my hands extended in my grace.  
 They walk deceitful in an evil way,  
 Me to my face defy, and disobey,  
 Their groves pollute with impious sacrifice,  
 Bid on their roofs the fumes of Incense rise,  
 Deep in the caverns act the magic rite,  
 Abide 'mid sepulchres at dead of night,  
 Feast on swine's flesh, abominated meat,  
 And of the broth forbidden make a treat.

They

They say, yea say to God, from us be gone,  
For we are holier than the Holy One.  
These to my nostrils as a smoke aspire,  
Tis madness kindles, madness feeds this fire  
Which burns the livelong day. Then hear my word,  
And this my vow eternally record.  
Know that thus dar'd I will not long abide  
Mute, but my wrath push home on impious Pride:  
Their's, and the sins of all their Fathers I  
In them shall punish, since they wont defy  
With incense burnt upon the mountains Me,  
And on their hills dishonour'd Deity.  
Thence to their bosoms of my wrath proceeds  
The fullest measure for their sinful deeds.  
But, faith the Lord, as when a grape is found  
Whole in the cluster all the rest unsound,  
Spare it, immediately we cry, 'tis good,  
So shall I spare the few that faithful stood  
'Mid many faithless. So from Jacob born  
A little plant with glory I'll adorn,  
Nurture from Judah sprung a little train  
Long on my holy mountain to remain,



By me selected to possess the Land  
Where my true servants Joy's domain command.  
Folds for the flocks shall Sharon's valley yield,  
And the green dales of Achor many a field,  
Afford the herds with many a watry glade  
To lull them at high noon beneath the cooling shade.  
Yea my lov'd People faithful still to me  
Through all the ages these delights shall see.  
Far different is your fate who God disown,  
Who as my holy hill were ne'er your own,  
You ne'er my chosen race were not afraid  
To set a table in high state for Gad,  
To Meni dar'd the glitt'ring goblet raise,  
And 'mid Libations mix unhallow'd praise.  
Then, then I mark'd you with my numb'ring eyes,  
And bade the sword of awful Slaughter rise,  
Bade it on you my pow'r ill-scorn'd to shew,  
And bend your pride beneath my vengeance low.  
Because I call'd, and ye would not reply,  
I spake, nor ye to hear my word drew nigh,  
But still would do whatever wounds my fight,  
The deed undone in which I most delight.

Thence,

Thence, saith the Lord, my servants all shall eat  
While Famine rends from you your wanted meat,  
My servants all shall drink while ye with drought  
Pine, and around you Mis'ry's snares are wrought.  
They gayly free from an obedient heart  
The song of joy continually impart.  
From you no more is heard the song of joy,  
But clam'rous from your heart Grief's jarring cry,  
Yea so with sorrow shall your Soul be bow'd  
That stung with anguish ye shall howl aloud.  
Your name behind you left my chosen race  
Shall deem a term of cursing and disgrace,  
For you destroy'd—the name disgrac'd by you,  
My servants scorning shall assume a new.  
Whoever then on earth himself would bless  
Shall by the God of truth his heart express,  
Yea then whoever on the earth would swear  
Shall by the God of truth his Vow declare.  
No more I now record the sins foregone  
Since from my sight forever are they flown.  
Lo! a new Heav'n and Earth I now create,  
Nor more remember now the former state,

For whatsoever were the things of yore  
They to my pitying mind recur no more,  
But when ye see the new-born age arise  
Forth it shall bloom with new-created joys.  
Yea then Jerusalem beneath my Grace  
Bloom forth a joy, a gladness bloom her race.  
Then I Jehovah shall exult in them,  
Then I shall triumph in Jerusalem,  
For there no more resound the cries of grief,  
Groans of distress, and howlings for relief.  
For there no more the darling infants die,  
But death each mortal shall so long defie  
That at a hundred years he shall expire a Boy.  
When at his Cent'ry's close the sinner dies  
Accurs'd he falls my victim, Justice cries :  
They gayly then undamp'd by boding care  
To build them homes for lasting joy prepare,  
Then cheerly plant they many a pleasant tree  
Assur'd it's bloom, assur'd its fruit to see,  
Nor build they then what others shall possess  
But their own plants with fruit the planters bless,

Yet

Yet their strong works they shall outwear, outlive,  
And all their plants still bloomingly survive,  
Yea they my chosen shall not toil in vain,  
Nor shall their root a shortliv'd stem sustain,  
For on that root the blessing of their God,  
On them, on theirs for ever is bestow'd.  
Before they call'd, as if I heard them cry,  
I answer, them yet speaking, I reply.  
Together then shall feed the wolf and sheep,  
And in one stall the ox and lion sleep.  
As for the serpent—dust his antient food—  
Still on the dust he feeds his pois'nous brood,  
But yet shall nought (Jehovah faith) annoy  
My holy mountain's range, it's ample walk of Joy.

## C H A P. LXVI.

THE Lord the glorious Heav'ns his throne declares,  
And me (saith God) the earth my footstool bears ;  
Deem not that you can build a house for me,  
Proportion place to boundless Deity.  
My hand this ample Universe hath made,  
And wrought it's wonders all, Jehovah said.  
But only him will I descend to love  
Whom I shall humbly penitential prove,  
Whose duteous temper shall my Pow'r regard,  
Love all my law, and seek my sole reward.  
Such a heart-off'ring is Jehovah's joy,  
Not the slain Ox of them who man destroy,  
Nor the slain lambs of them whose ruthless mind  
Devotes to death the dog's obedient kind,  
And while with fraud they bring oblations good  
Present the swine's abominated blood,

Who



Who by burnt-off'rings me their God profess,  
Yet still in secret graven Idols bless.  
Thus to my will rebellious and my word  
They their own paths with impious choice preferr'd,  
And proudly scornful of Jehovah's might  
Still in their ways detestable delight.  
Thence I for them will choose calamities,  
And o'er them bid the dreaded woes arise.  
Because I call'd, and they would not reply,  
I spake, nor they to hear my word drew nigh,  
But still would do whatever wounds my sight,  
The deed undone in which I most delight.  
Hear then, my faithful ones, the living Lord,  
And to your hostile brethren shew my word.  
Say that Jehovah will be glorified,  
Come in his pow'r, and trample down their Pride,  
Yea he will come, confound them, and destroy,  
You all the while triumphant in my joy.  
A voice tumultuous from the city flies,  
And from the Temple's courts resounding hies,  
It is the voice of God, speaks judgement near,  
And at it's thunder quake his foes with fear.

Ere

Ere in her Travail brought she forth, and ere  
 The pains assail'd her, saw a male appear.  
 What ear hath heard of such escape from woe?  
 Or who the like stupendous act can shew?  
 Was ever this for any country wrought,  
 Forth in a day thus any nation brought?  
 Since Sion scarce 'gan travail ere my might  
 Produc'd her children instantly to light.  
 Shall I (saith God) advance them near the birth,  
 Nor give the strength sufficient to bring forth,  
 The womb shall I restrain who peopled all the earth?  
 Ye then that with Jerusalem accord,  
 Exulting praise her blessings from the Lord.  
 All ye that wont her days of grief deplore—  
 Rejoice, rejoice that such are now no more,  
 That at her breast of consolations You  
 With perfect pleasure may your feast pursue,  
 And from th' abundant milk that stores her breast  
 Draw a pure nurture, a delicious feast.  
 Yea, saith the Lord; all over her I spread  
 Wealth; as a River richly floods the mead,

Yea like the River's inundation fend  
O'er her it's wealth from Earth's remotest end,  
Then shall ye draw sweet nurture at her breast,  
Then at her side be tenderly carefs'd,  
Then on her knees be fondled with the joy  
By which the mother sooths her moaning Boy.  
Yea I will thus your Comforter become,  
And build up Sion for the gen'ral home.  
This shall ye see, and thro' your thrilling heart  
Feel all the comforts which I then impart ;  
Joy shall enlarge it—thro' your bones so finite  
That the dry bones shall blossom with delight,  
Bloom as the green herb, yea, o'er all your frame  
Shall heav'nly Joy dart his divinest flame.  
God for his servants stretch'd his right-hand bare,  
Full on his foes his eyes of fury glare.  
Lo ! as a fire Jehovah wings his speed,  
And as a whirlwind bids his Car proceed.  
Blown up by wrath consuming flames aspire,  
And his threat thunders forth in flakes of fire.

Y

Flames

Flames in his hand to judgement hastes amain  
 God, and he swears that many shall be slain,  
 And though all flesh resist his arm the vict'ry gain.  
 Gain o'er the bold ones who the Godhead dare,  
 And with their idol-horrors me compare,  
 Who in the gardens after Achad's law,  
 Streams of Ablution from the fountains draw,  
 Mingling with such as on the swine-flesh feed,  
 And act the dire abominable deed  
 Not to be nam'd—but so by me beheld  
 That all at once they fall who thus rebell'd.  
 'Tis mine each fraud, each action to behold:  
 But lo! I call and hither onwards roll'd  
 The nations haste, before me soon to stand,  
 To see the glories rising from my hand,  
 Wait on my sacred will, and act my high command!  
 Go, then I say, go to the nations, ye  
 From bondage snatch'd my messengers to be,  
 To Tarshish, Phul, and Lud who draw the bow,  
 To Jubal and remotest Javan go,  
 To those who never heard my glorious name,  
 To whom not e'en my Glory's shadow came,

There

There to the Nations my resplendence bare,  
And to the Lands my Majesty declare.  
Ah ! now they all your Brethren bring along  
With shout, with triumph, jubilee and song,  
Yea to my house your Brethren shall they give  
The best good gift Jehovah would receive ;  
Yea to my holy mountain shall they come,  
In cars, in litters bring my servants home,  
Some shall on Mules, and Dromedaries ride,  
On horses some, and so the peopled tide  
Roll o'er the realms that when I see the Race  
To me thus bearing with triumphant pace,  
To me thus offer'd—greater joy is mine  
Than e'er I felt from Israel's gifts divine.  
And now of them that in the days of yore  
Gifts in pure vessels to Jehovah bore  
Shall I my priests appoint, my levites take ;  
For as the glories which anew I make,  
Yea the new heav'ns new earth shall never fade,  
For all eternity your bliss is made.  
Moon after moon, and age succeeding age  
Still in my service shall the blest engage,

All



All flesh before me come to worship still,  
Love all my law, and act my ev'ry will;  
Then if their glancing eyes should haply see  
Their Carcasses that once were foes to Me;  
There shall they mark the worm that never dies,  
There the dread flames that always thence shall rise,  
Seen now and ever seen with horror-aching eyes.

F I N I S.



